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PRESENT CHURCH EDIFICE,

Dedicated April 23, 1856.

Centennial Memorial

—OF THE—

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

—OF—

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT,

March 23d and 24th, 1890.

HARTFORD:
PRESS OF CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.
1890.

"The Lord our God be with us, as he was with our fathers."

1 Kings viii. 57.

1231191

PREFACE.

THIS memorial volume was prepared under the direction of the Centennial Committee of the church. It is intended partly to be a souvenir of the very pleasant centennial celebration, and partly to present in permanent form, for the friends of the church, some of the more important and more interesting elements of the first hundred years of its history.

The addresses of Messrs. Howard, Stone, Bronson, Wheeler, Dimock and Barbour, delivered at the celebration without notes, were stenographically reported, and are given here substantially as they were spoken, with slight revision at the hands of the several speakers. The other addresses are reproduced from the manuscripts of the authors. The historical sermon of Dr. Sage was prepared without opportunity for any verification of facts by reference to records. The doctor's memory, however, seems to have served him accurately and well. It need scarcely be added that each speaker is himself responsible for his own words, and shares that responsibility neither with the committee or the church.

The Historical Sketch, down to the close of Mr. Eaton's pastorate, is largely an abridgment of Dr. Turnbull's Memorial Discourse, delivered in the spring of 1856. Important additions, however, have been made from other sources. The biographical sketch of Mr. Grew, the second pastor, was kindly furnished by his honored daughter, Miss Mary Grew, of Philadelphia; that of Mr. Grosvenor, the third pastor, by Mr. Cyrus P. Grosvenor of Worcester, Massachusetts. The sketches

of Dr. Sears, Dr. Jackson and Mr. Eaton, have been considerably enlarged. Whatever relates to the last forty-five years was prepared especially for this volume. The official records of the church, supplemented by files of many sorts of documents and the testimony of many living witnesses, constitute the sources for this material. Important information has been given especially by Miss Maria L. Savage, Mrs. Maria F. Chapman and Miss Mary Page, all of whom were baptized by Dr. Jackson in 1838. The Roll of Membership as given is supposed to be substantially correct down to August 1st, 1890, with all losses after January 1st, 1890, noted at the close.

The electrotypes of the first and second church edifices are used by permission of Elihu Geer's Sons of Hartford. The portraits presented include several living members of the church who have been in its fellowship more than forty years. All of them delivered addresses at the centennial celebration, and are prominently known outside the church. Their portraits are inserted by the direction of the majority of the committee, without consultation with the gentlemen themselves, and in almost every case without their knowledge. If in opening the book any of them should be surprised to see their own faces, a legion of friends, within and without the church, who have ever associated their names with the most important period of its history, will be more than pleased to see these faces thus connected with the church they so much loved and handed down with this memorial long after they shall have passed away.

Hartford, August 1st, 1890.

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THE CONSTITUENT MEMBERS OF THIS CHURCH.

Samuel Beckwith,
Mrs. Beckwith,

John Bolles,
Mrs. Lydia Bolles,

Luther Savage,
Mrs. Jerusha Savage,

Samuel Fowler,
Mrs. Grace Fowler,

Mrs. Sarah Fowler,

Theodore Olcott,
Mrs. Margaret Olcott,

Ebenezer Moore,

Reuben Judd,

Prudence Loomis,

Eunice Alford,

Mrs. Mary Merrow.

1790. 1890

The First Baptist Church

of Hartford, Connecticut.

Sends Greeting:

You are cordially invited to be present
at the Celebration of the
One Hundredth Anniversary of the Organization of this Church.
The Centennial Exercises will be held
Sunday, March 23rd and Monday, March 24th
1890.

Kindly send your acceptance of this invitation
to the Committee as early as convenient.

Rev. J. L. James, Pastor.
C. G. Munyan, Clerk.

Wm. A. Erving,
Silas Chapman Jr.,
Geo. T. Utley,
Committee on Invitations.

INTRODUCTION.

THE church adopted a resolution, January 5, 1890, authorizing the celebration of its First Centennial and the appointment of proper committees of arrangement, as follows:—

The Hon. JAMES L. HOWARD, Chairman.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.—The Rev. J. S. James, pastor; C. G. Munyan, clerk; G. F. Davis, J. G. Batterson, J. W. Dimock, M. M. Johnson, M. D.

INVITATIONS AND PRINTING.—William A. Erving, Silas Chapman, Jr., George T. Utley.

ENTERTAINMENT.—W. S. Bronson, R. P. Chapman, A. J. Pruden, Mrs. Isaac Glazier, Miss Harriet I. Eaton, Mrs. E. B. Bennett, Mrs. Silas Chapman, Jr., Mrs. C. M. Holbrook, Mrs. Edward Habenstein.

MUSIC.—C. O. Spencer, Ludlow Barker, Herman L. Bolles, H. H. Saunders.

DECORATION.—The Young People's Association.

FINANCE.—William B. Clark, C. O. Spencer, W. O. Carpenter, William C. Bolles, Silas Chapman, Jr., Dwight Chapman.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.—The Rev. J. S. James, the Rev. Albert Guy, M. M. Johnson, M. D.

The several committees carefully perfected all details of arrangement. A program was prepared, and invitations to the celebration sent to all members of the church whose address the committee found it possible to secure, and also to the clergy of the city of all denominations, and to the Baptist ministers of the state.

The large auditorium of the church was filled at each of the four public meetings. In addition to the seating accommodation afforded by the ordinary pews, some three hundred chairs were arranged in the aisles and on the platform to meet the extra demand. The speakers appointed were all present but Dr. Robins and Mr. Jerome, both of whom were detained away by ill health. The paper of the former was read, and the Rev. Dr. George M. Stone gave the reminiscences of Dr. Turnbull.

The South, the Asylum Avenue and the Memorial Baptist Churches of Hartford suspended their Sunday meetings in whole or in part, and joined with the mother church in the happy celebration. At the Sunday School Mass Meeting the whole body of the auditorium was occupied by the members of the several schools and their missions. Fully fifteen hundred persons were present.

The Scripture reading was from a copy of an English Bible, published in 1599, and brought over to America in 1698 by an ancestor of some of the members of the church.

Mr. Herman L. Bolles, the organist, was a great-grandson of the first deacon, Mr. John Bolles.

The floral decoration of evergreen and potted plants and flowers were in the best of taste. Around the walls of the vestry and the spacious vestibule were hung paint-

ings, daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, photographs or engravings of every pastor of the church and of almost every deacon and clerk.

At the social reception, Monday afternoon, a former pastor, the Rev. Dr. Sage, and his good wife, stood by the side of the present pastor and his wife, in the vestry, to greet the hundreds of friends who gathered to renew the happy associations of the past. These friends came from near and far, some from the far West. From others letters and telegrams were received expressing regrets and offering congratulations.

The two succeeding Thursday evening meetings were devoted to reading the letters of regret and congratulation.

Everything combined to make the celebration exceptionally pleasant. The preparation was complete, the music delightful, the addresses full of interest, the attendance up to the full capacity of the house, the work of the ushers prompt and efficient, the work of the ladies even more than could have been anticipated, and the weather a surprise of sunshine.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Sunday Morning, March 23d, at 10.45 o'clock.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.—Doxology.

INVOCATION,

THE REV. ALBERT GUY.

ANTHEM.—"Oh Sing unto the Lord," *Dudley Buck.*

CHOIR.

SCRIPTURE READING,

THE REV. H. M. THOMPSON.

PRAYER,

THE REV. THOMAS S. BARBOUR.

HYMN,

THE CONGREGATION JOINING.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed!
I, I am thy God and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

George Keith, 1787.

OPENING ADDRESS,

THE HON. JAMES L. HOWARD.

REMINISCENCES,

DEACON GUSTAVUS F. DAVIS.

MUSIC,

CHOIR.

HISTORICAL SERMON,

THE REV. A. J. SAGE, D. D.

HYMN,

THE CONGREGATION JOINING.

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

O, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Edward Perronet, 1780.

BENEDICTION.

Sunday Afternoon, at 3 o'clock.—Sunday School Mass Meeting.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

PROCESSIONAL,

Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See his banner go.

REFRAIN—Onward Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus,
Going on before.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye faithful,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with our's your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865.

PRAYER,

By Superintendent GEORGE T. UTLEY.

MUSIC,

CHOIR AND SCHOOL.

ADDRESS.—"Child Life,"

THE REV. GEORGE M. STONE, D. D.,
Pastor of the Asylum Avenue Baptist Church.

ADDRESS.—"Those Little Ones that Believe on Me,"

THE REV. H. M. THOMPSON,
Pastor of the Memorial Baptist Church.

TENOR SOLO AND CHORUS.—"Sanctus," *Gounod.*

ADDRESS,

THE HON. WILLIS S. BRONSON,
Superintendent of our School for Twenty-Five years.

ADDRESS.—"Planted in the Courts of the Lord,"

THE REV. J. KITTREDGE WHEELER,
Pastor of the South Baptist Church.

MUSIC,

CHOIR AND SCHOOL.

BENEDICTION.

Sunday Evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

CHANT, *Wilson.*

CHOIR.

PRAYER,

THE REV. A. J. SAGE, D. D.

REMINISCENCES,

MR. JOSEPH W. DIMOCK,
Senior Member of the Church.

ADDRESS,

THE REV. THOMAS S. BARBOUR, FALL RIVER, MASS.

HYMN,

THE CONGREGATION JOINING.

I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

I love thy church, O God,
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

ADDRESS AND REMINISCENCES,

THE REV. HENRY E. ROBINS, D. D.,
Professor in the Rochester Theological Seminary.

REMINISCENCES OF THE REV. ROBT. TURNBULL, D. D.,

THE REV. EDWARD M. JEROME, New Haven.

HYMN,

THE CONGREGATION JOINING.

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.

Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight;
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the Gospel's light.

On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake her sure repose?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.

John Newton, 1779.

BENEDICTION.

Monday afternoon, March 24th, from 3 to 6 o'clock.

Social Reception and Reunion of Members and Friends of the Church, past and present.

Monday Evening, at 7.30 o'clock.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY.

ANTHEM.—"Judge Me, Oh God," *Mendelssohn.*

CHOIR.

PRAYER,

THE REV. J. V. GARTON, Meriden.

HYMN,

THE CONGREGATION JOINING.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to thy fountain fly,
Wash me Savior, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne:
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

A. M. Toplady, 1776.

ADDRESS,

THE HON JAMES G. BATTERSON.

TENOR SOLO.—"Abide With Me," *Shelley.*

MR. HUBERT MARCKLEIN.

ADDRESS,

THE REV. JOSEPH H. TWICHELL,
Pastor of the Asylum Avenue Congregational Church.

MALE QUARTETTE.—"Lead Kindly Light," *Dudley Buck.*

ADDRESS.—"The Future's Debt to the Past,"

THE REV. J. S. JAMES, Pastor.

CHORUS,

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?

We two have run about the slopes
And pulled the daisies fine;
But we've wandered many a weary foot
Since auld lang syne.

We two have paddled in the brook,
From morning sun till noon;
But seas between us broad have roared
Since auld lang syne.

And here's a hand my trusty friend,
And give a hand of thine;
And we'll take a right good hearty shake
For auld lang syne.

BENEDICTION,

THE REV. FLOYD W. TOMKINS, JR.,
Rector of Christ Church, Hartford.

Sunday Morning.

JAMES L. HOWARD.

OPENING ADDRESS

BY THE

HON. JAMES L. HOWARD.

It is my privilege as chairman to open these services, and I find myself somewhat affected as I look around on this congregation, and recognize so many of the old members, children of the church, many of whom have come long distances to be with us to-day.

I recognize here members of our sister churches in the city; those who are children and grand-children of this old church. We welcome you all home. Never was a mother more glad to see her children than we are to receive and recognize you to-day.

It is my privilege to declare closed the first, and to open the second, century of our history. How much has occurred within one hundred years! How much have we seen in this country in these hundred years of marvellous growth! Hartford had 3,500 inhabitants when that little band of sixteen organized this church. Our country had four millions of inhabitants at that time! Our Baptist churches in this country numbered sixty or seventy, all told, with perhaps 10,000 church members! How different now, with a population in our city of 50,000, in our country of 60,000,000, with

Baptist churches scattered all over this land, to the number of 33,000, with a membership of over three millions! How changed the conditions in which we live to-day! When, on March 23d, 1790, that little band of seven brothers and nine sisters met in Luther Savage's house (where now stands Mr. Silas Chapman's house), and consulted with reference to the formation of a Baptist church, how little did they realize that the day which we see would come!—as little as we can realize that which is before us! How little they foresaw that, starting from the day they sat there, with many prayers and many tears; there should be united with this church, and the churches springing from it, five thousand members, nearly four thousand of whom were baptized on the profession of their personal faith!—and that the united membership of these churches in the city of Hartford to-day would reach 1600! How little they could have looked forward to that!

I am not going to preach a sermon—that is not in my line—but I want to say that when the right ought to be done we should do that right, without reference to the amount of help we can have, but do our duty as we see it and the Lord will give us strength and prosperity in its performance. I think that is the lesson that is taught us by that little band who founded this church. Among those sixteen persons was the first deacon, John Bolles, and no speech will be perfect without reference to him, any more than any Baptist speech, on any public occasion, would be complete without reference to Roger Williams. John Bolles was the apostle of the church. He was a brother beloved like the apostle John of old. There

were also other good men connected with the church, the Robins' and others, men of deep piety, earnest faith, strong principle; all of whom by their noble example made an impress upon this church which has not been lost. This church has had too, a strong array of talent in its ministry, beginning with Brother Nelson, a very remarkable man, whose face I hope you will all look at as it hangs in the photograph frame in the vestry of the church. He was a strong man, greatly beloved and greatly blessed. And in connection with him I want to mention a very pleasant fact; that notwithsanding Baptists in those days were looked upon with distrust, there were men of broader minds than to distrust them, among them Rev. Dr. Strong, pastor of the First Church of this city, who was a firm friend of Mr. Nelson all his way through.

In those days, and in the days since then, too, our women have had a marked influence upon the character of this church. We must know the mothers in order to know the children. In this church it has ever been the case that the women have had a strong and abiding influence, a state of things that has not gone by yet. Among those whom it was my pleasure to know was Mrs. Sarah Fowler. You have heard to-day a selection read from the Bible that was brought from England in 1698 by her grandfather (or great-grandfather, I am not sure which) nearly two hundred years ago. Her father and mother were also constituent members of the church. Mrs. Fowler was a person of rare character; small of stature, but strong in mind; possessing and retaining her faculties to the very last day of her life. It was my

pleasure to wait upon her at the time of the dedication of this house; sitting with her during the services. Being curious to know what impression the surroundings would make upon her mind of simple character, I asked her, after leaving the house, how she was pleased with what she had seen; "Oh," said she, "it was very beautiful; I am glad I have lived to see this day." She was very fond of the Bible—read it through and through—and I well remember her saying to me once, "James, if you would understand the Bible you must not only read it from Genesis to Revelation, but you must read it from Revelation to Genesis, and then you will understand the spirit and the scope of it." She was not without a little humor, even in her old age. I recollect that upon one occasion I visited at her house with her son, who was as white-haired as myself now. We found her sewing, at ninety-five years of age; her son was disposed to reprove her a little, and said, "Mother, I think it is about time you stopped sewing." Said she, "Charles, if we don't sow, we shan't reap!" I recollect upon another occasion, when she lay upon her bed during her last sickness, another son, a dignified gentleman, came to see his mother. In a room adjoining the bedroom, I said, "Uncle Jerry, I want you to come home and dine with me this noon," but a voice spoke up from the bedroom, "Jerry, you'll stay here!" Jerry turned to me and said, "I can't go; I always have to mind my mother!" I had the pleasure of waiting upon her to this house on one other occasion; it was the Sabbath of Dec. 5, 1858; in the same pew with her sat her daughter, her grand-daughter and her great-grand-daughter;

four generations represented in that one pew upon that occasion, and a very delightful season it was to her.

I remember others, too, of the women of this church, whom we greatly honored. There was Mrs. Robins, Mrs. Canfield, Mrs. James G. Bolles, Mrs. Gilbert, and others, whose voices occasionally were heard in our meetings, and to whom we gave the greatest attention, for they always addressed the church in a very tender, loving, and devoted way. Then in our pastors' wives we were blessed. There was Mrs. Davis, whom I remember when I first came to Hartford, mother of my brother G. F. Davis. Her influence in the house, and as co-worker with her husband was marked. Then there was Mrs. Eaton, whom many of us remember as coming here first as the bride of our then young pastor, and working with us for five years as his aid. She was one indeed with us, she seemed married to the church, and her influence and her spirit were felt by us all; so much so that when the years had passed away, and Brother Eaton had been laid away in the grave, the church invited her to return to us as assistant of the pastor. She came in 1871, and remained in the service of the church until 1879, a blessing to all who came in contact with her, a blessing especially to the poor. Her religious influence, with her strong character and her earnest faith, has been felt by us all. I thought I would mention these sisters, for the thoughts of others may run in other channels.

I have in my hand a letter written in England in 1698, from some unspeakable place in Devonshire. It was given to a brother who had left home on account of

some little personal unpleasantness, such as would occur in England occasionally in those times of war. He brought it with him that he might find a home among the Baptist churches in America. This letter simply shows that there was a connection at that time between churches of the Baptist faith in England and in this country. I mention it to show you that in the veins of some of the fathers of this church was the blood of those who believed, and who stood by their faith.

(I now have the pleasure of introducing to you my friend, Deacon Davis of this church.)

GUSTAVUS F. DAVIS.

ADDRESS

OF

DEACON GUSTAVUS F. DAVIS.

The First Baptist Church in Hartford was constituted on the 23d day of March, 1790, under advice of council. John Bolles was the first deacon, and is regarded as the father of the Baptist cause in this place.

It was not until about eight years later that the first meeting-house was built on the corner of Temple and Market Streets, where it still remains.

It is also worthy of notice as the place in which the first sessions of Washington (now Trinity) College were held.

The first pastor was the Rev. Stephen Smith Nelson, an alumnus of Rhode Island College (now Brown University). He was called to supply the pulpit in 1796, ordained in 1798, and continued in charge until 1801. He married the daughter of Deacon Ephraim Robins, and was said to be the first educated Baptist minister in the state.

After an interval of six years, during which the pulpit was supplied by Dea. Robins, the Rev. David Bolles and Eber Maffit, the church called as its second pastor the learned but eccentric, Rev. Henry Grew, who served from 1807 to 1811.

The next minister was the Rev. Elisha Cushman,

from 1813 to 1825. He was very successful, and during his ministry the membership was increased from 90 to 268.

He was succeeded by the Rev. Cyrus P. Grosvenor from 1825 to 1827, and he by the Rev. Barnas Sears, 1827 to 1829. The latter became, subsequently, a professor in Newton Theological Institution, and later President of Brown University.

The above particulars are gleaned mainly from the able paper of Dr. A. J. Sage, in the "Memorial History of Hartford County."

Dr. Sears was succeeded by the Rev. Gustavus Fellowes Davis, who was called to the pastorate in 1829, at the age of 32, and remained until his death.

During this short period great changes were effected both in the church itself, and in its relation to the community. Dr. Sage, in the article above referred to, makes this assertion, that the pastorship of Dr. Davis is regarded as marking the beginning of the substantial prosperity of the Baptist cause in Hartford. One important change effected by the youthful pastor was the removal of the church from the house on the corner of Temple and Market streets to a new structure on Main Street, built on the ground where the Cheney Building now stands. The house was dedicated on the 23d day of March, 1831, just forty-one years after the formation of the church. The situation was central, the edifice convenient, the choir celebrated, and the house was soon filled to overflowing. During the first year after the dedication over one hundred members were added to the church on profession of their faith, and in three years

the South Baptist Church was formed, consisting of 55 members taken from this church. The period of Dr. Davis' pastorate was marked by a number of powerful revivals of religion, extending through the city, in which this church labored strenuously, and received an ample share of the converts. The pastor co-operated heartily with Dr. Hawes of the Center Church, and with the Rev. Mr. Linsley of the South Congregational Church. Meanwhile heavy responsibilities and outside work were laid upon him, as will appear more clearly in a brief sketch of his life:—

My father, Gustavus Fellowes Davis, was born in Boston on the 17th day of March, 1797. He does not seem to have had any decisive religious impressions until his sixteenth year. Being in Worcester at that period, he was attracted to hear the Rev. William Bentley, a quaint and simple preacher settled over the First Baptist Church in that place.

Under his preaching he was converted, and in April, 1813, was baptized and united with the church there.

From the commencement of his Christian life he was profoundly impressed by the conviction that he was called to preach the gospel, but his youth, inexperience and lack of education, seemed to preclude so important a work, and the mental conflicts through which he passed during several months in relation to his duty in this respect were very severe.

In giving an account of this period of his life, Mr. Davis writes: "I had been turned out of house and home for having become a Christian and a Baptist, and I knew not of a single relative who was a Baptist. I had no

funds and no relatives who would assist me to obtain an education with a view to the ministry in the Baptist denomination, neither did I know that there were benevolent societies in existence to assist indigent young men like me."

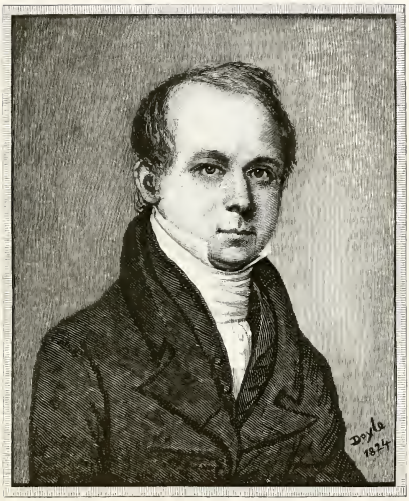
Notwithstanding all these discouragements, at the age of seventeen he began to preach. Crowds in various places, attracted doubtless by his extreme youth, flocked to hear him, but it was a source of regret to him all his life that he had entered upon a profession so laborious and exhausting with so inadequate preparation. He did his utmost by severe and persistent study to repair the deficiency, but always sought to dissuade enthusiastic young men from following his example.

Having received a license from the church in Worcester, Mass., he found his first field of labor in Hampton in this state.

After a year he removed to Preston, and was ordained pastor of the church there on the 13th of June, 1816. After three years of service, he accepted an urgent call from the Baptist Church in South Reading, Mass., and was publicly recognized as pastor on the 23d of April, 1818.

Here, in addition to his pastoral labors, he began a systematic course of study in Latin and Greek, often walking to Boston, a distance of ten miles, to receive instruction from the Rev. Mr. Winchell, and from an entry in his diary, it appears that he finished reading the Greek Testament some three years later with the Rev. Francis Wayland, Jr.

In the spring of 1829 he came to Hartford to assist the Rev. William Bentley, at that time laboring here in a



GUSTAVUS F. DAVIS, D. D.

revival of religion, and this circumstance led to his settlement in this place. The call from Hartford was earnest and cordial. The people here, who had been divided on the subject of a minister, were united in him. He felt it his duty to accept the call, and on the 29th of July he was publicly installed in the pastoral office. In assuming the ministerial duties of this church, Dr. Davis found at least three of the constituent members still living here—Deacon Bolles, Deacon Beckwith and Mrs. Sarah Fowler, also Joseph W. Dimock, Edward Bolles, Albert Day, Deacons Gilbert, Brown and Roberts, Rev. Gordon Robins and others, earnest workers in the Lord's vineyard; also those noble women—Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Canfield and Mrs. Robins, who, as the years passed by, came to be regarded as mothers in Israel. During the seven years of his pastorate the church prospered in every respect. He attended carefully to all details of organization and administration. He visited the people at their homes, labored incessantly in prayer-meetings and special revival services. He made much of sacred music, and did everything to encourage and improve the choir, but his principal strength was in the pulpit. It was as a preacher that he was best known both at home and abroad.

For the pulpit he prepared himself carefully, but preached either without any manuscript or from brief notes.

He had a tenacious memory, and as one of his hearers remarked, "the whole Bible was at his *fingers*' ends."

His sermons were always studded with Scriptural gems. He was pre-eminently a Bible preacher, and was

singularly apt and sometimes amusing in his selection of texts. For example, on a stormy Sunday, when there were only eight persons present, he chose for his text, "Wherein few, that is eight souls, were saved by water." On another stormy Sunday, while he was yet a mere boy, he walked four miles to preach to a congregation of ten persons, five men and five women. His text was, "Five of them were wise and five foolish."

Immediately after his ordination, at the age of nineteen, he preached from the text, "And a little child shall lead them."

When the church was removed from the old place of worship in Temple Street to the new house on Main Street, he took for his text, "If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence;" and at the dedication of the new house, "So David went and brought the Ark of God from the house of Obed-edom to the city of David with gladness." A Jew, under pretence of being a Christian convert, induced Dr. Davis to give him ten dollars—nearly all the money he had. Finding he had been duped, he consoled himself by preaching from the words, "He is not a Jew who is one outwardly."

Dr. Davis had all through his life an exceptional interest in education.

Having been denied the privilege of a university course, and knowing by experience how hard it was to do without it, he determined to use every effort to confer its benefits upon others. He strenuously endeavored to secure the Newton Theological Seminary for the town of South Reading, where he then lived, and failing in that, he secured the establishment of an academy there.

He was the chief agent in collecting funds for the Connecticut Literary Institute at Suffield, and had the satisfaction of seeing it well established before his death.

He was Trustee of Brown University, Examiner at Wesleyan University, and by appointment of Hon. Lewis Cass, Secretary of War in 1836, a member of the Board of Examiners of the United States Academy at Westpoint; also in 1831 he was elected one of the Trustees of Washington (now Trinity) College. Waterville College in Maine (now Colby University), and Yale College afterwards conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts. His degree of Doctor of Divinity was bestowed by Wesleyan University in 1835.

These particulars are recalled principally to show how widely he was known and esteemed outside of the limits of his own denomination. While a staunch Baptist, he was so courteous and so genuinely interested in all good works that his assistance was welcomed and valued everywhere.

In August, 1836, while on a visit to friends in Boston, he was taken sick, and his useful life was brought suddenly to a close.

In his last sickness he was often heard saying in delightful submission, "Not my will but thine be done." At the last moment the words, "Grace—Grace," trembled on his lips, and as if parting from the body and borne aloft on invisible wings, he exclaimed "I mount." He died September 11, 1836, in the fortieth year of his age. His career was brief but extensively useful. During the twenty-two years of his ministry, he preached over

2,800 sermons, and baptized 388 persons on profession of their faith.

In closing, I think I may be pardoned in saying that although he has been dead for more than fifty years, his memory is still fragrant in this and other churches in this state.

A. J. SAGE, D. D.

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SERMON

OF THE

REV. A. J. SAGE, D. D.

Isaiah lxiii. 7, 8—"I will mention the loving-kindnesses of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord, according unto all that the Lord hath bestowed on us, and the great goodness towards the house of Israel, which he hath bestowed on them according to his mercies, and according to the multitude of his loving-kindnesses. For he said, Surely they are my people, children that will not lie; so he was their Savior."

With the service of this morning begins the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of the First Baptist Church in Hartford. This is an occasion of peculiar interest, not only to ourselves as members of this church, but to all the Baptists of Hartford; for they share with us a common origin. Indeed, the interest extends beyond our city to all the churches of the state, and beyond the state, in various parts of our country and in distant lands are representatives of our church, to whom this is an event of unusual importance. The old church has always had a special power of attaching her members to her, so that happy and affectionate remembrances cling to many hearts through time and change and distance.

We are one hundred years old, and we could think with complacency of our extreme venerableness, were it not for neighbors of ours, sister churches, that from the

serene heights of a far superior antiquity look down and smile at our youthfulness putting on the airs of age. Their two hundred and fifty years calm the exuberance of our one hundred, and forbid our boasting. Yet in some respects it is an advantage to be so young, although so old. We can remember our origin. It is not lost amid the mists of remote years. There sits among us this morning one who was well acquainted with the founders of this church. One of them, always mentioned when our beginnings are referred to—Deacon John Bolles—can easily be imagined to be present with us. Somewhat severe of countenance, though kind in heart, strict in the moral code and the domestic economies, positive and unswerving in conviction, he, with the little group gathered about him, gave character to the Baptist movement in Hartford. It was he who rose early on many a Sabbath morning to walk to Suffield, that he might worship with those whose faith and practice he could approve, and returned in the same way at evening. He was the sturdy offspring of a stalwart age. The blood of the Puritans was in his veins, and the spirit of the Protestant in his heart and will.

Observe him calling on one of the young men of the little congregation in his room. As soon as he is seated he observes two candles burning. Silently he rises and blows one of them out. Such extravagance must be discouraged. Turning around he sees two sticks of wood on the fire. Without a word he takes the tongs and removes one of them. Thus does he train the youth to frugality. Why is it that one cold morning he is discovered floundering in a snow-pit in East Hartford?

There has been a heavy storm all the preceding day and night. The country is heaped high with snow. He has remembered a poor widow and her family who are likely to suffer, and he has broken a way to her house, with a basket of supplies. On his way back he tumbles into this snow-pit, and with difficulty clambers out and avoids freezing.

It is not a misfortune that the beginnings of our history should be specially associated with a layman, that our first meetings should have been held in his house. It illustrates the democratic theory of our denomination. In one sense the ministry is before the church, for it is the preaching of the gospel that creates the church. In another sense the church is before the ministry, for the ministry is born of the church, comes forth from her heart, is subject to her discipline. There must be believers before there can be a ministry; and believers, baptized or unbaptized, are the church. The church of God is a spiritual temple.

But soon the ministry comes to the front. Preaching services are instituted. Various supplies are obtained for the pulpit, and in course of time a pastor is selected. It was well for the future of the little band that the first pastor was a scholar and a gentleman, educated at Brown University in Providence—the Rev. Stephen S. Nelson.

The reception of the little church among the brethren of the established order was somewhat reserved, not to say cool. Pastors of the older churches attending the earlier services declined to enter the pulpit, and sat in grim silence at its foot. They were not altogether hostile in feeling, for when a super-zealous layman expressed

himself with some warmth to the pastor of the Center Church—the First Church of Hartford—the answer was made that a movement which had John Bolles at the head of it need not be regarded with great suspicion. "It will be well," said the pastor, "if our hope of heaven shall be as good as his."

Nor is it strange that the established churches were shy of us. The controlling spirit of the times was averse to such movements of dissent as ours. To have welcomed us and bid us God-speed would have been an unhistorical act for the pastors of the standing order. Hartford, too, had been unusually conservative. She had given the cold shoulder to Whitefield, and had kept the Separatists far away. I cannot think, either, that in this she is to be sharply condemned. The times had been full of extravagances. Eastern Connecticut had been overrun with fanaticism. To this day in New London the judicious grieve for the consequences. This fanaticism had associated itself to a considerable extent with the name of the Baptists. The Separatists, many of them, became Baptists. The Rogerines practised immersion. Other sects, with various names and isms, flung out a banner like our own. Regulars and irregulars were all confounded. Hartford needed a little time to learn that the new interest was of the sober-minded, unfanatical earnest type of true religionists. I cannot help thinking that it was a piece of special good fortune—I might better say a token of God's favor—that out of all the extravagances which had marked that early period there came to this city a spirit representing the best results of the fervors of the eighteenth century, in an

organization which has made its fruitfulness and spiritual power felt to this day. Hartford has at present all the conversatism that is consistent with health. For increments of evangelical life she owes a debt to her Baptists and Methodists.

It were not difficult to bring to our imaginations a picture of those early Baptists in Hartford. We may assume at once that they were a plain people. It has been the glory of the Baptist churches that their special attraction is for the substantial middle class and the poor. Now and then there comes a Nicodemus or a Joseph of Arimathea, a Lydia with her purple, a Priscilla or other elect lady. But, as in the New Testament days, the more nearly the church conforms to the simplicity of the gospel, the less does it attract the worldly and fashionable, and the more does it abound in sterling character, the grace of which is inward rather than outward. They were earnest and intense in prayer, positive in doctrine, fervent in public services, closely united as a small and separated band of brethren and sisters. They lived to a large extent in and for the church. That their zeal was not easily cooled appears in an incident narrated by one who, baptized a number of years later, is still a member with you. He was immersed in the open air on a day so cold that when in his chamber he removed his clothing it was able to stand alone. When reclothed, he hastened back to mingle in the assembly of the saints. As he entered he found them singing a favorite hymn—

> "Brethren, if your hearts are warm,
> Ice and cold will do no harm."

As late as 1820, when Elisha Cushman, of the eloquent tongue, was their pastor, they were still a small body. So testified an honored Congregational layman who was accustomed to go to the frame church under the hill to hear the golden-mouthed orator. It was not till 1829, when Gustavus F. Davis became pastor, that they began to develop that aggressive vigor and popular power which have made the Baptists a prominent factor in the religious and social life of Hartford. He was a man whose soul was open to impressions from many directions, at once receptive and diffusive, receiving largely and giving forth copiously; a man to win men, to hold them and influence them, of full orbed mind and ready utterance, emotional, sympathetic, attractive to children and youth; a man of substantial mental accomplishments, a vigorous friend and promoter of education, yet withal a man of practical sagacity and executive skill. He founded the institution at Suffield. He built the new brick church half a block south of the present edifice. He increased the church membership until it overflowed in a new organization—the Second or South Church. Of any other pastor it may be said, The church might have been what it is without him. But truth must be honored in the statement that, from a human point of view, the Baptist cause in Hartford could not have become what it is without the work of Dr. Gustavus F. Davis.

It is not my purpose to give more than a suggestion of the history of the church. I can only mention such honored names as Cyrus Pitt Grosvenor, conspicuous for literary attainments and zeal in moral reform; Barnas

Sears, afterwards eminent as an educator; Dr. Henry Jackson, the Rev. J. S. Eaton. Fain would I linger at the name of Robert Turnbull, whom many of us hold in so tender and reverent remembrance. A man of child-like faith and fervid, mystical devotion; a man of marked power of spiritual intuition, piercing with an eagle's vision to the heart of a subject, and with facile and glowing expression, bringing it home to the hearts of his congregation; a man of special power in revival preaching, yet withal as gifted in the use of the pen as in the silver-tongued utterance; one whose books still afford, on many a brilliant page, many a passage of perennial interest. Surely beginning with Turnbull and looking backward, this church has reason to be thankful for the illustrious line of her ministry, composed, as it has been, of names all noble, and not a few of them eminent in our denomination, and even beyond; names, too, of devoted men, servants of God, preachers of truth, winners of souls, moulders of character, builders of the church.

Under their leadership has risen a line of laymen whose characters and lives it may well be our joy and pride to contemplate. John Bolles was the ecclesiastical ancestor of many sterling souls. Within the remembrance of some of my auditors are such names as Phileman Canfield, Deas. Brown, Gilbert, Braddock, Jas. G. Bolles and Wallace. Others still living are worthy of high and honorable places among those who have gone. The church owes a debt to her deacons, her Sunday-school superintendents, her many noble laymen without official place, which she cannot too gratefully recognize.

One fact is deserving of especial mention as cause for peculiar praise and gratulation. In my personal knowledge of this church during twenty-one years, and in my study of its history in records and in conference with its older members, some of them now gone, never have I heard the slightest suggestion of any dissension. No bickerings have left behind them unhappy remembrances. No scars of conflict or controversy remain. It is remarkable that in listening to the historic record of a century we catch no echo of strife. What a testimony to the spirit of the fathers, thus transmitted and perpetuated! What an occasion of thanksgiving to the God of all grace, who has enabled his people to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace!

I spoke of these hundred years as a comparatively brief period. Yet if we trace the record of events that have occurred within that period, if we reckon it by the deeds, not years, it will seem to us a long, long time. Think of the inventions and discoveries that have taken place. It is almost impossible for us to conceive what the times were in which this church was founded, so unlike were they to the present. No steamboat ever landed at the wharves in Hartford; the only navigation was by sloops and schooners. No locomotive ever waked the citizens with its whistle. Travel was a slow and tedious process. Roads were defective, and a trip from here to Boston or New York might well occupy at least two days. Styles in dress were very different from those of the present, for cotton goods were rare and costly, and woolen goods were largely the product of the private distaff and spinning-wheel. The country was poor. The long and

wearisome war of the Revolution had kept productive industries in abeyance. There was no frequent change of fashion in dress. Books were rare and precious. Newspapers were few and small. The information which they contained was meagre and old. No telegraph flashed intelligence of important and exciting events. The post-office was a small affair. Postage was so costly as to make the receiving of letters a rare luxury. Events moved slowly. The community lived much within itself. Men's thoughts turned inward. Abstract questions occupied their minds to a great extent. Religion was introvertive and self-inspective. It could not be otherwise. There was not enough outside to hold the attention. Preaching was abstract, argumentative, theological. Religious lines, lines of sect and creed, were drawn very sharply, and religious prejudices were strong. Doctrine and discipline were severe. The French revolution was just breaking out, and the American revolution had not yet made its meaning understood. A hundred years ago Washington was President and about as far advanced in his administration as is Harrison to-day. Republicanism was just beginning its great experiment. Washington's court was aristocratic. About him were gathered such men as Vice-President Adams, Hamilton, Knox, Edmund Randolph. The democratic simplicity of Franklin and Jefferson had not yet produced their full impression. To be a Baptist in those days was to be an exponent of ideas a half century or more ahead of the times. It was an unaristocratic thing, and it required strong conviction and moral courage in men and women who cared for

public opinion. The rallying of the Baptists to the standard of Thomas Jefferson a few years later, the wide currency of the expression, "a democrat and a Baptist," and, still later, the journey of an eccentric Baptist minister, John Leland, to Washington to convey on a sled to President Jackson as a present a huge cheese, as big around as a cart-wheel, are all indications of the anti-aristocratic and liberty-loving spirit of the early Baptists.

How events have moved on since then! Our second war with Great Britain, our Mexican war, our colossal struggle with the rebellion! The invention of the steamboat, the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, the cotton-gin, the sewing-machine, gas-light, electric light, coal-oil-light, steam printing-presses, photography, electro-plating, wonderful modes of bridge-building, scientific agriculture, ploughs, stores, new processes in iron and steel, new and wonderful machinery in every department of work! The list is as remarkable for what it omits as for what it suggests. Then too the opening of the Great West to the Pacific, the discovery of gold in California, the vast rush of immigration from foreign shores, till four millions of people have become over sixty millions, and thirteen states have become forty-two. Certainly if the founders of this church could mingle with us to-day, we should find it hard to understand their quaint, odd manner and strange old-fashioned ideas. And they would find it equally difficult to believe that this was the city in which they once lived, that we were their modern representatives, and that but a hundred years had elapsed since they founded this church.

If there is reason to regard the secular history thus limited as possessing a peculiar interest, to an appreciative mind the religious history of the same period is not less interesting. Our church was founded at the very beginning of a century of revivals, and out of those revivals have grown the great missionary and other evangelical movements of the nineteenth century. These movements have been attended with important changes in doctrinal teaching, in modes of religious experience and church life.

The great religious event of the eighteenth century was what has been known as the Edwards revival. It began about 1740 and continued with varying degrees of intensity for a number of years, finally disappearing about 1750. Its most conspicuous promoters were Jonathan Edwards, the Tennents, the Wesleys and Whitefield. Methodism took its rise about the same time in England, being formally established in 1739.

This revival has a large place in the history of the times. It was made the subject of a special memoir by Jonathan Edwards, and was the occasion of much else that he wrote, such as his work on the Religious Affections. It had also, in my estimation, an important relation to the political history of the century; for as it extended over all the land and was the occasion of profoundest feeling and of interchange and communion of sentiment between different parts of the country. I cannot avoid the belief that it prepared the way for that unity of feeling and purpose which kept the colonies together during the Revolution. The Edwards revival laid the foundation for inter-colonial patriotism, and

founded that sentiment which so recently fought to a successful issue the war for the Union.

But when we come to make a numerical estimate of results, we are astonished to find that as the product of this much blazoned movement, there were added to the churches only about forty thousand persons.

We see also another remarkable fact. This celebrated religious movement disappeared in an outburst of fanaticism and was followed by a long period of indifference. In Connecticut, especially in the eastern portion, sprang up a certain frenzy of extravagance under the leadership of the Rev. Mr. Davenport, and the conclusion of the great movement was a pain to its warmest friends and promoters. Then for forty years there was a dearth of revival influence. Religious zeal seemed to have exhausted itself and suffered a reaction.

The beginning of the great revival period which followed this reaction has generally been placed in 1792. But Dr. Fish in his work on Revivals dates it from the outbreak of revivals in 1790 in two Baptists churches of Boston. Certainly it is a happy thing for us to associate the beginning of our church history with the commencement of a period which in some respects is the most remarkable in Christian history since the early centuries of our era. Taking these Boston revivals as our initial date, two years later, in 1792, we find a revival springing up in Haddam, Conn., under the ministry of him who was afterwards so widely known as Dr. Edward D. Griffin. The great work in Haddam, Conn., was followed by another equally remarkable under the preaching of Dr. Griffin as pastor in New Hartford,

Conn. He afterwards became pastor at the celebrated Park Street church in Boston, where the power of his work was continued. About the beginning of this century a powerful revival influence was felt in Kentucky and neighboring states, marked by extraordinary physical phenomena, called variously the "jerks," "the power," etc. During this period, continuing for years, tens of thousands were added to the churches.

For decades afterward revivals were experienced in different parts of the land, as, for example, in Farmington, Conn., where there was a continuous state of revival for a year, during which about a hundred were added to the church through conversion. In his lectures on Revivals Dr. Finney, that most extraordinary man of God and evangelist, whose auto-biography every mature Christian should read, speaking from a date about 1836, remarks that in the continuous revival of the previous ten years a hundred thousand persons had been converted and brought into the Presbyterian churches. Compare these figures with the forty thousand of the Edwards revival.

The next great awakening of revival interest is witnessed in 1857 and 1858. A period of disasters in business and great financial depression was attended with a general turning of the hearts of the people to the Lord. The outward form of this revival was determined by a movement among a few gentlemen in New York city, who met at noon each day for prayer. In a short time this noon-day prayer-meeting became known throughout the city, and afterward throughout the land. It is still continued, and has been known for a third of a century

as the Fulton Street prayer-meeting. It set the pattern for religious services throughout the country. Noon-day prayer-meetings were organized in the cities and villages all over the land. The talents of laymen were called into requisition. Conversions occurred in great numbers. They were not attended with the remarkable phases of personal experience which had been so conspicuous in former revivals. Men and women accepted Christ as Master and Savior with less difficulty and painfulness. During a single year 500,000 souls were converted to God.

This was the last great national awakening. But glancing over the period of which we have spoken we may well call it a century of revivals. It has been attended with almost a continuous sweep of evangelistic power. There has been no protracted period of religious apathy such as followed the Edwards revival. The Holy Spirit seems to have had fuller sway and to have made easier and more telling conquests. As contrasted with the eighteenth century the work of the past hundred years has been characterized by larger results in point of numbers, by a more constant and persistent influence, by a steady decline in the egotism of personal experience, by a less violent and convulsive entrance into the kingdom of Christ. These changes have been due largely to a wider diffusion of intelligence in religious matters, to wiser and more rational methods in evangelistic work to a less scholastic and more practical style of preaching, to a gradual change of the center of attention from the sovereignty of God to the person and work of Christ, from the inner experience of the individual

to the crucified Christ as the completed sacrifice freely offered for the cleansing of sin.

But thus far I have told but half the story. This revival period had continued but a few years when it began to show its effects in the formation of every kind of society for the promotion of religion; first of all, foreign missionary societies, then home missionary societies, tract societies, Bible societies, Sunday-school associations. This century of revivals has been a century of missionary fervors, with grand enthusiasm, self-devotions, sacrifices, prayers, gifts, and with magnificent results in two millions of converted heathen now living and a world dotted over with mission stations which are destined to produce mighty effects in the coming years.

Now I wish to say that the Baptist cause is what it is to-day in Hartford, a power and an honor, because this church and the other churches of the city which have sprung from it have been in active sympathy with this revival spirit. During the first forty years, as I have been led to believe from the study of its history, it was a revival church. During the last sixty years we can trace its history more definitely. Dr. Davis was a preacher of superior evangelistic power. The Rev. J. S. Eaton was an earnest and vital preacher, and his pastorship was attended with frequent revivals. Dr. Turnbull was a prince among revival preachers. When I entered on the pastorship of the church it was enjoying revival influences. This last winter a number of converts have been added to the membership. The interval between these two dates has been marked by a number of glad and valuable revival occasions. We are here

to-day to give thanks to Almighty God for the manifestation of his power and grace toward his people during these hundred years in the frequent outpouring of his Spirit. Our souls thrill within us as we remember how God has moved the hearts of his people and melted sinners into penitence and submission, and filled his church with hosannas year by year. May the same spirit abide and the same blessing be granted so long as the name Baptist shall continue in the city!

It will not be enough, however, on such an occasion as this, merely to have sketched an outline of the history of the century. We can not satisfy ourselves without asking, what has been the meaning of this history? What is its significance for us as a church? For what have this and the other Baptist churches of this city existed?

A very meagre, not to say petty, answer would be that which would come to the lips of multitudes who have given but little attention to our principles, that we have existed to give prominence and emphasis to a mode of baptism. This is merely an incident, and by no means the most important, of our faith and practice. It has been our part to emphasize principles which are fundamental and vital in the church of Christ.

First among these let me suggest an open Bible. We believe that the world is to be saved by the word of the Lord. Therefore, to believe that word, to practice it and to teach it constitute our highest duty. To regulate our lives by it, to control and inform our spirit by it, to organize our churches according to it, to observe ordinances as established by it, to teach doctrine as an-

nounced in it, these are solemn obligations which we cannot disregard without guilt before God.

Hence, to have this word in its purity, to read and study it without restraint, to accept it and teach it without restraint, to accept it and teach it without mixture of human philosophy or modification by practice or tradition of men, this we regard as our duty, privilege and delight. We do not appeal to usage or commentary or opinion of men except that we may be guided to a better understanding of the word of God. Not what men have said or done, though they be called the church, but what God has said is our sole criterion. Hence we desire that the word of God shall interpret itself. Let Scripture be compared with Scripture. Let the word throw light upon the word. Let the highest scholarship, the widest knowledge, the most acute insight be employed to aid in the interpretation. But let us expect that the great principles, the fundamental teachings, the essential ideas of faith and practice shall be discoverable to the untutored mind, guided only by that instinct which the Spirit of God gives to the humblest believer who is endowed with native intelligence.

Another principle which our history has illustrated is that of the supremacy of conscience in association with liberty. Dr. Shaw, of Rochester, N. Y., who for nearly fifty years was the honored pastor of one of the largest Presbyterian churches in America, once said to me, "I have a high respect for a consistent Baptist. It is all conscience with him from first to last." That is to say, not that it is to be assumed that a Baptist is, by virtue of his denominational affinities, more conscientious than a

member of another church, nor that Baptist principles are grounded upon taste or precedent or tradition or convenience or judgment of men, but on strict reference to conscience and duty. An incident which occurred between two of the most prominent men in our denomination may illustrate this. Said one to the other, "Aren't you glad that you are in the Baptist denomination?" "Why?" "Because you are with so many who are there because they have to be." The answer is full of significance. Baptist churches have many members who are such by accident of birth or association, but it has also multitudes of noble, sturdy souls who stay where they are from sheer loyalty to the voice of God as it comes to them, when social affinities, intellectual tastes and natural inclinations would lead them elsewhere. Woe be to a church which is filled with people who have sought it for its social advantages, its intellectual privileges, its elegancies of taste! Our Lord and his disciples were plain people, they moved among plain people, and their test of action was not what is agreeable but what is right.

Another incident will illustrate what I have to say about liberty. A gentleman who occupies one of the most prominet pulpits in our denomination had expressed himself somewhat freely as to some of our denominational ideas and practices, in the presence of many members of other denominations. For this he had been sharply censured by one of our papers. It was feared by many that he would leave the denomination. "But," he said to me, "I considered the subject carefully, and said to myself, the Baptist church is ideally the most liberal church

on earth, and I shall stay in it." "Ideally the most liberal." The expression seems to me peculiarly felicitous and emphatically true. "Ideally." In practice we are not always true to our principles. I sometimes think that we do not yet understand our own principles. But a man cannot be a thorough Baptist, in spirit and not merely in the letter, without having a free and liberal soul. Nobler men, broader men, grander men than such as I have met and intimately known within our Baptist limits I am certain I shall never meet on earth. They are not to be found. If God has made them he has not shown them to me. They stand in sharpest contrast with the snarling, petulant, clamorous, uneasy advertisers of their own liberality with whom Providence has seen fit to afflict some churches beyond our limits. The noblest man on earth is he who is strictly loyal to duty, while yet possessing a large and genial spirit toward all members of God's church universal.

The Baptist denomination has made a noble fight in this country for liberty of conscience, and has seen at last its principles adopted into every political constitution in the land. For nearly thirty years after the founding of this church they waited and struggled in this state, until the new constitution gave them all that they sought. In the love of liberty this church has shared, and in the practice of a truly Christian liberality it has been behind no other in the denomination.

Another principle for which we have stood, is the imperative necessity of conscious regeneration to the Christian life and to church membership. We do not urge that the soul must be conscious of regeneration in the

act, while it is taking place, for undoubtedly many have met with a change of heart without knowing it. But we do insist that every one who wears the name of Christian ought to have credible evidence that he is in a regenerate condition. We reject the idea that any one is entitled to the name of Christian merely because he is a church member, however faithful, or that he can properly be a church member unless by vital experience he is a Christian. Against that pernicious error, more fatal to genuine Christianity than any other, that it is enough for a man to unite with a church of Christ, partake of its ordinances, accept its discipline, attend to its instructions, participate in its services, preserve the demeanor and reputation of a moral man, that thereby he satisfies the claims of his Creator, and is in the way to heaven, against this deadly error so widely accepted and inculcated, we protest with all our might. The nature which is ours by birth is not fit for heaven. By power from on high it must be born again. By the heavenly gift it must become a child of God. And that new birth, that heavenly gift, is not inspired by man; it cannot be bestowed by any church. It is the product of a direct relation of the soul to its God. It is the fruit of God's work in Christ through the blood of redemption, personally apprehended and appropriated. To hold this doctrine forth, to emblazon it on the banners of the church, and unfurl it before the world, has been the aim and effort of Baptist churches. This truth speaks in our mode of baptism, the cleansing of the soul from sin in the bath of regeneration, the rising of the soul to a new life by the power of Christ's resurrection, in the likeness

of his rising to the new life, the heavenly and glorified condition. This doctrine of the new birth is the vital point, the test of genuine Christianity, for it is the practical outcome of the great method of redemption through Christ, without which the cross is of none effect.

To state all in one, we stand for the spirituality of the church of Christ. The essential idea of the church is that of a spiritual body. The church of Christ is that great multitude of true believers, the wide world over, of whatever name or of no name, the mighty host which no man can number, for no man knows who they are, they who shall come from the East and the West, the North and the South, of every kindred and tongue and people and nation under the sun, to sit down together in the kingdom of heaven. These are they of whom Charles Wesley wrote:—

> "One army of the living God,
> One church above, below;
> Part of the host have crossed the flood,
> And part are crossing now."

We believe in the church invisible. I heard Mr. Spurgeon say from his own pulpit last summer that there is no visible church. Every visible body calling itself the church is so intermixed of evil and good, church and world, that it is only by accommodation that it can be called the church. This is an extreme statement of a great and vital truth. The Baptist denomination has sought to make the visible body as nearly conformable to the spiritual ideal as possible. For this, with varying success, this church has contended. What it has accomplished may be dimly seen on earth; it will be seen in its

fulness hereafter in heaven. For this universal, spiritual church, as well as for the local church, our hearts sing:—

> "For her my tears shall fall,
> For her my prayers ascend;
> To her my cares and toils be given,
> Till toils and cares shall end."

Looking back over the century, so much of it as we can bring within our vision, we feel that we have not existed in vain. We have striven for an open Bible, for conscience and liberty, for a gospel that regenerates the soul of man, and for a spiritual church. Much better it might have been done. That it has been done with so great a degree of success we have reason to be devoutly thankful to God. Let us profit by a sense of the imperfections of our work, let us consecrate ourselves anew to God, who is a spirit, and let us pray that the second century of our existence may make the Baptist churches of Hartford, more than ever before, a power for good and a glory to God.

Sunday Afternoon.

ADDRESS

OF THE

REV. GEO. M. STONE, D. D.,

Pastor of the Asylum Avenue Baptist Church, Hartford.

CHILD-LIFE.

I suppose we are all, to-day especially, trying to measure how long a time a hundred years is. I have no doubt that some of these children are wrestling with that simple, though very difficult problem. Now, I want to tell you something about fifty years, which will help us to measure more adequately to our own minds the lapse of a century, or one hundred years.

I went out of an old home in Ohio a few years ago, following an old man to his last resting-place, and what was very interesting about this man was that he had lived for fifty years in the same house from which he was carried forth. Now, on the farm where my father lived, there was not a horse or an animal of any kind in existence at the time of his death that was there when he came there. There was not a wagon, there was not a plow, nor scarcely a farming utensil, that was there at the time he began his career. Man outlives the animals, and outwears iron and wood. All these things have gone, while his life swept on. And so to-day, how

much has vanished, gone forever from the earth, that was here one hundred years ago. And then, by the mighty law of spiritual compensation, how much remains that was here one hundred years ago! The material vanishes, the spiritual has the stamp of eternal permanency! That is the first great lesson, it seems to me, the Sunday-school teacher and Sunday-school scholar would need to learn here this afternoon. Matter is below spirit. Spirit is over matter. You cannot bury it. You cannot eliminate it. You cannot extinguish it. It abides.

I want to say a few words; they shall be few. For eloquent and interesting gentlemen whom you desire to hear, are coming after me. And I am but to open the door to this banquet this afternoon. I want to tell very briefly about some changes in the idea of child-life which have occurred during the past century.

In the first place, men have made the lives of childhood a study, a loving, patient, persevering, penetrating study, as never before in the history of the world. If I had time I would like to tell you a great deal about Frœbel the German, born about a century ago. Every child ought to know that name. Every child ought to embalm the name of that noble German, who has done more, perhaps, for child-life in the past century than any other single man. And by Frœbel's side, as I speak of children, there also comes to me, with a thrill in my heart, the name of Charles Dickens. All honor to that man, who never forgot the feelings of a boy. Four of his conspicuous works were written in the interest of boys. I refer to "Dombey & Son," "Nicho-

las Nickleby," "Oliver Twist," and "David Copperfield." You know that wonderful book, "Nicholas Nickleby," was written because Dickens once saw a boy who had come down from Yorkshire bearing the marks of the brutality of a Yorkshire schoolmaster. And that wonderful plea for boys, "Nicholas Nickleby," was written in consequence. I think no boy or girl could be sullied for a moment in reading it. But it was Frœbel, who went into the arcanum of child-life, with the penetrating insight of German scholarship. He opened the sealed doors of child-life. For he was the author of the "Kindergarten." The word you know, means "the garden of children." And he built on the slopes of many a hill in Germany, and in many a valley in America, a "garden for children." The generations of children to come will rise up and call this great man blessed! Now, what did Frœbel do for children? What did he do for child-life? He said, you must study the child, if you would teach it. He studied, day by day, and year by year, the play of a child in its mother's arms; studied it, as I have said, with the penetrating insight of German scholarship. Then he studied the tendencies of childhood, and developed another great principle, the rights of children. I wish all public schools could come to recognize these rights.

One of Frœbel's principles was that the child should be recognized according to his individuality. You put several boys or girls in a class. They have different aptitudes, they have different mental capacities. The teacher comes along, if she is not a wise teacher, and reproves Alice or Mary because she does not study or suc-

ceed quite as well in her lessons as Kitty. A little boy in a school, who had been reproved by his teacher because he seemed to lag behind, with a tear in his eye looked up at the teacher, and said, "Teacher, I am doing the very best I can." When God has hedged a child by natural limitations of thought or of life, the child should not be blamed for that. And we should remember that we are serving the dear Master, who looked at men in their individuality, who understood the characteristics of Mary and Martha, who placed the abyss between these women which they never could cross. That same Master understands the aptitudes of children, and, I believe, inspired Frœbel to take this stand in behalf of child-life. By the way, that child, you know, that is slow when it is seven years old, may overtake the more precocious scholar by and by, and unfold into capacity and power which shall utterly overtop the other. I only plead that this distinction should be recognized. I only echo the grand, noble and manly words of Frœbel, as they should be heard in our school-systems to-day.

Frœbel taught also that children must be taught by similitudes. This was Frœbel's thought, but, long before that, it was the thought of him who walked in Galilee and spake only in parables to the people. How I used to groan when I was a little boy, wondering whether the preacher would have anything for me. Then came pure, abstract thought, marching on from first to sixteenthly, without one thought for me, and without one similitude.

I want to say a word here, teachers and children, on

this striking fact. Frœbel has illustrated, naturally, the idea of the new life, by means of the growth of children. All the stages of Christian growth are so like the growth of a child that, looking at the likeness, we may help the child to climb as by no other means.

"As the days of a tree, so are the days of my people." The environment in the life of the individual, in vegetable life, in the life of a plant, is the great factor in its growth, and I think one of the grandest similitudes in the Old Testament is drawn directly from tree-life: "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign, that shall not be cut off."

To me to-day (and I thank one man for opening these wonderful things to me in my early manhood) all nature illustrates Christian truth. The swan floats double—swan and shadow—and I believe God has embodied this fact of regeneration deeply, sacredly, in nature. Just take the seed; it must die before it germinates. All Christian life in these children's hearts is life from death. My dear little girls, and boys you must die within, to all that is selfish, and then Christ is born within you.

We are born in thought. Thought is the seed, and it is life from death, all the way through.

Another thing I know these boys would like to hear about is this: just as soon as the seed begins to germinate it grows in two directions; the root goes down into the dark, feeling its way, and the blade goes up and finds the light. Just so there are two sides to the Christian life—a life of secret prayer, and a life that is lived

before men. It is keeping the balance between these two lives that makes the Christian life.

A plant has three stages of growth; first, the roots start out; next, the stem, and then it leaps into flower. You will notice that after the plant comes into flower, first color comes, and then a sweet perfume. Just so in the Christian life there is a betterment, if it is only cultivated. The Christian life grows better and better. And with this thought I will close. I trust this may be the key-note to the future; that this church, with its hundred years of noble history, and all the churches and Sunday-schools which have grown out of it, may keep growing better and better.

You remember Dr. Holmes has a beautiful poem on "The Chambered Nautilus," who leaves its last year's dwelling for a new one annually. The poet applies its lesson to his own life in these words,—

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll,
Leave thy low vaulted past,
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

ADDRESS

OF THE

REV H. M. THOMPSON,

Pastor of the Memorial Baptist Church, Hartford.

"THOSE LITTLE ONES THAT BELIEVE ON ME."

Due, doubtless more to the Sunday-school than to any other single agency, is the fact that there are in our congregations to-day not an insignificant number of "little ones that believe in Jesus." A quarter of a century ago, the *theory* was entertained, that children *could be* converted. But there was not that confidence in child conversion, which would have led to special efforts in their behalf. That form of skepticism is not yet extinct. When the conversion of adults, who have perhaps lived two score years in sin, is heralded, the report is credited. But when it is stated that a large number of children have come to Jesus, heads are shaken and the hope is expressed that the work is genuine. Careful workers are misled at times in regard to children. But quite as often in regard to adults. And I venture to say that as large a proportion of the latter class fall away as of the former, when received on profession of faith into Baptist churches. But the saddest phase of doubt is seen in the indifference of many parents. The Jews looked

upon the age of twelve as the age of responsibility. And many parents, themselves Christians, fail to see the need of conversion until fourteen or fifteen.

While these conditions have rendered the work more difficult, there has crept into many hearts, especially of Sunday-school teachers, a great longing for the salvation of those under their charge. Prayers and efforts in that direction have been rewarded. The phenomenon has been with increasing frequency repeated, of child-life surrendered to Jesus. Rich rewards to Sunday-school work are gleaned in souls saved, as also in the moulding and influencing of Christian character. Does any one question the fertility of the work? The work of saving the fallen and reclaiming the wandering costs unceasing toil and thousands upon thousands of dollars yearly. The Sunday-schools are maintained by *penny collections* and *hours* of labor, and far greater returns are witnessed.

The increase of interest in and labor for the saving of little ones constitutes a revival of religion. With the revival, arise new questions and suggestions as to our relations to "the little ones who believe." Jesus pronounces a terrible woe on any who may offend such. In spite of the warning, those are not wanting, who by example and precept are ready to poison the very fountains of young life. Eden's innocency was not a sufficient safeguard against the encroachments of the suggester of doubt and sin. Child purity of thought and life ought to protect it against any and all foes. But it does not. To the class designated as offenders we do not belong. But because there are such, we ought to

be thoroughly awake to the spiritual interests of those who in a sense are under our guardianship. What shall we do for them? How may we defend them? How may we strengthen them? Responsibility must rest first upon the parents. None should come nearer the little believer than they. Next, upon the pastor. Whether he knows every child in the congregation or not, he should know each little one that believes in Jesus. Next, the teacher in Sunday-school must look with special interest upon the children of God. Finally it rests upon every Christian to offend not, in word or deed, but on the contrary to take the deepest interest in every such child.

Again, we must heed Christ's injunction to Peter, "Feed my lambs." This was distinct from the charge to feed his sheep. Recognizing that the ordinary means of grace may be too high in the rack for the lambs, special measures must be taken in their behalf. More personal work will be demanded. Children's meetings will be regularly required in coming years, just as the prayer and conference meeting is now.

In all our work for children, we should keep definitely before us, what our purpose is. Am I wrong in asserting that our aim is chiefly, the development of Christian character? The terms church work, training in church work, are rather indefinite terms in our day. Formerly they were understood as meaning simply *spiritual* exercises, work to win souls, efforts to help others to a higher standard of living. People are now perplexed. Not long since a sister, of poor health, hesitated about joining a church because her health would not allow of

an active entering into church work. I asked what she meant by church work? If she referred to public worship, prayer meeting, communion etc. By no means, was her reply. I refer to socials, suppers, fairs and the like. Judging from the columns of the daily papers, we may well wonder what else Christians find to do, since they are constantly racking their brains to find some new inventions that will catch the pennies of our modern Athenians who are on the *qui vive* to see or hear some new thing. This is not the occasion for discussions of the pros and cons of this class of church work. It is sufficient to say that in the training of child-believers, I think something else should be in mind. And first of all, the heart-life begun should be nourished. The secret of God's loving presence must be taught the child. He must learn the preciousness and strength derived from daily visitations to the throne of grace. The child that keeps thus close to Jesus is safe *amid* temptations. Next to prayer in importance in maintaining soul-life and character developments, is God's word. First, as protection. "Thy word," says the Psalmist, "have I hid in my heart, that I may not sin against thee." Again, as indicator of duty's path; "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my pathway." Herein is sufficient motive for each to study prayerfully and carefully the word of the Lord, that we may impart it to the child-believer.

While the heart-life is most essential, we ought to care for these little ones in their relations to the future and God's plan of saving the world. Veterans are receiving honorable discharge daily. To fill the vacancies

thus caused, promotions are taking place. The entire rank and file are crowded steadily to the front. The nature of the work done in the next century depends in great degree upon the training of the little ones that believe in Jesus. The past century has been marked by grand progress in the kingdom of our Lord. With enlarged experience, greater wealth, increased facilities, ought not progress to be manifold greater in years to come? So I believe it will be. The children must be trained in the art of giving—giving *themselves* to the Master's use. They must be led to raise their voices in advocacy of truth. Their small voices should blend with the strong voices of the aged in petition at the throne of grace. Hearts must be moved and intellects trained concerning the great forward movement to save a lost world. This is no small undertaking, though it be work for small beings. We shall be fitting souls for heaven. In so doing we shall fit them, if they remain in earth, for the most efficient service.

ADDRESS

OF THE

HON. WILLIS S. BRONSON.

This audience here to-day reminds me very much of one that gathered here in 1870, when the Baptist Sunday-schools of this county met here in mass convention. There is just one thing that I particularly remember about that. Dr. Ives, pastor of the church at Suffield, a tall man, with iron-gray hair, stood upon this platform talking that day, trying to impress upon the superintendents and teachers the importance of making the children love them. "Why," said he, "there isn't a child in Suffield that doesn't love me!" That is precisely what we want to do, superintendents and teachers. We want to make all the children in our several classes, and every child in the neighborhood, if possible, and every child in the school, if we have a sufficient influence, love us; not love us because we are great, not because we are handsome, but because they see in us that character which helps us to desire their very best good. But enough of this.

The Committee kindly sent me an invitation to say a few words to this mass meeting. They didn't tell me what I should talk about, and so I have a right to talk about anything I please, but they knew that I take to the

WILLIS S. BRONSON.

Sunday-school as naturally as a duck takes to water, so they probably knew just what I would talk about.

I cannot be expected to give you very much of the history of our school in the short time that is allotted to me, but I want to give you a synopsis of it. I want to tell you about its origin. I want to show you that when the schools, the Sunday-schools, of Hartford were organized that they were organized by all the denominations together, in harmony.

I had a pamphlet in my possession for a long time, giving some facts in regard to this matter, but when I went to look for it I could not find it. Finally I thought of a man who could give me these facts, and I wrote to him and asked him to do so. He has sent me a letter which gives a history of the origin of our Sunday-schools in Hartford. And, as I have so much to say, and so little voice with which to say it, I will ask our pastor to read that letter.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES
EDITORIAL ROOMS,
1031 WALNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, March 19, 1890.

MR. W. S. BRONSON,
Hartford, Connecticut.

MY DEAR MR. BRONSON:—

About thirty years ago, Mr. Zephaniah Preston compiled from the records of the "Hartford Sunday-school Society," which was organized May 5th, 1818, important facts connected with the beginning and early work of that Society. A copy of his pamphlet, given to me by him, enables me to answer your questions concerning the beginning of your Sunday-school.

April 2nd, 1818, "a meeting of a number of the inhabitants of the Town of Hartford was holden, to take into consideration the propriety

of establishing a Sunday-school in said Town." The Rev. Abel Flint was chairman of that meeting, and Seth Terry, Esq., clerk. At that time there were only four churches within the city limits; one Baptist, one Episcopal, and two Congregational.

At that meeting a committee was appointed to prepare a plan for the organization and management of a Sunday-school. That committee reported, at an adjourned meeting held on May 5th, a constitution for the society; and a Board of Officers was chosen. May 12th, 1818, it was decided to open four Sunday-schools, all under the general oversight of the Society: "No. 1 at the North Conference Room; No. 2 at the Episcopal Church; No. 3 at the Baptist Meeting-House; and No. 4 at the South Chapel." Joseph B. Gilbert was appointed Superintendent of School No. 3. May 26th six teachers for School No. 3 were appointed: Miss Delia Bolles, Miss Minerva Farnsworth, Miss Mary Smith, Mr. Sylvester Beach, Mr. Edward Bolles, and Mr. George Sumner.

On the second Tuesday of June, Benjamin Hastings and Jesse Savage were appointed *visitors* of School No. 3. August 11th "a committee was appointed to visit such families as they may deem expedient, with a view to influence them to send children to the schools." This committee for School No. 3 was Jeremiah Brown, Jesse Savage, and John Bolles.

October 13th, 1818, reports showed that about 500 scholars on an average were in attendance at the four schools, each Sunday. It was also voted that the schools take a vacation from the last Sunday in October to the first Sunday in April. You will see by this that the vacation idea was in the minds of the Hartford Sunday-school workers from the beginning.

On the committee appointed at the first meeting to prepare a plan of organization, the Rev. Elisha Cushman, Mr. Joseph B. Gilbert, Mr. Jeremiah Brown, and perhaps others, from your church were members. Mr. Jeremiah Brown was the first treasurer of the Society, and the Rev. Elisha Cushman came first on its list of directors, while Mr. Joseph B. Gilbert was also a director.

In the First Annual Report of the Connecticut Sunday-school Union, given at New Haven May 4, 1826, I find a mention of your Sunday-school as having one superintendent, fifteen teachers, and "about sixty-eight scholars"—in average attendance, I suppose.

In the Second Annual Report of the Hartford County Sunday-school Union, made April 8, 1829, I find your school reported as having "one

superintendent, two assistant superintendents, thirty-four teachers, and one hundred and ninety-five scholars. The average attendance in summer, is about one hundred and eight,—in winter, about ninety." By this it would seem that your school at that time had winter sessions, and that its increase had been great within three or four years. Its library then contained about two hundred volumes. The Rev. Barnas Sears was at that time your pastor.

The concluding extract from your report at that time was, "At present a good degree of zeal and activity prevails in our school, and we hope it is increasing."

Hoping that these facts will be of interest to you, I am

Yours sincerely,

H. CLAY TRUMBULL.

(After the letter was read by the pastor, Mr. Bronson continued as follows:)

I might with propriety sit down now, having furnished this matter of historical information with reference to the early days of our school. But you will notice Deacon Joseph B. Gilbert's name is mentioned there, as the first superintendent of the school. I suppose it would be admitted that our school has been at least ordinarily successful; that its numbers and its character have been equal at least to ordinary schools. And I attribute that in a great degree to the character of the man who organized it. Deacon Gilbert had no superior for integrity, for uprightness, for a pure and noble Christian character. I speak whereof I know with reference to him, because I was associated with him in business from the time that I was 22 years of age until his death.

I may say our school has always been a united one. Thirteen years I was the assistant superintendent of the school and twenty-five years superintendent. In all those years I do not know of any serious trouble that has

occurred in our school, no serious difference of opinion. And, to give you an example of the unanimity and harmony in which the school acted, I will say that they practically elected me those thirteen times assistant superintendent almost unanimously, practically unanimously. So they did the twenty-five times I was superintendent. And with about the same unanimity they let me go at the end of the time. So you see they are unanimous in whatever they take hold of. They go together.

In 1859 the school had a total enrollment of 300 with an average attendance of 245. In 1866, the enrollment was 614. In 1877, it was 556 and the average attendance 342.

I feel that it is an honor to me to have been a member of our school for so many years. I feel that it is an honor to anyone to have been a member of the school. It has occupied a high position in this community, as high, perhaps, as any other school. It has had honorable men and women as its teachers and scholars.

I can recall to mind Deacon J. G. Bolles, the John of the apostles, who was superintendent then, Deacon Joseph B. Gilbert, Deacon Brown, Deacons Clapp, Canfield, Knowlton, and various other persons, whose names I have not here. They came into the school in times that tried men's love for the truth. And how many there are who have gone out from among us to occupy honorable positions in the community.

Let me speak of that noble band of men who were members of our Sunday-school and have devoted their lives to preaching the everlasting gospel. I may not have all of them. I have some of them. If any of

you know of others, I should be very glad to have you give us the names. Dr. Hodge, George W. Pendleton, Rev. S. M. Whiting, Rev. Lester Lewis, Rev. M. C. Twing, the Bronson brothers (they are not in the order in which they went into the ministry); Rev. Stephen Page, Rev. Elisha Cushman, Jr., Rev. Henry E. Robins, and Rev Dr. George M. Stone, whom you have with you to-day. I have taken a little liberty in mentioning the name of Dr. Stone, but he was a member of our school for about three months; during the vacation season he was here visiting friends and relations, and came into our school. He was a very fine young man, and has proved to be a very excellent middle-aged man. Rev. Cornelius Wells was another. How many of you will remember him? Rev. Daniel J. Glazier I spoke of the other night, so I will not stop to do it again here. I find it is said of Rev. Thomas S. Barbour, in our Sunday-school records that in 1866 he was present 52 Sundays, which was doing very nicely for him. I name also Rev. Jas. H. Arthur, Rev. Dr. Lucius E. Smith, Rev. H. H. Barbour, and Rev. Halsey W. Knapp, William Ward West and Rev. Benjamin Gower. All of these have gone out from our Sunday-school to preach the gospel. What an influence they must be exerting in all parts of the earth! Some of them have come back to us to-day, and others would have been rejoiced to do so, but found it impossible.

What shall we say of all this great band of noble men and women who have not become ministers of the gospel, but have gone out into all parts of our land, and I may say of the earth, doing their life-work, carrying

with them the principles of eternal truth, as taught them while in our school? Undoubtedly their influence though quietly exercised is immense. It is not always the most demonstrative thing that does the most good, but it is the consistent life, daily, weekly, yearly, in whatever occupation we are engaged.

Now I want to speak to you a moment of the children and the grand-children, the Sunday-schools, that have left our school. The South Baptist school was organized in 1834. The Grand Street Mission went from the South Baptist school. It is now the Washington Avenue school, a sort of grand-daughter to this school. Then the Bethel Mission, worked and supported by this school, finally culminated in the church on Windsor Avenue. The school is now held on Suffield street. Then comes the Asylum Avenue school. See how the influence has spread, and is constantly spreading. It shall never be lessened, but continually increase until the last day shall come and the sheaves shall be gathered home.

Now a word to the teachers and scholars with reference to the influence that you might exert, in addition to all that you do exert, with reference to bringing recruits to the Sunday-school. I suppose not one-half of the inhabitants of this city under 20, are in the Sunday-school anywhere. They are not studying the Bible anywhere. Now, I want to know if such a mighty band of men and women as there is here, if they should set their hearts to work at it, could not go out and gather in every child, every young man and woman and by their influence lead them to become students of the Bible.

The work is only just begun. It is only a hundred years since the church was organized, and only seventy-two years since the schools were organized in this city, and yet what strides they have made! If they made this progress under such difficulties in the past, if they have made it with so little influence in the past, how much more might be accomplished in the future, if we would all work for that purpose!

How much we have heard, and do sometimes now hear, in the public press, with reference to Sunday-school superintendents, and teachers, Wanamaker for example, and the influence of schools. They are constantly going forward, constantly progressing, constantly making their divine impress upon the hearts of the community. And they shall never cease until that blessed Bible shall be in every hand and impressed upon every heart.

ADDRESS

OF THE

REV. J. KITTREDGE WHEELER.

Pastor of the South Baptist Church, Hartford.

"PLANTED IN THE COURTS OF THE LORD."

I am sure we are all proud of our mother, and I do not think she has any occasion to be ashamed this afternoon of her fair and beautiful children, who join with her in this centennial service.

I was not privileged to be with you this morning, on account of illness in my family, but my heart was here. And by "my heart" I mean one of your daughters, to whom I am married, the South Baptist Church.

When Brother James spoke to me of this Centennial, I said to him, "James, we will do whatever you may ask," and so we are here with you to-day, our fair, good mother, for the morning, and the afternoon, and the evening, and for all day to-morrow.

I am glad to see the children here this afternoon. What would a centennial church service be without recognizing the Sunday-school and the children? And yet, while I say I am glad to see you here, children, I have been feeling sorry for you all day, and especially during this session, because I know it is getting to be lengthy and wearisome to you.

I have been thinking of a story which I read some years ago. The lesson in Sunday-school was in regard to Philip and the eunuch, and a very faithful teacher asked her class why it was that the eunuch went on his way rejoicing (you know it states that he "went on his way rejoicing" after meeting Philip), and one bright boy answered quickly, to the discouragement of the teacher, "Because Philip had got through a teachin' of him!"

You want to go; and perhaps it is time you should go. You would be glad to go now "on your way rejoicing," but we have not quite finished torturing you yet. We have a little more "centennial" for you. You may not have the privilege of being here at the next one; so you must try to bear it.

I was to say a word about tree planting, or the setting out of trees, by which I mean, figuratively, the "planting or setting out" of a boy. Now, a boy has to be "planted," a boy has to be "set out," just as well as a tree, before he can grow. You will find in the 92d Psalm, somewhere at the close of the psalm, these verses: "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon. Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing." I see that the idea or thought which the Psalmist has here in mind is that planting a tree is like planting a man, or setting out a boy, because he said, "The righteous shall flourish." This is the greatest figure which he could possibly use: "The righteous shall flourish like a palm-tree."

Every boy knows a great deal about a palm, so far as dates are concerned; we get one pound for ten cents, three pounds for a quarter. These palm-trees grow in the desert and have no leaves until you come to the very top. And there they are; a crown of great, green, waving leaves, which seem like the waving plumes of a king. They grow a hundred or more feet in height, and they bear, in this tuft of leaves, great clusters of fruit, sometimes three hundred, sometimes four hundred pounds, and, they tell me, sometimes as many as six hundred pounds on a single palm-tree. I think dates ought to be a little cheaper than they are.

Well, this book says that a boy who is planted in the house of the Lord shall be like a palm-tree. These palms are not much affected by drouth, and not much disturbed by rain, for they have their roots down deep through the sand in the moist soil. And so they lift up their heads and laugh at the fierce sun.

And so in regard to the cedar of Lebanon. That is the greatest tree that we know anything about, or that the Psalmist knew anything about. They are there, centuries old. Some of them have been known, the identical trees, three hundred years ago, living still. Here is a great figure; that a boy, planted in a certain place, is to be like the palm-tree; he is to be like the cedar of Lebanon.

We do not all have the same opinion as to where a boy ought to be planted. But, boys, if you were to set out a tree to-morrow, and it is time now for tree-planting, you would look out for the best kind of soil, and for the very best place. And you would expect the tree to do

best if you put it in the best place. If you wanted a tree to grow fair and strong, and be fruitful, and cast forth its shade, and live down the centuries, you would seek out one of the best places you could possibly find for it. Because if the soil be good, the tree responds to it; if the soil be poor and sandy and gravelly, the tree feels it. So we want the best place for the tree. They used to set out these palm-trees in the palace courts, in these sheltered, sunny, favored places, and there they grew strong and beautiful. Where do you think is the best place to plant a boy? I know of one father who planted his son in the saloon. And I said to him, "That is a poor place to plant a boy." I know some mothers who are very anxious to plant their girls in society, and they think that if they can get them rooted there, shallow and superficial though it be, that it is the best place to plant them. There are some fathers who are only anxious to plant their sons in business, in money-getting. And if they can plant them where they can make money, they think that is the best place to plant a boy. Well, that is not the way this word of God reads.

If you are to plant a tree right, you must know something about the nature of the tree. You would not think of planting a willow on top of a rock, where the cedar and pine grow, but you would plant a willow down by the water-course. You would not think of planting an oak-tree or a hard-maple there, but you would plant it on the hill-side, or somewhere in deep, dry soil. You want to know the nature of the tree, and then you can tell something about the kind of soil it needs. Look at a boy, look at a girl, and see if society, see if money-getting,

see if pleasure-seeking, see if the saloon, is a good place in which to plant them. Well, business is a good place, society is a good place, to a certain extent, but that does not cover all the ground. There is something divine, something godly, in a boy, and so he must be planted in such soil. A few weeks ago, when one of our Sunday-school scholars was dying, he said to his father, "Father, I wish there was a minister here; I wish you would pray with me, father." Dear friends, there is something in the nature of every boy and girl which reaches out towards God. There is a divine element, there are divine characteristics, there is a godly nature, in every boy and girl, and they need to be planted in sacred, divine soil, that their spiritual nature may be nourished.

Now, I was saying that the tree responds to the soil, to the external conditions or circumstances. I was buying some roses some years ago in the city of Chicago. I was selecting them because of their color, and also because of their fragrance. And so among the plants in the conservatory I picked up a flower and said to the florist, "That is fragrant," and he said, "Yes." Then I picked up another and said, "This is fragrant." "No," said he, "that is not fragrant." I raised it up again, and said, "Yes, that is fragrant." "No," said he, "you are mistaken, but it was close to a rose that is fragrant, and so it borrows its perfume."

I remember reading some years ago of a little fellow who came in from the street one day into the Sunday-school. He had never been there before. He had never seen the children in bright faces and bright clothing. When he came home they asked him where he had been.

"Been among the angels," he said! He had been borrowing sweetness from the Sunday-school; he had been inhaling perfume from the roses of the Sunday-school! There is no place in which to plant a boy or girl so good as the Sunday-school. Sometimes when I go home after some club-meeting or something of that kind, I don't go very often, for they smoke me out, my children begin to sniff, and they say, "You have been smoking." They know I don't smoke, but perhaps they think I have fallen from grace; so they ask me about it, and I tell them where I have been. Well, these external conditions always tell where we have been. If a boy is planted in a saloon, or on the street, or where those obscene pictures are, where those vulgar stories are told, you can tell it when he comes near you. I think you can see it in his face and eyes! He responds to these external conditions and circumstances, to his surroundings. No boy or girl is ever a member of a Sunday-school for a month without borrowing perfume, without inhaling the sweet fragrance of the room. That is a good place to plant a child.

I suppose my time is up, but there is one other question I want to speak of for a moment, the time to "set out" a boy. When would you set out a tree? I believe in setting out a tree very young. I may not be authorized to do so, but I will make a confession for some of you gratuitously here this afternoon. Some of you do not believe in setting out trees very young. There was a member of one of our Sunday-schools represented here to-day, who, last week in family worship, after reading the Sunday-school lesson, was asked by his

father to pray. This is a true story; I have it on good authority. They all kneeled down, and after a moment the little fellow began to pray, he is nine years old, and, among other things, he said, "O God, help us to be good; not so good that we can just slip through, but so good we can get in anywhere!" I think that boy is old enough to "set out," old enough to "plant" in the church of the Lord Jesus Christ. I would be glad to welcome him and to see him there to-day. But some of you don't believe in setting them out early. You want to wait until they have great tap roots, and big branches! I have seen them setting out such trees in Chicago. They are impatient out there, and can't wait for a tree to grow after they set it out. And so they get a big tree, as big as a man's body, and it is a strange looking thing. It looks more like an electric-pole than like a tree, with all the roots cut off, and it has got top-heavy and heady, and you have to cut off the top, and cut off its branches, and then guy it up with ropes. And then you must wrap it around with a straw or hay rope, and keep watering it, and set a man to watch it. And then after it has stayed there for a few months, if the summer is a little dry, you must pull it over and carry it away, for it is dead. It could not live. It was set out too late; the conditions were not right for its growth. Now, many believe in setting out "trees" when you have to cut off these tap-roots, and the arms, and the branches, and the head, and what a looking tree that is to come into the church! Forty to Sixty years old! I believe in setting out trees very young! Many of us do not like to receive children into the church, to plant them in the courts of the Lord! Suppose a man

should go into an orchard, and the nurseryman would say, "Here is a young tree," and the man asks "Has it blossomed?" "No." "I don't want a tree that hasn't blossomed!" "Here is a very good tree." "Has this tree borne any fruit?" "No." "Well I don't want to set out a tree that hasn't borne fruit!" There is an apple-tree, fifteen or twenty years old, laden full of blossoms, laden with a heavy harvest of apples, and he would like to take up that tree, with all its apples on, and carry it off, and set it out! But what will be the result? I am willing to take a very young apple-tree, just a sapling, one that has never borne a single apple, or a single blossom, one that is hardly in the leaf, and then set it out and wait for it to grow. Plant it in the house of the Lord. For by and by, in God's providence, under the shower and the sunshine, and its nurturing soil, it shall flourish in the courts of the Lord! You will see that the men who are strong in the church to-day were planted when young. The presidents of the colleges and seminaries of to-day were planted in the Sunday-school in early boyhood. I have their records; I have the figures. Many of the presidents of our colleges and theological seminaries to-day were members of the churches when they were nine, ten and twelve years old! They were planted early. They were set out in youth; just as Moses, Samuel and David were. It takes a long time to grow a man, and if you wish to grow him stalwart and strong, you must give him time to grow, under the most favorable conditions possible. If you wish your boy or girl to become a man or woman of God, and a tower of righteousness in the community, you must

plant them in childhood in the house of the Lord, and they will flourish in the courts of our God. When Dr. Hartranft of this city stood over the silent form of the late beloved Dr. Thompson, he said, among other things, "The fairest flowers of piety are the growth of centuries, the culture of the ages."

My dear friends, these are not my words, but God's. The best place to plant a man, woman, boy or girl, is in the house of the Lord, and by and by they shall become like palm-trees, and like the cedars of Lebanon.

Down on Wethersfield Avenue, and now I am done when I tell you this little story, there is an old friend of mine. He is one hundred years old. He is just celebrating with you this year his centennial. He is a grand old monarch, a stately and glorious giant; one of your proud and far-famed New England elms. Oh, what a majestic trunk, some four feet or more in diameter! What grand and graceful sweeping branches, covering a circle with a radius of fifty feet! We often have a little conversation as I am passing. I speak to him, and thank him for his shade in summer and for his strength in winter. And for all his grand and stately proportions I honor him. Shall I tell you the history of that tree? I only learned it a few days ago. A little girl of the city of Hartford was out in these woods somewhere, or on these encircling hills, and, coming in, she pulled up a little twig, just a little slip, a little elm twig; one that she could wrest from the earth easily with her thumb and finger, and she brought it home and set it out in front of the old farmhouse. She was fifteen years old. Let me see, how old is the

tree? She lived to be ninety years old. The tree was seventy-five years old when she died. She died twenty-years ago. It is the monarch of a century! Planted in that fair and favorable place when just a little twig, it has now grown up into its stately proportions. And sometimes, when the midnight winds are gathering and the storms are brewing yonder on those hills, I have thought of that old tree and the battle that he was to have with the storms. But he welcomed them and laughed at them, for he had in his fibre the strength of a century!

Dear friends, if this psalm had been written in Connecticut, if it had been written here in Hartford, in regard to your boys and your girls, it would have said that if they were planted in the house of the Lord they would flourish like one of the oaks of the mountains, that they would spread abroad their stately branches like one of the elms of your happy New England!

Sunday Evening.

JOSEPH W. DIMOCK.

REMINISCENCES

BY

MR. JOSEPH W. DIMOCK,

Senior Member of the First Baptist Church, Hartford.

(When Mr. Dimock, who is in the ninetieth year of his age, was introduced, the entire audience rose to greet him.)

I have been requested to state some of the facts concerning the early years of this church.

The year of 1814 was a memorable epoch in the history of this church, which has been a missionary church from its organization. It was on Wednesday, the 31st of August of that year, that the Baptist Society, auxiliary to the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, was founded. It was accomplished through the influence of the Rev. Luther Rice, who went out as a missionary in company with Dr. Judson, under the direction of the Congregationalists, to India. They were both converted to Baptist principles on their voyage to Calcutta, and, being left in that foreign country without organized support, Mr. Rice returned to this country and commenced organizing foreign mission societies. He visited this church at that date, and, with several of the brethren, met at the house of our pastor, the Rev. Elisha Cushman. This house is now standing on Village Street. I had the privilege of being one of those present on that occasion.

I believe that this was the first direct movement in foreign missions in this state.

At the same time the church enjoyed a special outpouring of God's spirit, which resulted in the conversion of about fifty persons. And nearly all of them were young people. It was considered remarkable that nearly all of them were from families outside of the Baptist church.

The evening meetings of that period were generally held in private houses in different sections of the city. And the labors of the young people were very efficient in building up the church. Before that time very few young persons had been encouraged to join the church.

We had no Sunday-schools or Bible-schools at that time. But in 1818 the first Sunday-school was organized in the basement of the old wooden church which yet stands on the corner of Temple and Market Streets.

My first Sunday-school class consisted of five colored men, the youngest of whom was fifty years of age.

Within my time the membership of the church has sent out over thirty persons as preachers of the gospel, one missionary to Burma, who was the daughter of a former pastor, the Rev. Henry Grew, and another missionary to Japan, the Rev. Mr. Arthur.

It has been my privilege to know personally all the pastors and deacons of the church from its organization.

When Dr. Turnbull was settled as pastor of this church, Dr. Hawes sent a special message to him saying it would afford him great pleasure to give him the right hand of fellowship, and the same kind feelings were cherished to the end. On several occasions he occupied his pulpit.

Dr. Jackson's pastorate was very successful. Seventy-five persons received the hand of fellowship on one Sunday.

Deacon Bolles always took a deep interest in me, and used frequently to inquire as to how I was succeeding, etc. He would come into my room every few evenings, and if I had two candles burning, he would blow one of them out. If I had two sticks of wood on the fire, he would take one of them off, and lay it on the corner of the fire-place. As I said before, he showed himself very friendly to me through all my connection with the church.

At that time we had no numbers on our houses, and no lights in our streets. We were obliged to locate a house by counting so many houses from a certain point. We had no steamboats or telegraph.

I will add that I have been connected with this church for seventy-four years, and I am the only person living who was a member at the time I joined it.

ADDRESS

OF THE

REV. THOMAS S. BARBOUR,

Pastor of the Baptist Church of Fall River, Mass.

It would be idle for me to attempt to express the pleasure I have had in the privilege of joining in this centennial service. And yet my pleasure is in some degree mingled with pain, particularly at this moment. I believe I have a feeling of sympathy for, say, the plumber, who has come to your house, and in the confusion attending his effort to respond to your call has neglected to bring along the necessary tools. I succeeded at a late hour in arranging to so far gratify myself as to make the journey to this city, but as for the means of being of any service to the committee, and to those who have gathered for this evening's service, that is a different matter. And yet, if it be true that "out of the heart the mouth speaketh," it seems to me that I ought not to lack for fullness of utterance to-night.

To say that this church is to me what no other church is, or ever can be, is to say a very matter-of-course thing. I was almost surprised to learn that the church is only one hundred years old, and thus to have the definite information that there actually was a time when it was not in existence. I suppose if anyone had asked me if I thought that it was in existence before the year 1492, I should have faltered a slow "No," but, somehow, it

always seemed to me to be a necessary part of the life of this city, and of the life of the world.

I shall make no attempt to express the emotions which are awakened in my heart by this place and this hour. There are many before me who do not need any expression of such emotions. The language of their own hearts is sufficient.

Time turns backward in its flight, and again we are children. Again we follow up those letters upon the wall, and count them, and balance them, and think something of their significance: "God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth." Again our eyes follow up the high arches that seem almost to reach to the heaven of which the preacher is speaking. Again familiar forms are about us; they steal from out the shadows, and are with us again, and the long pew is filled. Again we see familiar forms *before* us. We were told this morning that every address of the day should contain some reference to Deacon John Bolles. I knew a Deacon Bolles. His name might have been John—"the face that limners give to the beloved disciple"—but he bore the name of the other son of Zebedee. I am glad that I am old enough to have known him. All these seats are filled; Deacon Bolles, Deacon Smith, Deacon Braddock, Deacon Howard, of whom two, not the least beloved, remain to this present time. There are other associations connected with this house. To say to one's self, "In yonder vestry I knelt and asked forgiveness of my sins, and consecrated my life to the Lord Jesus Christ." "Just here I was buried in the symbolical grave, and rose with a purpose of newness of life." "Just here I stood, a boy of ten,

and looked down into the water, and out upon the people, and up toward God, my heart filled with a profound joy, and with the earnest desire to testify henceforth forever my gratitude to my Savior and Lord." "In yonder pew I received for the first time, for how many times, those sacred emblems which spoke of the Savior's love, and awakened ever anew the purpose to give better service to the Master." To say to one's self such things as these is to awaken thoughts that lie too deep for words.

One train of thought I am unwilling to-night to attempt to repress. It has to do with the central form of this group that was before us, the one pastor under whose leadership I was a member of this church. We have heard testimony concerning him to-day from those who were fitted by the years and the experience to which they had attained to judge of him as I could not. And yet I desire to-night to bring a tribute to his memory, though it be but the tribute of childhood. It seems to me that Dr. Turnbull had a rare power of influencing childhood. I do not mean that he was peculiarly a preacher for children, I do not know that he was that, but he was something better than that. He had a higher power than that of entertaining children for a half-hour. There were qualities revealing themselves in him which drew childhood to him and gave him a strong hold upon its affection and reverence. I thought of him as a model of all that was noble and kindly. I did not think of him as eloquent or learned. I thought of him as a man of God. The story is told of Whitfield that a little girl was wont to refer to him, in her childish way of expressing her thought, as "Jesus Christ's man." So seemed to me the pastor whom I knew in my relationship to this

church; a man consecrated to Jesus Christ. He was more than a pastor to me. If I were permitted to choose whatever word I might please to characterize what he was to me, I should take from out the divine word that term which is used of the Holy Spirit of God, the term "comforter," which you know means more than comforter, the counseller, the teacher, the guide, the friend. All this he was to me, and if it be right for one to use a term which the Lord Jesus used of himself in his relations to his people, if it be right to speak of a pastor as an under-shepherd, may we not speak of a pastor as an under-comforter, counsellor, instructor, guide and friend? All this, I say, he was to me in my early life. It was by his side, on a stormy night in January, that I knelt, we were alone together, he was willing to give his time that he might lead even a child to such a knowledge as a child could have of the saving grace of Jesus Christ, it was when kneeling by his side that I gave my heart to Christ. It was by his hand that I was buried in the baptismal waters. By his hand I was welcomed publicly into the membership of the church. And there is almost no one among the profounder experiences of my early life, whether of joy or of sorrow, of wandering or of Christian service, with which he was unconnected. I met him (I do not know that many of you are aware of this, but it seems to me a fact of interest, surely of deepest interest to me) in the closing days of his life. If I am not mistaken, the last public service which he performed was that which he rendered for me, when he laid his hands in consecration upon my head, as in public prayer I was set apart for the ministry of the word. He came, at my request, hundreds of miles,

that he might join in this service. I remember still his voice, not quite so strong as of old, but yet full of fire and fervor, as he preached the word. I remember our quiet talk together of the things of the past and of the work of the future. So, as Elijah tarried with the young disciple, he tarried with me. I wish that it were possible for me to continue the story of Elijah, and to carry out the analogy of thought, to speak of the finding of a mantle, of the discovery that power like that of the teacher had descended upon the disciple. This I know at least, that if I had been asked at that time to express the deepest desire of my heart, it could not have been other than this: that a double portion, the chief-heir's portion of the spirit which was in him might be upon the disciple in his life's work.

But such an hour as this is suggestive not alone of personal memories. It is suggestive of certain very serious lessons. The hour speaks to us of the brevity of our mortal lives. Perhaps that is the strongest impression which is made upon one who returns after an absence to the scenes of his earlier life. So many are gone, and those that were in manhood are growing old. So quickly men grow old. And, though those among whom they remain venerate them, their thoughts reach on and they seem as exiles, whose home is beyond.

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that they have pressed,
In their bloom;
And the names they love to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

And we, too, so soon must grow old, so soon must pass on, and the places that know us now shall know us no more.

But it is not this somewhat melancholy thought that has been chiefly on my mind as I have joined in the services of this day and have listened to those who have spoken of the past. The apostle Paul, in referring to those who were witnesses of the life of Jesus Christ after his resurrection from the tomb, says that "some of them remain unto this present, and some have fallen asleep." Whatever of impressiveness there may be in the thought that some whom once we knew have "fallen asleep," it seems to me that there is equal impressiveness, and that there is a mighty force of inspiration, in the other thought, that "some remain unto this present." A venerated brother speaks to us of the founder of this church, speaks from personal knowledge of those who were the earliest members of the church, speaks of every pastor of the church. Our moderator said to us this afternoon that, though none of us might see the second centennial of this church, many of us would see those who should see it. So the generations overlap one another. "Some remain unto this present." Contemporaries of a former generation; they are to-day contemporaries of a new generation that is to outlast them. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh." But the old does not pass until the new has come. This is God's plan for human life; a plan with which is associated all of progress for the world, a plan by which knowledge and experience are handed down from age to age. But there is a mighty inspiration, and withal a

most serious suggestiveness, in the thought. What is the true duration of any human life? It begins with the cradle; it does not end until the life of the world ends. On in a continuous line reaches the development of the world's life from the first moment of time until the end of time, and thus the generations of men are welded together into one united race, and the life of men is fused together into the one progressive life of mankind.

"There are two Theodore Parkers," said a man who was dying in Italy, "one of them is dying here in Italy, and another is planted in America." The life of these godly men of whom we have been hearing to-day is still continuing. Their influence is still making itself felt through the characters and the lives of those who knew them in the past. And so our influence shall remain. It is a terrible thought for one who is squandering the opportunities of life. It is told of a young man, dying after a life of sin, that, horrified at the thought of the influence which he had been exerting, he exclaimed with dying breath "Bury my influence with me!" But of course such words were vain. The clods of the valley covered his body, but his influence went forth, a "Wandering Jew," shifting up and down, with poison in its breath, until the hour when the body shall rise to confront it. But how inspiring is such a thought for the true and generous mind! It has been held by some, philosophical systems have maintained it, that in this power of influencing coming generations the desire for immortality, which is in-born and ever persistent in the soul of man is satisfied. History bears witness that this thought has had power to inspire the spirit of man to

fidelity. Do you remember that scene, that strange, yet wonderfully pathetic and inspiring scene, of the execution of the Gerondists of France? The moderate republicans, resisting the wild excesses of the extremists, seek with their own bodies to stem the tide. But the flood proves too strong, and the furious waters sweep them from off their feet. They are condemned to death, and are about to suffer by the guillotine. Believing that the cause of liberty will yet triumph, and triumph the sooner for their martyrdom, they joyfully submit themselves to their fate. You recall perhaps how the vast throng gathered about the courtyard, how the five rude carts appeared, four forms in each, how the multitudes rent the air with their fierce, malignant execrations? And do you remember how the shouts of the multitude suddenly grew hushed and another sound arose upon the morning air. Clear, swelling, harmonious, it burst from the lips of the condemned, the voice of song, the song of patriotism, the national song of France? "Come, children of your country, come; the day of glory dawns on high!" And when the scaffold was reached, the song was still sounding; and when one and another lay beneath the knife and yielded up his life in his country's cause, the song sounded on, growing fainter in volume, but not less clear and resolute. And when at last the intrepid leader alone remained, the song rose, still unfaltering, from his lips, "Come, children of your country, come; the day of glory dawns on high." The knife falls, and the song is broken off, but to be revived again by the awakening heart and conscience of the nation. Friends, if men who have the motive of patriotism only

to move them, are inspired to such fidelity by the thought of the service which they are able to render to future generations, by what spirit think you should those be animated, behind whom is the cross of the Son of God, above whom is a risen Lord, before whom is a world of suffering and sin. Shall there not be awakened within us the earnest purpose to do all that lies in our power to make this world a kindlier place, with more of helpful influence, with less that tends to the soul's ruin and more that develops the soul's life? How grand to live members of a company which, unlike that of the angels, to which time brings no increase, is a race, with unborn multitudes pressing on to receive from our hands their legacy!

If any thought is fitted to strengthen the influence of such an inspiration as this, it seems to me that it is the thought to which our minds are turned in connection with this service, the thought that we have been called to membership in a church of Christ. How shall we fail to recognize in such a relationship the inspiration to the highest service? The origin of this church lies farther back than a hundred years ago. It lies in that scene in which the Lord Jesus Christ came from the sepulchre, and, showing to his disciples his hands and his side, said unto them, "As the Father hath sent me into the world, so do I send you into the world." The word "church" is nothing more nor less than a name for the mission of the Christian. The church is simply an agency by which the mission of the Christian may be accomplished. I do not think it is possible for us to-night to venerate too highly the church of Christ, but

it is possible for us to misplace our veneration. It is possible for us to venerate only the body, and forget that the true church is a spirit rather than a body. The spirit is greater than the body. The service to which we are called is not chiefly the maintaining of a church organization. It is the loyal fulfilling of the purpose which should animate and energize every body which is entrusted with the work of the Lord Jesus Christ. Let us never forget that a definite purpose is represented by a church of Christ. We are not to think of church organization as constituting an end in its itself. To maintain church organization, to build fine edifices, to sustain pleasing services, these are things of little consequence in themselves. A church of Christ is but a means to an end. That end is to go out into this sinful, busy world, and win souls to the Lord Jesus Christ, and having won them to Christ, to reproduce in them the spirit that was in Christ.

I believe, friends, that this has been the animating purpose of this church in the past. May it never cease to be its animating purpose! The thought of the past is an inspiring thought. But more inspiring to me tonight seems the thought of the possibilities of the future. What may not this church accomplish, with such a past behind it, with such traditions lingering with it, with such resources upon which to draw, and *with so lengthened a career before it?* To how great an age is it to be supposed that this church shall reach? May we not, friends, with some assurance predict that this church whose hundred years of life we are now commemorating will endure until the one who has gone to a far country returns to reckon with his servants?

As in his sight, may the membership of this church, as in his sight, may all of us, do the work which is committed to our hands. And thus, at last, when he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together, may there be given to us all an abundant entrance into the joy of the Lord!

ADDRESS

OF THE

REV. HENRY E. ROBINS, D. D.

A distinguished writer on the Constitutional History of England, with keen discernment, points out that "the roots of the present lie deep in the past," and so maintains that "nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present comes to be what it is." Now, this is as true of churches as of other institutions. We do well, then, to recall some of the scenes of the past, and a few of the names of the men and women who lived and wrought here in holy service. For we are sheltered in a spiritual structure of which they laid the foundations, and repose under the shade, and eat of the fruit of trees which they planted.

There is, indeed, a reverence for the past which is neither just or wise. No man runs successfully in a race, looking backward. The victorious soldier has his face to the foe. We, being Christians, are heirs of the future. We forget the things which are behind in the urgency of present duty, and in the joy of present victory. We are not unmindful, however, that the history of Christianity has its churches of Asia; that desolation, alas! not rarely reigns where once was prosperity; so to admonish us not to mistake flattering appearances for the vigor of an abounding life; not to be highminded,

but to fear in the midst of seeming progress. The wise general looks carefully to the threatening conditions of his environment. The experienced seaman scans the skies with alert vision to detect the portents of the storm. The skillful physician omits from his diagnosis neither the unfavorable nor the favorable symptoms of the patients' case, and so commands our confidence. And so, as Christians we should not imitate the folly of ostrich-wisdom, but, rather, look steadily on the dark side hopefully. We should not forget that the voice of prophecy declares in regard to the great captain of our warfare, "He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth." His course has been onward since the dawn of human history. The long line of a conquering army is often driven backward at points by the fierce onsets of the enemy, while yet the advancing columns of the army as a whole are sweeping the field.

We turn, then, to the past to-day to quicken our gratitude to God for his gift to us of those by whose labors and sacrifices the achievements of the present were made possible, and to draw inspiration from their example for greater conquests in the future. We will for awhile recount the virtues of those whose day has gone down; behold the serene beauty of sun-set skies and delight ourselves in the calm of the evening; and then turn to the sunrise, and with the light of the morning upon our upturned faces, we will press forward in the work which the God of our fathers has given us to do.

In the few moments allotted to me in this service, I am expected to speak of some personal reminiscences.

Standing on this eminence of time, I look back upon a little more than half of the years of the century past. Fifty-two years ago this church opened its doors to me in baptism; and during all the intervening changes of the intervening days, its hallowed, loving influence has been about me as an inspiration and a shield. Here, on this spot, it gave me ordination to the Christian ministry. The voices of most of those who participated in the exercises are silent in death; and yet how distinctly to me do those tones linger within these walls. Particularly do I recall the majestic bearing, the gray hairs resting as a crown of glory on his head, the fervid utterance, the firm grasp as he gave me the hand of fellowship, the tender glance of the eye, of Dr. Dwight Ives, a son of thunder in the pulpit, whose stern fidelity to righteousness repelled me when a student at Suffield, but whose Johannean tenderness and purity and eagle vision of spiritual things completely won me in later years. Here, too, were held the peace-bringing funeral services of my honored father, whose dust reposes on yonder hill, which looks down on the city where he lived so long and which he loved so well.

The form of the venerable Dr. Hawes, the Nestor of Connecticut Congregationalism of that time, appears vividly before me now as standing beside the dead, he uttered tender and appreciative words of his friend of many years.

At the mention of the name of Dr. Hawes, who was a central figure of the Hartford of my childhood, the group of men and women who were then active members of this church rises before me. I seem to see their

faces; to be walking, a little boy, among them. Had I an artist's skill I might sketch the very form and features of many of them, so distinctly are they present to my imagination. General Sherman, in a recent address to his Ohio friends, is reported to have said, "It is chiefly the men and women with whom you associate in early life who have the greatest influence in the formation and making permanent of what your character shall afterward be." Believing this to be true, I have reason for profound gratitude to God that my childhood was passed among those of whom I have spoken. Simple in habits, pure in social life, of inflexible integrity, of high aims, of devout spirit, and speech seasoned with salt, religious without affectation, grave without austerity, no better men and women, I am persuaded, have ever lived. For here, let it be observed, we speak of no merely natural excellencies of character, just as now we are not speaking of any merely natural organization. These men and women were grouped not in obedience to any merely natural impulse, not by merely social affinities, nor for any merely earthly ends. The profound significance of their fellowship is missed by any who may so think. First brought into fellowship with God, by the new, celestial birth of the Holy Spirit, they were inevitably drawn into fellowship with one another by the uniting power of their new life. Commuion with God preceded and made possible their communion with one another. And so the essential principles of true virtue, love to God as a righteous Father, and love to man as bearing the image of God, were the controlling principles of their lives.

There are, indeed, those who think that the religion of those days wore too sombre an aspect; and that the more cheerful tone which it is made to assume, in some quarters, in our time renders it more attractive. Now it is true that life was not, then, regarded as a holiday affair; nor were the cap and bells thought to be the proper equipment of a Christian. On the contrary, the tremendous issues which hang upon our earthly probation were emphasized with tearful earnestness, and the sacred shadow of the Savior's cross and passion, endured for human redemption, subdued into reverent demeanor those who bore his name. A profound sense of sin and a correspondingly profound sense of the Savior's grace, for the two go hand in hand in an indissoluble wedlock, gave to their experience that peculiar mingling of humility and peace, far removed from levity, on the one hand, and gloom, on the other, which distinguishes the Christian, more than anything else, from the man of the world. Now this aspect of religion, as presented to me in the communion of these saints, and in my Father's house, was never in any degree repellant. Far from it! If at any time my wayward spirit chafed against the restraints of such a spiritual atmosphere, I joyfully acknowledge, what I very well knew then, that they were salutary. Deeper than any superficial and momentary antagonism awakened, was the irresistible and profound attraction which drew me. Those of you who have seen Murillo's Guardian Angel will remember that the angel is represented as grasping the hand of the child whom he is leading, meanwhile looking upon his charge with a countenance expressive of benignant solic-

itude, and pointing upward with outstretched arm to the heavenly glory breaking through upon them. And so this church of my fathers, with which the sweet memory of my childhood's home is inseparably united, appears to me to have been the Guardian Angel of my infancy and youth. I sing with Addison, in view of this care of my heavenly Father:—

> "When in the slippery paths of youth,
> With heedless steps, I ran,
> Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
> And led me up to man."

One influence must be mentioned which contributed largely to give a certain sternness of aspect to the religion of the days of which we speak. A soldier who has faced death in the "imminent deadly breach" will bear a sterner visage than your carpet knight. These men and women were nurtured in the heroic days of Baptist history. If not themselves heroes, they had in their veins the blood of heroes. In their immediate ancestry, many of them had suffered spoliation of property, imprisonment and social ostracism in the struggle for religious liberty. How bitter that struggle was, what high qualities of manhood and womanhood were demanded for the triumph which crowned the struggle at last, we, of these days when we enjoy the peace which their sacrifices bought, can but faintly realize. The Baptist name was cast out as evil. That the Baptists should triumph seemed to many of the best Christians as the overthrow of Christianity itself. The sentiment of Dr. Increase Mather (1677), when he said, "I believe that antichrist hath not at this day a more probable way to

advance his kingdom of darkness than by a toleration of all religions and persuasions," was shared by the most of the best men of his generation. They believed that the union of church and state was according to the will of God: that the state should foster and support the church as essential to the purity and stability of the state. Baptists, on the other hand, demanded a total separation of church and state, not merely toleration of differing religious convictions. Toleration, they maintained, no earthly power may assume to grant, but absolute religious liberty. This seemed to those who withstood them akin to atheism. Hence they were opposed with all the decision and earnestness with which men who have sensitive consciences contend for that which is noblest and best. With equal earnestness they met that opposition, and suffered, in many instances, the loss of property, reputation and liberty in their holy warfare. Amid the perils and hardships of such a warfare, men and women of the noblest mould were nurtured; and we may well thank God on this centennial occasion that we can claim them as our ancestry in the faith. As illustrating the suspicion with which Baptists were regarded by the majority, and as illustrating, also, the dawning of the better day in which we live, the following incident is worth recalling. Deacon John Bolles may, I suppose, be justly regarded as the father, under God, of this church. A Christian of remarkable devotion and without guile, he was withal a wise and persistent man. When he began his work of laying the foundations of the Baptist cause in this city, a zealous friend of the old order of things waited on the Rev. Dr. Strong, then

pastor of the Center Congregational Church, and informed him, with great excitement, that John Bolles was attempting to "set up a Baptist meeting in the city," as the informant phrased it. The good doctor did not seem as much alarmed as the self-appointed messenger thought he ought to be, and so exclaimed, in great heat, "What are you going to do about it?" The wise man answered, in quiet tones, "I know Deacon Bolles, and I am sure that if you and I get to heaven, we will surely find Deacon Bolles there; and so I think we had better try to live on good terms with him here."

The days when Baptists were under civil disabilities were long since passed in my childhood, nevertheless the old prejudices against them had still a vigorous life. It cost much, in many ways, to avow our distinctive principles. "I am glad that I am a Baptist," said Dr. Weston, now president of Crozer Theological Seminary, to me on one occasion when we had been discussing our denominational history and work. Yes, I replied, but why? What thought is just now in your mind?" "This," he responded, "there is no body of men on earth in which there are so many who must say with Luther, in that supreme moment of his history, at Worms, 'Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise. God help me! Amen.'" Among those whom I remember as having become Baptists in obedience to conscientious convictions in spite of the cost, was Mrs. James G. Bolles. She always bore the impress of that nobility of character which such a moral sacrifice as that which she made always gives. Of vigorous intellect, well trained and well informed, a heart sensitive to the highest motives,

and a will capable of resistance or aggression, she was a woman of great influence in the church to which duty bound her. Her special service to the church, as I remember her, was as teacher of the infant class in the Sunday-school. I shall never cease to thank God for her instruction and influence. I do not recollect that she devoted herself to the amusement of her pupils. But she did that which was far better, she won our respect and our undying affection in that she brought us to Christ and Christ to us, impressing our young minds with moral and spiritual truths which have ever since asserted their saving power. "Thou God seest me," was the legend on one of the cards hanging upon the walls of that sacred room, to which her presence lent its peculiar charm. Never shall I forget the awe with which, a very little boy, I pondered those words, and took into my soul one of the first and most important lessons in theology which I have ever learned. When inexorable time compelled me to graduate from her care, it brought a sorrow of which I have still a keen recollection. Those of you who remember our former house of worship, afterward the Jewish synagogue, know that the infant class was held in a small room behind the pulpit of the vestry. It was customary for the graduating class to pass out in procession in the presence of the older scholars assembled in the vestry. And so with reluctant steps I went out with tears, I will not say as one leaving Paradise, but one of the dearest spots I have known on earth. Looking back and weighing well the influences which came upon me there, and which, like ministering spirits, have continued with me more

than half a century, I am constrained to say that my tears were justified. The feet of how many little pilgrims were put on the way to the celestial city by that saintly woman's ministry, eternity only will reveal. Happy they who follow in her steps!

While I speak of her, a group of Christian women seems to gather about me, as when the Mothers'-meeting, as it was called, assembled in the house of some one of their number. Some of the little children attended these meetings. Each boy sat on a stool or hassock beside his mother, while hymns were sung, the Scriptures read, prayers offered, and loving counsels given. My first deep impression that I was a sinner, needing renewing grace, came upon me when I heard my mother, in that circle of godly women, with gentle voice, pleading with God for my conversion. These mothers had a beautiful custom of presenting to each child upon its leaving the circle, a parting letter written by their secretary, then Mrs. James G. Bolles, full of wise and affectionate counsels. These letters were very highly prized by the children. The letter given to me was kept for many years, and often perused with abiding interest. Who can doubt that the Mothers'-meetings were a part of that wisdom of the past which the present may imitate with profit. The often-quoted remark of the late Archbishop Hughes, of the Roman Church, of New York, "Give me the first five years of a child's life, and I care not who has the remaining years," cannot be too carefully pondered. It will always be true, as Milton sings,

> "The childhood shows the man,
> As morning shows the day."

The religious influences which encompassed my early years found their natural result in my baptism at the age of ten. As vivid as if the time were yesterday are the scenes of that, to me, memorable day. The Rev. Dr. Henry Jackson was then pastor of the church. He was a man of commanding presence the very personification of pastoral benignity. As I timidly put my feet into the water to descend into the baptistery he took me in his arms, and said, "We believe in infant baptism," after a pause adding, "upon profession of faith." Then he asked, "Henry," dost thou believe in the Lord Jesus Christ with all thine heart?" Upon my responding, "I do," he baptized me into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The church was then in the midst of one of the precious revivals in its history. It was such a work of grace as should be expected under the ministry of such a man as Dr. Jackson. The impression which in my boyhood I had received of his singular piety, of his integrity clear as the sun, of his skill as a spiritual leader, was confirmed by the intimacy of those years when I was associated with him as colleague pastor of the Central church in Newport, R. I. As a faithful under-shepherd of Christ's flock, I do not see how he could be surpassed: certainly few have been his equals. Although always mindful of the dignity of his office, there was in the discharge of his sacred duties a remarkable absence of everything which savored of officialism, of insincerity in the pulpit or out of it. The reason of this may be found, perhaps, in the clearness of his experience of the grace of God in his conversion. His faith stood not in the wisdom of men but in the power of

God. He was to his heart's core a believer in Jesus Christ. He knew whom he believed. This inward persuasion of the truth of Christianity which never wavered, distinguished him from many of his associates. During one period of his service, he had a neighbor in the ministry who was a man of learning, a genial friend, a good preacher, and in the judgment of charity a Christian. Nevertheless he was somewhat self-indulgent, not profoundly moved by the truths he preached, a favorite of rich men of convivial habits, popular as a man of the world among men. Some one well-acquainted with both, having been, one day, asked which of them he liked the better, replied, "At a dinner-party, Dr. C.; if I were on my death-bed, Henry Jackson." The skill and devotion of Dr. Jackson as pastor were admirably supplemented by the skill and devotion of his wife, Mrs. Maria T. Jackson. And the gracious results which attended his pastorate here were the fruit of their joint labors. The beginning of the revival during which I came into the church was marked by the special power of the Holy Ghost. My honored father was in the pulpit of the vestry with Dr. Jackson at an evening prayer-meeting. Both were impressed during the progress of the meeting that there was something unusual in the spiritual atmosphere. After a moment's interchange of thoughts, Dr. Jackson rose and expressed his conviction that the Spirit of God was moving in an unusual manner upon the hearts of those present, and called for expression of thought and feeling, suggesting that each one should speak to the one nearest him. In a few moments in all parts of the room were persons kneeling in prayer, sin-

ners convicted of sin and Christians pleading with God for mercy. It was at once a Bochim and a place of joy. Tears of repentance were exchanged for songs of deliverance. Although I was but a child, the impressions of that hour have never faded from my mind. The work so begun went forward with accelerated power, and the effect of it remains in the church to this day. It was a time of the right hand of the Most High.

But I must cease to weary you with these thronging memories. Time will not permit me to speak of those whom I knew here in subsequent years. Most of them now worship in the upper Temple. Many are still bearing the burdens and enjoying the benefits of your fellowship, the touch of whose hands and the sight of whose faces make me young again, and quickens the hope of that enduring reunion, where

> "Those who meet shall part no more,
> And those long parted meet again."

May those who shall fill these places in the coming years never forget that there is but one Rock upon which a living church can be founded, even Jesus Christ: that a regenerated membership alone can constitute a Baptist church, and that baptism is worse than an empty ceremony unless it is a veritable symbol of the death to sin and resurrection to newness of life of him who submits to it.

REMINISCENCES

OF THE

REV. ROBERT TURNBULL, D. D.

By the Rev. Geo. M. Stone, D. D.

I wish first to do what I have never had occasion to do before under circumstances so favorable, to pay my tribute of thanksgiving to this church for its personal influence over myself. Mr. Bronson was kind enough this afternoon, in his article on the history of the Sunday-school, to include myself among those who were once members of the Sunday-school. And it was an entirely legitimate and proper thing that he should do so. The hinge of my life I found in Hartford. By a strange, truly mysterious Providence, coming from the First Baptist church in Cleveland, as a member of the Sunday-school, but not yet a member of the church, and not yet decided fully as to my place in the church of Christ, I came to Hartford, as I learned afterward to decide that important point. I shall never forget one or two circumstances. I came here to the house of a relative, in which I found boarding several members of this church. It is to the honor and credit of this church that those persons, in those days, made religion a subject of conversation at the table. I am quite sure I shall bring a smile to your faces when I tell you of my own ignorance of religious things at that time. The topic the

ROBERT TURNBULL, D.D.

first day of my visit to my friends was, the doctrine of election. I well remember the intensity of feeling with which those young men discussed that topic. As the discussion began, so ignorant was I at that time of any subjects of this kind, that the thought came instinctively to my mind, I wonder when this election is going to take place! And I was exceedingly interested in the coming political canvas. But just for a moment, and then I found that they were discussing the profoundest of Christian doctrines.

You will allow me to mention the names of a few persons then in the church, some of whom remain, and some have fallen asleep, who impressed me particularly at that time: James G. Bolles, Deacon Smith, Deacon Braddock, Edward Bolles, J. W. Dimock, Carlos Glazier, W. S. Bronson, H. H. Barbour, James L. Howard. There was an individuality among these men, and a peculiar type of Christian character, which led not to my decision on the subject of Christianity; I had decided that before, but it led to my decision to cast in my lot with the Baptist church, a decision which I have never since had occasion to regret.

But I have another reason for gratitude to this mother church. I happen to be the guardian of her youngest daughter, eighteen years of age; a sprightly maiden, in the bloom and beauty of her youth. And I want to say that, although not all the members of that church came from this church, that a word spoken by a gentleman who sits near me upon the platform was the decisive word in its organization. I want to thank both the South and the First church for this fact, that I have had so little trouble with this young lady, and that I have found

her so attractive. Indeed, it makes me young again to think of her!

There are a few personal memories connecting myself with Dr. Robert Turnbull, to which, at this tender, and to me, holy hour, I should be personally gratified to give expression.

In the ministry of Christ, I am, in a sense, a grandson of Dr. Turnbull. Dr. Turnbull's first pastorate in this country, in 1833 was at Danbury, Connecticut. He had come fresh from Scotland; fresh from the instruction of Dr. Chalmers, of Edinburgh, having previously graduated from the University of Glasgow. He came to be pastor in the old church of which I afterwards became pastor, and where I remained for seven years, in Danbury. It may interest this audience to know that the Danbury church was organized in the same year as this church, and only about three weeks later. And I hope soon to share with the dear brethren in Danbury in the centennial of that old church, which I had the honor to serve in my maiden pastorate.

Dr. Turnbull, as I said, was my grandfather, in the ministry. He went from Danbury to Detroit, Michigan, where was his second pastorate, in this country.

On an evening ever-to-be remembered by some of us, a godless young man came into Dr. Turnbull's church; he came to scoff, but retired to pray. An arrow from the quiver of the Almighty God and the redeeming Savior found its way to the heart of J. Hyatt Smith, in that young city on the frontier. And that arrow was aimed, under God, by the master hand of Robert Turnbull. J. Hyatt Smith bowed that evening in prayer,

and very soon felt the call to the Christian ministry. Years afterward a young man in Cleveland, not unlike in the spirit in which he went, though not positively to scoff, found an arrow from the quiver in the hand of J. Hyatt Smith, and he bowed to Christ. And thus I am connected in a mysterious and ineffably sacred way with Dr. Robert Turnbull. On the occasion of my ordination he preached my ordination sermon.

Mr. Howard: "Will not Brother Stone tell the audience the name of that young man who was converted in Cleveland? I think it would be interesting to them."

Dr. Stone: "I prefer to be excused. You know in olden times they used to stone people to death, and I do not wish to inflict any such punishment upon this audience as to Stone them to death."

Dr. Turnbull was very fortunate in his antecedents. He belonged to a race of theologians. He had a strong, incisive and Scottish mind. Give me a Scotchman, if you want to go down to the depths of Christian experience or doctrine. There are no men, not even the Germans, who go to the very roots of theology as these men do. And think of the time in which Turnbull was educated. Think of that wonderful period of theological history between 1830 and 1840, when more people were aroused, than in any other decade of the century, and I was about to say, any other century until we get back to the Christian era. Think of the men under the shadow of whose influence Dr. Turnbull came! Think of the life of Thos. Chalmers! Dr. Turnbull sat at the feet of Chalmers, with Robt. McCheyne, that flaming light, the symbol on whose escutcheon, if he had one, would have

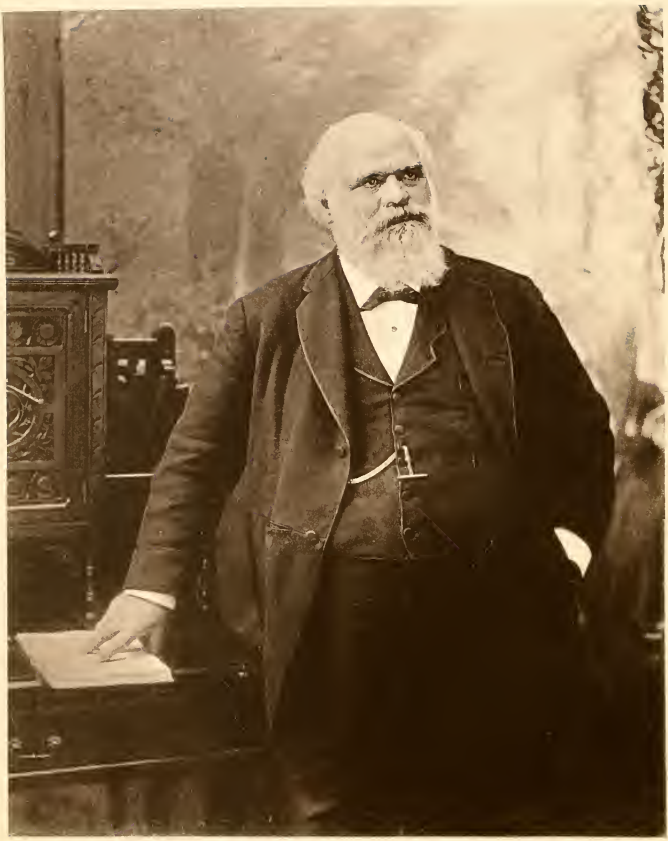
been a burning heart! With such men was Dr. Turnbull associated. No wonder that he came to this new land with the momentum of mighty truth behind him. He was a man of great intellectual force. He united pure thinking with a life that was consistent. He had a mind that could crystallize truth. He could take a clear view of a subject. I remember a sermon I heard him preach away back in those days. I sometimes get a good deal discouraged about the sermons I preach myself, when I remember how many I have forgotten. The sermon was on this text: "When Israel was a child, then I loved him." It was on the simplicity, the child-like spirit, as characterized in a Christian life. I could not forget that sermon. And then I remember the flavor of humor in Dr. Turnbull; it was very pleasant. I remember, at my house, he was telling of a visit he had made to his old home in Scotland. His father was then living. He said he had forgotten the custom of giving thanks at the close of the meal, as well as asking a blessing at the beginning, an old Scottish custom which is still kept up in some parts of that country. Dr. Turnbull sat down, as usual, by the side of his father, an old man, bending with the weight of years, the Doctor now a man well-known in this country and an author, whose books had gone back to his native land. Well, he said when they had finished, he saw that they lingered. But, being somewhat in a hurry, he drew back to leave the table. The old man immediately turned and caught hold of the back of the chair, as if Robert was still a boy at home, and pushed him up to the table, saying, "No, no, you're no' doon' yet! An' will you please to give

thanks to Almighty God!" And then they were "doon!" The way in which he told this story gave it a flavor of humor, which manifestly was as serviceable in the afflictions and difficulties of the pastorate, as the same gift of humor was to Abraham Lincoln.

His consecration; what shall I say of that? There is one thing that lingers in the memories of a great many families of this city connected with the personal ministry of Dr. Turnbull. It was his custom, as he came into houses where infants were, to consecrate them with his own hands. It is not appropriate for everybody to do that. We are sometimes, as pastors, charged with indifference to child-life. When Dr. Turnbull came where the babe was sleeping innocently, he went to the cradle, and putting his soft hands upon it, consecrated it to Almighty God.

This place is not too sacred to draw the curtain upon his closing moments, and to go quietly, softly, as treading on holy ground, to the death-bed of Dr. Turnbull. He turns to his daughter, and says in faint whispers, "There are two things that I have tried to arrange, in view of my going away. One was the preparation to die. But I find, to my surprise, that there is no preparation for me to make!" As another said concerning the river, "Why, there is no river here! It is a dry bed, like that over which the children of Israel passed, as the waters went out of sight and were lost in the Red sea!" "One thing more," he said; "I have not sufficiently used the Word of God." "Why," said she, "Father, you were always reading it!" "Oh," said he, "it is my regret that I have not used it more!" And so there passed a mighty spirit up to join the hosts of God's elect.

Monday Evening.



JAMES G. BATTERSON.

ADDRESS

OF THE

HON. JAMES G. BATTERSON.

THE CHURCH AND ITS GREAT STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM.

The American side of our planet seems to have struck a centennial belt, and all things which have survived the full period must needs have their day of celebration. But when we consider what has been accomplished for mankind during the past hundred years, it is fitting that we do celebrate, and it is fitting that we revive and revere the memories of the fathers and the mothers who founded this church, and died in its service and its communion. But, as that filial duty has already been well noticed by others, I shall take a little broader survey of the field, to the end that we may revive and consider the fundamental principles which not only led to the organization of this church, but of all other Christian churches of whatever creed or denomination.

We may look forward also to the close of another century, which will bring us very near to the end of the second millennium since the advent of Christ, and anticipate the signs of the times.

This church is but one of the various sectaries, whose only reason for existence consists in receiving and giving the sublime truths which our Lord taught to his disciples.

He came as a minister of peace, and the herald of good tidings to all men. But his coming sharpened the sword of Jewish and Pagan persecution for the destruction of all who then believed and worshipped in his name.

To have been a Christian in the time of Christ, or in the most enlightened days of Greece and Rome, was to be crucified, to be torn by lions, or burned for the amusement of a Pagan mob. To have been anything else fifteen hundred years later, or even to have questioned the dogmas promulgated by the church for sectarian and secular ends, was exposure to the rack of the flames.

Those prophetic words, "*I came not to send peace but a sword*," have proven to be true in all ages. The disciples did not fully understand their meaning. The Gnostics or the *knowing ones* of the second and third centuries did not understand them. And the Agnostics or *know-nothings* of the nineteenth century cannot understand them. To one they have always been a stumbling-block, and to the other foolishness.

But so it has been in all Christian lands for more than eighteen hundred years, that for Christ's sake, "a man's foes should be they of his own household," setting family against family, community against community, nation against nation, and all for the service of God.

The bitterest of all persecutions have been led by one sect of misguided Christians against another sect better than themselves, and for no other reason than teaching and believing in Christ and him crucified, without adherence to the dominant creed.

Thank God that the art of printing and common-sense have brought us into a larger liberty. The sword has

been verily "beaten into a plow-share," and "the spear has become a pruning hook." We can now wrangle until we are tired over the doctrines of original or unpardonable sin without sinning. We can disagree as to the doctrines of election, reprobation, transubstantiation, and consubstantiation, and be neither the worse nor the wiser therefor. The early fathers did so before us, and the children will do so after us, and nobody will be hurt any more. Those who will, may baptize their infant children, and satisfy their consciences for having performed a sacred duty; while those who will not, need have no fear of persecution in this world, nor of the *limbus infantum* in the next.

Numerous questions both of faith and doctrine which are deemed essential by some, and non-essential by others, cannot be settled. The arguments on both sides are based on the same evidence. Constantine the Great determined to have them settled in his day, that he might have a little peace among his Christian subjects. And he ordered the great council of Nicæa for that purpose. He succeeded in suppressing public discussion for a time, but he could not stop men's thinking. And the questions remained, as they were, unsettled. The fires of the stake, the Inquisition, the anathemas of Popes, and worse than all, the *odium theologicum* of latter days, have all been hurled at the poor heretics who dared to think, and dared to speak their own opinions. The most terrible of all cruelties, and the most painful of all tortures, were invented as the proper means of converting the world to the doctrines of Christianity.

But we have lived to see all these things changed;

and those instruments of torture now hang in historical museums, bearing swift witness to the reign of bigotry, cruelty and ignorance.

The printing press, the spelling book and the Yankee schoolmasters, have done more for civil and religious freedom than the thirty-nine articles have accomplished since the reign of Elizabeth. The printed book, which costs but a trifle in the nineteenth century, has done more for the spread of the gospel than all the mediæval cathedrals which cost hundreds of millions. The chained Bibles in the middle ages could not be read by the people, and they could not be properly explained either by priest or bishop. Reading and thinking in those days were crimes punishable by brutal magistrates who could neither read for others nor think for themselves.

The Pilgrims and the Puritans came to New England for freedom to worship God. But the freedom they sought for themselves they denied to others. They were Dissenters who could not tolerate dissension. They were Christians who hewed so close to the line that the line was cut away with the chips. They believed in witchcraft, persecuted Quakers, and drove the Baptists into the wilderness because they preferred to be dipped in a river rather than sprinkled from a basin.

When the doors of the Puritans were closed against Roger Williams, he received food and shelter in the wigwams of the North American savage. The hospitality and humanity of the savage were in striking contrast with the bigotry and cruelty of the Puritans. Williams negotiated a treaty of peace between the Indians and the colony of Massachusetts, and thereby saved the colony.

But, notwithstanding that the Puritans would not revoke the decree for his banishment.

The Indians, whose chief was Massasoit, allowed him to settle by the banks of the Moshassuck river, where he bought land and erected an altar to God. He called the name of the place Providence, and Providence it has been called unto this day.

Bancroft, the historian, bears willing witness to the fact that Roger Williams was the first person in modern christendom to assert the doctrine of perfect freedom for every man's conscience, and the equality of his opinions before the law. We now celebrate the triumph of that doctrine, which is perhaps more firmly planted in the American heart than any other. And yet the continuing diversity of opinion in matters of conscience leads Christian men into singular necessities, for even now Protestants are protesting against the Protestantism of Cramner, Knox and Ridley, and their creeds are being revised to suit the demand of the times. The Puritans have been purified out of their own name and place. The Reformation inaugurated by Martin Luther is still subject to the reforming hands of the Reformers. Dissenters are dissenting from Dissenters. The Separatists have separated from each other until there is nothing left to separate. Even the modern Baptists are not yet at one on the questions of open and close communion, the Lord's day, and other points more or less essential. And yet all these are looking, hoping, and praying for the conversion of all nations to the Christian religion, and the final destruction of anti-christ. Meantime, men of science challenge the unscientific treatment of *all religions* and of *all doctrines*.

With lamps borrowed from foolish virgins, they are seeking for the infinite where all else is finite; their lights having gone out, they deny what they cannot see. So also the believer who stands in the sun-light of faith asserts and believes what he cannot prove by any evidence which is acceptable to the scientific mind.

The man of science, accustomed to the investigation of material forces and the phenomena of nature, recognizes and admits the laws by which these forces and phenomena are governed, but he denies the existence of the Law-giver, because he cannot penetrate the source of his power, nor comprehend the beginning of his works, *always forgetting* that the God he seeks, if limited to the utmost comprehension of the human faculties, could by no possibility exceed in knowledge the ambitious worm who would fain know all that God knows, and thus become a god himself. Or, on the other hand, he would discover a god no greater than a worm.

In the current literature of the day, Robert Ellsmere sits paralyzed and speechless before the Sphinx of German philosophy, which mocks at his devotion to humanity, unsettles his faith, fascinates him with a depth of learning and logic which he can neither answer nor make use of, and drives him from his holy vocation.

John Ward, preacher, whose iron-clad Puritanism forbids all philosophic or scientific investigation which threatens his creed, shrivels his soul to the compass of a religious fanatic and a domestic fiend, reflecting nothing which bears resemblance to Christianity, but shows us a mistaken idea of Calvinism without Christianity, and drives a faithful wife from his door for the

discipline of her soul, because she cannot understand his creed.

Scientific sceptics place the theologies of modern times in the same class with the mythologies of ancient Greece and Rome, and deny everything which cannot be demonstrated by philosophy, nor analyzed by chemistry.

Professor Tyndall even proposed to test the efficacy of prayer, by a contest between prayer and medicine, in the wards of a public hospital.

From Voltaire to Ingersoll, like the "crackling of thorns under a pot," we have seen repeated assaults made upon the bulwarks of Christianity without success.

They have demonstrated the errors and the folly of the British Parliament in fixing by public statute the precise day of creation and the chronology of the world, which is no part of the Scriptures. They have demonstrated that all claims made to the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures are without foundation or authority. But who cares? Christianity is not dependent upon any of these things, nor yet upon any of the creeds or doctrines which have been invented by men.

Christ said to Matthew "follow me;" and he arose and followed him. These two words were Matthew's creed. They were enough for Matthew, and they are enough for all who come after him. On these two words, obedience to the command, Christianity has stood, and will forever stand.

We celebrate then not merely the survival of this particular church for the full period of an hundred years, but the survival of the Christian religion, which is the greatest boon to our common humanity, and the greatest

of all powers for the present and future happiness of mankind.

Let us hope, then, that when this church is called upon to celebrate its next centennial, it will be able to rejoice in the complete union of all Christian believers of whatever sect, creed or denomination, for the pure and simple work of extending the blessings of Christianity to all men.

Let us hope that all sectarianism, and all differences of opinion, will disappear in the presence of the Lord's table, so that no ministering servants of God will then spread a table in the name of the Lord and presume to deny or fail to invite any of his children to the sacrament, lest by so judging they may themselves be judged. Even Judas was invited to be present at the last supper. He was unworthy, and known to be unworthy, but no one shut the door against him. He ate the passover, betrayed his Master, and then went to his own place. It is not pleasant to think that a modern Judas like his ancient prototype may dip his hand in the dish and betray the innocent blood, but *the church* has not been made a tribunal for his judgment before the fact.

If, then, I am thus found to be a dissenter from some of the tenets of our own church, I am not a seceder, and I propose to stand by the brethren, if they will let me, until they are converted, or until I am converted, of which event there seems to be very little hope of success on either side within the time left to us by the tables of mortality. For a genuine hard-shell Baptist, despite all arguments, will insist upon his point, even though it leads him into deep water.

Why is it, may we ask, that the religions of Brahma, Mahomet and Buddha, still stand in the presence of Christianity? Is it because the simple truths of the New Testament have been weighed down with dogmas, doctrines and creeds, which have grown out of the sectarian, party spirit of Christianity? Is it because the inventions, the imaginations and the pride of men, have supplemented the primitive methods, until man-made rituals and doctrines have supplanted the original methods of the New Testament?

Christianity is not the religion for a sect, nor yet for a race, but for all mankind. And it only needs to be purified in the original crucible, and separated from the additions of men, to become the religion of the world, even as the waters cover the sea.

The extermination of slavery as a pseudo-christian institution has been accomplished within the century which we now celebrate, and in that we recognize the leaven of Christianity. It required the use of the sword which Christ prophesied to his disciples, but it has made an highway for those who bear the olive-branch and preach the gospel of peace.

The physical discoveries and the accomplishments of science during the same period, have multiplied the means and increased the power of truth a thousandfold. The fetters have been stricken from the image of God, and placed upon the wild forces of nature, which are subdued and made to obey the voice of man. The mad lightnings have been harnessed to a wire, and made to carry swift messages over continents and under the waves of the ocean, annihilating both space and time. The

steam-engine, and the iron-clad fleets of the sea, are made to gather and distribute from zone to zone the products of all lands. The great circle of the earth is traversed in a few days by an unattended maiden as a matter of pastime, and our daily newspapers make record of current events in all nations. The hemispheres, the islands of the sea and all the inhabitants of the earth, are being linked together for a common purpose. And now while we celebrate, let us indulge in the hope that the conflict between science and religion may be reconciled, and not driven still further apart by the false assumption that the truths of one are not the truths of the other. Dr. Shields has happily expressed the hope "that science will not offend the oracle it would consult by an irreverent spirit, and that religion will not repel the intelligence it would claim by any irrational process."

It will be for coming generations to continue the great struggle for the triumph of truth. It will be theirs to reap from the good seed which has been sown, and they will have an abundant harvest if they cultivate all fields which are watered by the fountains of science, and ripened in the sunlight of righteousness.

I find my subject altogether too large for my time, but it is a first-class beginning for the coming century. I am not able even to touch the interesting theme which covers the social and political results of Christianity. It is enough to say that the subjection of the church to state government failed with the experiment of Constantine in the third century; that the subjection of the state to church government failed with the experiment of Gregory the VIIth upon Henry the IVth in the tenth cen-

tury; that the union of church and state failed with the Puritan conflict and the experiment of the English Parliament in the sixteenth century, in its effort to build up the kingdom of God by violence and bloodshed.

The Revolution of 1688, which dethroned the Stuarts, gave to England constitutional liberty and the Protestant religion. The act of toleration, which followed in 1689, gave protection to all non-conformists who could subscribe thirty-five and a half of the thirty-nine articles.

Dr. Schaff shows us that although Puritanism "failed as a national movement, it was not in vain, for it produced statesmen like Hampden, soldiers like Cromwell, preachers like Howe and Owen, dreamers like Bunyan, hymnists like Watts, commentators like Henry, and saints like Baxter."

It was reserved, however, for Roger Williams to emancipate the church and make it a pure democracy. And to him Gervinus, the celebrated German Professor, pays the deserved compliment of being the leader and founder of this great movement. Gervinus says: "There was founded in Rhode Island a small new society upon principles of entire liberty of conscience and the uncontrolled power of the majority in secular concerns. These institutions have not only maintained themselves, but have spread over the whole union. They have superseded the aristocratic commencement of Carolina and New York, the high-church party in Virginia, the theocracy in Massachusetts, and the monarchy throughout America. They have given laws to one quarter of the globe. And, dreaded for their moral influence, they

stand in the background of every democratic struggle in Europe."

Nothing is more interesting in the eventful history of the church than the remarkable extent to which great and good men have suffered their minds to become warped by religious prejudice.

Richard Baxter, the pious author of "The Saints' Everlasting Rest," verily believed that converts admitted to the church by immersion would not live out half their days. He, therefore, declared it to be a "sin, which is akin to murder, for it would surely induce apoplexy, lethargy, palsy, phthisis, debility, colic, convulsions, spasms, fevers, and the whole catalogue of hepatic, splenetic, pulmonic and hypochondriac diseases, of which there is enough already. In short, he exclaimed, it is of no use except to dispatch men out of the world who are burdensome to society, and to fill up the churchyards." If Baxter was right, the applicant for life insurance should be promptly rejected, if the medical examination discloses baptism by immersion.

It is certainly to be hoped that Baxter's prognosis of "the everlasting rest" was based on better evidence and a wiser judgment than his fear of death by coming into bodily contact with cold water.

Let it be ours then to celebrate the emancipation of the church from the tyranny of the state, and the emancipation of the state from the tyranny of the church.

Let it be ours also to celebrate the emancipation of Christianity from the tyranny of the saints.

ADDRESS

OF THE

REV. JOSEPH H. TWICHELL,

Pastor of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church, Hartford.

Great and blessed in the church is the office of memory. This we feel on all occasions like the present when what to us is a long past comes up in review in the light of the divine and spiritual elements that mingle with our human life, and when in consequence those affections that are most refined, most sacred, most precious, most enduring, are quickened to an unwonted degree and assert their incomparable sway over our spirits. We see that the ministry of Christian memory supplements the ministry of Christian hope, and is sweetly blended with it.

Memory, anyway, is full of service to us. It is one of our wisest teachers. How does it winnow the contents of experience, separating the wheat from the chaff! When old Jacob, about to die in Egypt, turned his eyes back over the course of the years behind him, two things, you will recall, emerged upon the vision of his retrospect. "God Almighty appeared unto me at Luz, in the land of Canaan, and blessed me." That was one. "And (he continued) as for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan, in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Eph-

rath, and I buried her there." . . That was the other. God's mercy and domestic love. They only remained. All the rest was unsubstantial, evanescent. Memory, too, is a chief defence of the religious heart against its fears. It is the handmaid of faith. It was so in the ancient days. "O, my God (cried David), my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar." It is so in the gospel age. "Having eyes see ye not, and having ears hear ye not; and do ye not remember?" said our Lord to the disciples while he was with them. And departing he made his dying bequest to them and to the church forever, the sacrament of memory. Nor, though St. Paul had it for his principle in one sense to forget the things behind, and to reach forth unto the things before, did he ever cease to keep in mind the man he knew of who was once caught up into the third heaven.

But there is a gift in the hand of memory that I think a festival in Zion like this at which we are gathered brings into peculiar prominence, viz., the gift of what we may call the *power of transfiguration*. What do I mean by that? This. That out of the past, as it is uncovered by the reminiscence that is characteristic of such a celebration, out of its history, its many histories, out of its reopened record of the men and women, and of the events of former generations, there arises a light that shines upon the present, and that shining upon the present puts another and a better construction upon it, clothes it with another and worthier, yes, and juster aspect than that in which we are wont to see it.

It is easy for us to discern the evil face of our own time. There is no institution of society whatsoever that viewed from the standpoint of a contemporaneous observer, does not disclose features of blemish and infirmity whereby it is inevitably more or less discredited. Nor is the Christian church any exception to this rule. Rather it affords in the very nature of the case the most conspicuous illustration of it. All her points lie open to scrutiny, and are emphasized by the ideals she professes and proclaims. And none are so sensitive to their exposure, none perceive them so clearly or feel their reproach so keenly, as her own children. She is our dear mother, and we love her and believe in her, but we cannot help often being ashamed of her.

But, as I have said, she is not the only example of the same. One who judges the republic of these United States mainly on the evidence of to-day's politics, as we are always tempted to do, will find himself thinking, and not without some reason in appearances, that it is a poor affair. It is when on Memorial Day we return from decorating the graves of ten thousand heroes who gave their lives that the government "of the people by the people for the people might not perish," or when we pause to survey the annals of the century that has elapsed since the inauguration of the nation's first president, or when we go with the multitude to dedicate the Pilgrim Monument in Plymouth; it is, I repeat, when the horizon of our view is on that wise extended so as to cause what is to be contemplated in the light of what has been, that we say, "Great is this republic of ours, and glorious, the best government under which men

live, the best the world has known!" And that is an instance of what I have termed the transfiguring power of memory. Who will deny that it gives a true sight?

Very frequently it determines the eyes with which we regard individuals. For a good many years after I came to live in this city, and till a comparatively short time ago, I was accustomed, whenever I was in New York, to call on a man residing there, who was well advanced in age, an invalid and a paralytic. Many were the hours I talked with him. Our conversation usually ran in rather commonplace channels. What he said was nothing in particular. He uttered no very great thoughts, or very noble sentiments. In fact, he was considerably broken in body and mind. Yet again and again, as I sat and looked at him, I would feel myself thrilling from head to foot, as no eloquence could thrill me. For, you must know, he was my old general, Joseph Hooker, and I was recalling other days when I had seen him a central figure in grand historic scenes. I was remembering mornings of battle and evenings of victory. I was seeing him again enveloped in the smoke of Williamsburg. I was hearing again the cheers of the twenty thousand soldiers of his division which rang to the skies when he rode by that awful day at Fredericksburg. It would come back to me exactly how he looked; what a picture of valor he was: how magnificent he appeared. These were the things that filled my thoughts, and they transfigured him to me. There is this law of transfiguration. It works by various means and to various effects. But its agent-in-chief is memory, and in its happiest working, religious memory, that sort of

memory with which this Christian church is in these passing hours walking hand in hand and communing heart to heart, whereby the church is seen to have been, and to be, without controversy, identified with all that is most pure and noble in human experience, the repository and the representative of the most beneficent influences that are the leaven of good in the world's life.

It is some years ago now since I was present at an occasion like this in the ancient church of my native town. But I retain a vivid impression of how sweetly and with what power the resurrection of the past with which it was attended caused this reality to appear. There, as here, by one and another speaker, scenes and events long gone by were brought to mind; rich treasures of holy recollection. They spoke of the old pastors and officers of the church, of good men and women, shining saints in their time, but many and many a year sleeping in the dust, and almost forgotten on earth; of glorious seasons of revival and wonderful works of grace in former generations. "I remember the day, though I was but a child," said one, his voice tremulous with age, "when my father and mother and near a hundred others stood up in this aisle and professed their faith in Christ; and how such an one, who died early in this century, used to talk of the preciousness of the Christian's trust. I shall never forget it. And such an one who was mighty in the Scriptures." And so on. There was a great deal of such remembrance stirring them. As it went on you saw the old people wiping their eyes, and the rugged faces of the farmers relaxing into an unwonted softness. A sacred pathos fell upon the whole assembly. The

plain, old meeting-house was transformed into a beauty indescribable. It seemed to be apparelled with the splendors of Zion, to be pervaded with the fragrance of those vials full of odors sweet "which are the prayers of saints." God's glory was there: heaven was near. You felt that the history there being rehearsed was great history, of a deep, eternal meaning; that though it concerned a lowly and obscure community, there had been an element of the truest dignity, yea, of the truest sublimity in it, which was, moreover, a present and an abiding element. And this transfiguration was wrought by the fact that the life of that community was then discerned and interpreted in the light of spiritual relations; in the light of its highest significance. So it is always. So it is here. To this honored and beloved church it is now given to take knowledge of herself, not of what she has been alone, but of what she is as well, in the light reflected upon to-day from the reviewed memories of an hundred years. Upon those memories we, her neighbors in the Lord, congratulate her, that they are of so high and inspiring an import, that she has such a record of the grace of God by which to call them up, and that in calling them up she is compassed about by so great a cloud of heavenly witnesses.

In some of them many of other households of faith are fond partakers with you. For myself, I never shall forget the day when in this place I heard his sorrowing, yet rejoicing, friend and brother, Dr. Rollin H. Neale, pour out above the body of your dear Dr. Turnbull, 'ere it was borne to the burial, and he was dear to us all, such a passionate strain of love and grief and hope commingled

as I had never listened to before. And the memory the sweetness of which was thus so exquisitely testified was, is, but one of the multitude which are your wealthy heritage and possession. Hither, from far and near like God's angels they are now flocking to you, to breathe benediction upon you and to flood your hearts with humblest, tenderest gratitude.

The Lord grant that, as the fruit of their holy visitation, you may go on in your way and work as a church of Christ in a newness of refreshment and of strength for a long time to come.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

BY THE REV. H. M. KING, D. D.

Of Albany, N. Y.

O thou, with whom a thousand years
  Are but as yesterday when past,
Our fathers' God 'mid hopes and fears,
  Their children's God while life shall last;

We lift to thee our heartfelt praise,
  Assembled in thy courts to-day,
Recall the memories of thy grace,
  The wonders of thy perfect way.

Beneath the shade of spreading boughs,
  Made strong and fruitful by thy love,
We joyful meet, and pay our vows
  To thee, who hearest from above.

We praise thee for thy fostering care,
  Which through a century of years
Has given success to word and prayer,
  And owned and blessed thy servants' tears.

Life, growth and fruitage are bestowed
  By thy divine and sovereign will;
The past owns thee its gracious God,
  And hope rests sweetly on thee still.

J. S. JAMES.

ADDRESS

OF THE

REV. J. S. JAMES,

Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Hartford.

THE FUTURE'S DEBT TO THE PAST.

"Fifty years of service in holy things, fifty years of labor for the kingdom of God are complete to-day. We need not wait for eternity to show that the promise to Abraham and Abraham's children, 'Thou shalt be a blessing,' has been fulfilled in you also. Fifty years long you have been a blessing to the church of God on earth; and with you, many look back over this period with prayerful adoration."

With words like these Dr. Herman Cremer dedicates his "Lexicon of New Testament Greek," to his beloved instructor, Dr. Tholuck, of Halle, on the celebration of his semi-centennial of academic life.

They seem fit words with which to introduce the theme of my own thoughts to-day. We have been looking backward to a point of time almost exactly nine years previous to the birthday of Dr. Tholuck, as we have surveyed the twice fifty years of service in holy things and labor for the kingdom of God on earth, complete to-day amid so many happy congratulations. It has been a century not without its wanderings in the

wilderness, its pillar of cloud and fire and angels' food, nor yet without its conquests of Canaan and visions of Pisgah. And the eye of our venerable church is yet undimmed and its natural force unabated.

The words I have quoted are words of loyalty no less than love. Loyalty recognizes obligation. We who stand in this glad hour where two centuries touch, looking into the future big with opportunity, lovingly, loyally recognize our obligation to an honored past.

Above Dr. Turnbull's grave in Spring Grove, a noble shaft of granite stands, erected to his memory by those who sat under his Hartford ministry. The mound is green with well trimmed sod. Through the thirteen years' repose of the form he used to wear, flowers have bloomed around this grave. They were planted and have been tended by one, who is now a mother in Israel, (Mrs. Silas Chapman, Sr.), baptized into the fellowship of this church seven years before Dr. Turnbull began his long and significant service with us. The stone and sod and flowers are tokens of abiding love and loyalty to him, firm as the granite shaft, sweet as the fragrance ascending from the opening flowers. They are symbols also of a still broader loyalty which is glad to acknowledge our debt to the whole century of Christ-like ministrations.

First. Our fathers of this past have handed down to us of the opening future, in this church life of a hundred years, a well marked organic character, a significant church personality. The future owes to the past that we preserve intact each divine element of that character, ours by the mysterious law of church heredity.

Few questions in the ordinary problems of life are

weightier to the average man than the question, Into what family was he born? His family starts him in the world with a helpful momentum or a millstone about his neck. He may relieve himself of the dead weight or despise the birth-right of his opportunity, just as he chooses. They are there to face him, the one or the other. The sins of his fathers will visit him or the shades of his ancestors inspire him. Hereditary character is not peculiar to men. Institutions have it. States have it and transmit it. Churches are as marked as men. Next to coming into the kingdom of heaven, the most important consideration is to be born into the best possible church family. The idiosyncracies of a church may fasten themselves on a young Christian, like the awkward gait of his father. Happy are they who are welcomed into fellowship with a church whose characteristics are not idiosyncracies but features of the face of our divine Lord.

Looking through the hundred years, viewing the church of the century as one, my glance has had to be hasty. Only such outline features could catch my eye as you may see in the first interview with one you have been taught to revere before you met him. Any broad analysis would be impossible. Some elements have seemed to stand out. These I will indicate.

I see an erect manly bearing, broad shoulders, strong arms and sturdy strides in untried paths. Our fathers were pioneers. They must have been or they would not have proposed the organization of this church. Pioneers are sturdy men, brave men, men of enterprize. Travelers, they take their journey through roads not

always well made, well worn, with sign boards tacked up here and there at cross paths. The pioneer carries a compass and a map and a pick and an axe. He makes his road. Like John he goes out into the wilderness to prepare a highway for his God. He levels the mountains, exalts the valleys, makes rough places smooth. And the glory of the Lord is revealed to him. He does not so much consult precedents as make them. His chart is the word, his compass the holy instincts born of an indwelling divine Spirit. He has learned to take bearings from heavenly observations. The pioneer spirit is Christ-like. It is eternally Christ-like. It belongs to early times. It belongs to all times. It is the spirit of all truly individual life. Each new life must find some new path or it is not a new life.

There were no precedents which bade dear old Grandfather Bolles walk eighteen miles before breakfast on Sunday morning to attend church. But he walked from Hartford to Suffield and made precedents. The old law of the land required him to go to church and his spiritual instinct told him where to go.

The formation of a Baptist church in intolerant times was a brave act, braver than it seems now. It was an opposition meeting of course in the eyes of our fathers of the established church. The wonder is not that some one proposed to good Dr. Strong, to have the thing stopped but that the doctor did not try to stop it.

And because our fathers were pioneers they were missionaries. Themselves missionaries, they had the missionary spirit. They read brotherhood all about them, in the state, throughout the nation as rapidly as

they could. They spelled out brotherhood in the uttermost parts of the earth by the light of the great commission. "Of one blood," said Luther Rice, August 31, 1814, when Daniel Wildman sat in the chair and Elisha Cushman and Gurdon Robins, then 28 years old, were secretaries of the meeting called from all over the state to organize the second foreign missionary society in our denomination in America. Asa Tallmadge was there, Jonathan Goodwin was there. Our thirteen year old brother Dimock was there. "Of one blood," said this man from the far east. "Amen," responded our fathers, "Of one blood they are." And Hartford seconded Boston's motion that the great commission included India. Miss Grew, the daughter of our second pastor, went forth herself, as the wife of Dr. Jones to share with him the privilege of teaching salvation in Burma. Later on Samuel M. Whiting and wife went from us to Assam. And still later James Hope Arthur laid down his life in like service in Japan. They did not stop to discuss whether the heathen could or could not be saved. But they went out to help save them. It was meet that our own Dr. Lucius Bolles should be the first executive officer of the new Missionary Union. It is right that our own Dr. Murdoch should sit in his chair to-day. For he is ours too and married our oldest daughter.

Nor did this missionary spirit impoverish us. We had love still left for home, love for Hartford and our children's children have been gathered around the mother's board to-day; love for the state; the convention was brought into being here. The missions of the state were under the immediate oversight first of Brother Howard,

of Dr. Sage, of Brother Bronson. Dr. Turnbull spent the closing five years of his life in care of the missionary churches of the state and died in that service.

And in what part of America may you not find our boys and our girls? Yesterday and to-day hearts quivered with affectionate remembrance of the home church throughout the land. I cannot name them again for you know them all, those who have manned Christ's pulpits in America preaching the gospel they learned to love in the pews of this church. Said a prominent gentleman in Philadelphia to me, "Some of the laymen in your church have helped to make our denomination what it is to-day." We owe it to tread in the paths of our fathers and catch their mantles as they ascend and the son's portion of their spirit.

Because they were pioneers, our fathers wanted their sons to be better educated than they were themselves. And where schools were wanting they said, "Let us arise and build." And where schools were at hand they said, "Let us use them and make them better." Our fathers did not despise the gift of God in the mind any more than the soul. And because he made it and gave it they said, "Out of this talent make one talent more." Mr. Nelson our first pastor was a graduate of Brown University, and became a member of its corporation. So did Dr. Davis after him. And Brother Howard is there now.* Dr. Davis was the Daniel O'Connell who waged the agitation which produced our institution at Suffield. Brother Dimock was the provisional treasurer who trans-

* Since the above was spoken, the Hon. James G. Batterson, of this church, has been added to the Board of Trustees of Brown University.

ferred the property to the Board of Trustees when the organization was perfected. Suffield was our mother. What were we doing but bringing back our children to have the grandmother train them at the old family hearth-stone? We said, "You take them and we will help make the chimney corner larger." Suffield is near to us now, not even eighteen miles away in our hearts. We have lost nothing by Suffield. She has given us back brighter boys and girls. She has sent out to us Dr. Johnson and Professor Smith. And many of those who were taught first steps in learning there, seem to be our boys as well as hers. It will be strange if Principal Scott shall not soon be thinking that the balance of credit has got over to his side and that it is time for him to be passing around the hat again for an additional ten thousand or so on the endowment. And it will be stranger if Hartford allows him to go away empty, provided he ask in a proper manner.

From our church has come an enrichment to the boards of instruction of the best colleges of the land. Our fifth pastor Dr. Sears taught at Madison and at Newton and at Brown. He edited the Christian Review and in 1834 he baptized in the river Elbe that great Baptist apostle in Germany, the revered devoted J. G. Oncken. We gave Henry E. Robins, to Colby and to Rochester; James R. Boise to Michigan University and to Morgan Park Theological Seminary. We borrowed Dr. Sage for a precious thirteen years and then Morgan Park claimed him. Edwin H. Bronson, the lamented founder of the "King's Household of Bible Readers," was one of our boys. That King's Household of his has brought open eyes to

the open Bible. Through the eye, light came to the heart and the truth as it is in the word was made part of the heart. And this almost without limits of latitude or longitude in our broad land. Mr. Bronson gave to this work a singular power of organization and for it he laid down his fresh young life. Dr. Lucius E. Smith when on the staff of The Courant was a member of our church and school. At Bucknell he was my own professor of rhetoric. On The Examiner and now for years on The Watchman, he has been making the electric thrill of his facile pen felt without bluster, almost unseen but constantly, positively part of the heart-beat of the educational life of our churches. The Christian Secretary was really a child of our church. And it is an agent of education and evangelization wherever it goes, always reverent, always scholarly, and never speaking to you until you ask it to. Last but not least you heard yesterday how that Hartford's Patriarch and Baptist Archbishop Dr. George M. Stone learned how to study Greek verbs aright in Bro. Willis S. Bronson's Bible class in our Sunday-school.

I mention a characteristic feature of the church as it has been, of the church as it is, which we do not always associate with pioneer life. I think I have been able to observe traces of it away back at the beginning of the hundred years. I have found traces of nothing contrary to it in the four months of my personal contact with these dear people with whom I have already begun to fall in love. There seems to have been handed down and tenderly preserved to the present hour, a pervading sense of the sacredness of the church as the body of

Christ along with a courteous self-forgetful self-control on the part of the individual which has spared the first century of our history any blotted, tattered pages of the story of schism. The church was a holy thing. And it has been in accord with the consensus of the four or five thousand whose membership has through this century made up its constituency, that no man should defile the ark of God with the unhallowed touch of his own petty or personal grievance. Not that our fathers have felt tramelled in personal independent thinking. Not that they have ever suffered a censorship over the fullest enjoyment of free speech. But they have thought reverently. They have thought with devotion to God's church and with self-control. And out of the fulness of the heart's thinking their mouths have spoken. It has been good form, good sense and essential by common consent, to stand by the church because it was Christ's. And in like manner it has been and is the sentiment which long custom has made obligatory upon each, as he answers to his own conscience, that he hold up the hands of whoever may happen to be the pastor of God's flock. If ever a stray sheep became fevered and discontented or unhappy and wandered outside these walls of the fold which were not walls of a prison house but walls of defence and protection, the poor sheep was allowed to wander unhindered unrebuked long enough to be tired of his own folly. Then some one of the flock would go out after him and lovingly bring him back. I have not been told that any shepherd was ever made arrogant by this attitude of the church toward him or that he ever appropriated the loyalty to the office he held as his per-

sonal property. But that the tendency was to make him sensible of a profound trust thus laid upon him a trust he would gladly share with every other brother pastor of every other sister church.

I gratefully mark another feature in this personal church life. It seems to be in its very blood. If there were a microscope that could examine this blood I fancy the corpuscles would reveal the mark in the outline and size of each disk. This church is a religious church. It lives a spiritual life in Christ. It touches the world not to be made worldly but to invite the world about us to a like precious faith. It touches the life that now is in order to use it as a handmaid of the life which is to come. Our fathers were strangers and pilgrims here, as their children are, citizens of another country and the church, the vestibule on earth to the glorious temple in heaven. It would be insufficient to say that our fathers emphasized religion. Religion was the living principle of their whole being. They have received forgiveness of sins through Christ along with a life in him that is real, a life laid hold of by the powers of the world to come. It would be untrue to say that they despised doctrine. They believed in theology in so far as religion could use theology. They tested their theology by its relation to religion. Perhaps if they ever came to a disagreement, it was with a pastor whose theology forbade his praying in the presence of an unconverted person. This did not seem to be a religious theology in the eyes of our spiritual minded fathers. They would not suffer doctrine to supplant life. Doctrine was for life not life for doctrine. This church has seemed never to lose the

ring of those great words of the Rev. John Hastings of Suffield when our John Bolles was under examination for membership with the mother church. The account which Grandfather Bolles could give of the philosophy of the plan of salvation in general or its development according to time in his own case in particular was not over satisfactory to the good men who were attempting to dissect his relation of experience. And Mr. Hastings cleared away the mist by saying, "It is evident that Brother Bolles is in the way and this is more important than the question when or by what means he got into it." "More important," these words are precious words. This church has always held that life was more important than a birth certificate.

In these features of transmitted church personality have any been enumerated which are not clearly Christ-like? Has undue credit been given to the fathers past or present? It is our great debt to preserve intact each divine feature of this wondrous heritage, this living legacy. It would be false to the fathers as well as false to our children if we do not hand it down as glorious as we have received it.

Second. Our fathers' conquests were hindered by the limitations of their times. We owe it to them that our own labors be even with the new possibilities of our times. Sometimes they could only begin the work which has been given to us to complete. They ploughed in some fields where we must sow. They planted some which we may reap. They began some towers for us to finish. They built not Babels; but laid the corner stone of temples founded on a rock and that look toward the

heavens. The broods they tended were not always of the earth, earthy, with wings that cannot soar; but they were eagles of the air. It may be that some of them have been handed over to our care that we may teach them to lift their wings and train them how to rise.

Our fathers occupied the south land of our city. They occupied the west. Children's children hold the field still farther south. They reached out toward the north. It took more than one expedition to find the north pole. It took more than one expedition to find the lost searchers for the north pole. We have sent out explorers. They have gone as far as Suffield Street. They have established a little cache there for stores. They have a ship and a crew. They cry to us to occupy the land and possess it. It is not cold like the ice fields of the Arctic. It is not barren, but flows with milk and honey, a goodly land. And from the sermon preached by Dr. Turnbull when this house was dedicated there echoes down these thirty-four years the cry of old, "Go in and possess the land."

Going away back, we find that our fathers met the limitations of a young untried civilization. It seems strange that our grandmothers ever wore short frocks and tended dolls, or that our grandfathers coasted down New England hills, and clambered up again with sleds unhelped by walking sticks. It seems strange that this glory of the nineteenth century, this free government with liberty enlightening the world, could ever have been a child. But when this church was constituted, the Declaration of Independence was not fourteen years old, and George Washington had been president less than eleven

months. Josiah Strong had not written "Our Country," for no Josiah Strong could have found our country, then in an undeveloped continent, with but a single human being to each square mile. Liberty was a full grown word, a house finished and ready for an occupant. But the idea of liberty was so small, so weak, so puny, that we wonder almost how our fathers fought for it. They lived amid the barbarisms of human slavery, the auction block and the whipping post. There were Wendell Phillipses and William Lloyd Garrisons and Harriet Beecher Stowes in those days. But they heard no cry of wrong. Uncle Tom's back smarted and bled then. It was only Lagree who heard his cry and death groan. The hearts that ached with slavery's bitter cruelties then were most of them black men's hearts.

Our civilization has grown old enough to study problems now. Our fathers had but dreamed of them. Intemperance, so far from being a problem of the times, hardly suggested an exclamation point. The drink habit was so universal and so respectable that nobody asked for Dr. Strong's resignation because he eked out his salary with dividends from a distillery.

Immigration had no dangers then. There were no steamboats on the one side of us to tap the sewers of European crime, or railroads that touched the western prairies on the other side of us. Three days after this church was constituted the first naturalization law was passed by the Federal Congress. There were just two conditions in its provisions. The one sprang from the cruelty of the times, the other from the ignorance. The alien who would be adopted, must be first white, and

second, he must have resided a bare two years in the country.

Popery was a well fed, satisfied institution, with temporal power that did not reach this far. It was still fallible in things spiritual, and not yet a menace to things political hereabouts.

The perils of cities were largely the perils of villages with ungraded streets, unlighted by night, and no drainage. Burglary was so rare that the burglar was uniformly hung. And up to that time the best thief-proof safe of which I have found a record was one that grew in our city, and stood where it grew until thirty-four years ago the wind uprooted it, on Charter Oak Place.

Hartford's sweet singer, Mrs. Sigourney, was not born until a year after our organization. And the literary men had to get along without Webster's Unabridged. For the author was a young man of thirty-two, interesting himself at the time with the problems of political life as a member of the town council of Hartford.

We are assuming nothing but the responsibilities that are about us, to glance at the fuller light in which some truths of the divine revelation, written or unwritten, stand forth to us.

Take, for example, the relation of things spiritual to things material.

It has been taught by them of old time that the body is "the tomb of the soul." Building on a gross and literal interpretation of the scripture statement, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh," it was supposed that things material contained the essence of evil or of sin. As to wealth it was said, "The love of money is the

root of all evil." It was dangerous to possess wealth. But if possessed, religion was still a thing of the heart. We could give God our hearts, but that need not mean our pocket-books. Things spiritual were apart from things material. Business was one thing, religion another. There was no need of business principles in religion, or of religious principles in business. The possibilities of wealth consecrated to God were small, for wealth was small. With the large accummulations of later times, we have been forced to discuss the problems suggested by a religious point of view. We are discussing them now. Some new light has come to us, or some old light come back to us. We remember that our Lord while on earth was clothed with a material body, and like him we are tabernacled in the flesh. Christ healed men's bodies as well as their souls. On the resurrection morning he will say to those souls, Be clothed, and to these bodies, Arise. We have begun to learn that if the Spirit of God is to use us at all, he must use us body and soul; and that we cannot be blessed by him unless our wealth is blessed of him. We do not so often misquote the scripture referred to above, but read it aright, "The love of money is a root of all kinds of evil." If it becomes an idolatry, it opens the evils of any other idolatry.

Take, for another example, the relation of the young to the kingdom of heaven. When they brought young children to our Lord, and he, taking them in his arms, blessed them, we read that the disciples rebuked those who brought them. Have our good Baptist ancestors sometimes in recalling this incident,

remembered only the rebukes of the twelve? This were an error as grievous as to teach that the only way a child may come to Christ is by the faith of him who stands as its godfather. Does the child understand all he is doing in confessing Christ? Can he know the philosophy of the plan of salvation? We have come to see that the child knows more and sees more if he has been properly taught than an untaught man. But we have been gradually recognizing in a new way that the little ones who have been brought to a living, loving, personal Savior, may sit down to eat of things spiritual at the Father's table before they had comprehended the laws of spiritual digestion. We have come to see something of the sweet economy for the kingdom and for the child, in saving both the lost years of wandering without a heavenly guide, and in laying hold of the early training years not only for the schools where the rudiments of this world's knowledge may be taught, but where the child may be trained when it is easiest to train for the kingdom. And we have come to a sounder theology and a wiser philosophy as well.

Take also, as an example, the relation of that sublime truth, the sovereignty of God to human responsibility.

There is a Calvinism which lays on the Heavenly Father a responsibility he has not consented to assume, and is itself satisfied with speculating upon the contents of the unopened books of his eternal decrees.

It is no strange thing that men have reflected their own hardened hearts into the guesses they have been so bold in making as to God's heart. This may be called the unrevealed doctrine of divine sovereignty. And

there is a revealed side of this eternal truth. The disciple, sitting in its light, reads that he who called him to his vineyard and to service is his divine and sovereign Lord. Such a call from such a Lord he dare not ignore. There is a Calvinism which shifts all responsibility on God. This ignorantly brings God down from his throne, and leads those who hold to it to idleness. There is a Calvinism which accepts the responsibility this sovereign God lays upon us, and leads to a service that makes us heirs with Christ and fellow-workers with him. We live in times which seem to reveal to men a responsibility resting on God's eternal sovereign right to reign.

Our centennial was ushered in yesterday morning by rain drops which fell from the clouds and the darkness. There was no occasion for complaint, for the showers that water the earth were from above, and fell in mercy. As the day drew on, the clouds floated away to the south-east. The sunlight shone out. The day closed, and with it the old century, just as this day and the new century opened in the glory of the bright sunshine. It is the mission of the sunshine to warm the earth the showers have moistened, to join its light and heat to the service of the rain, in making the new bud to swell into larger life. It is the business of the sunshine and light of the new century to co-operate with dews of heavenly blessing of the old century, and to bring larger life from both. The rain without the sunshine brings a death-dealing flood. The sun without the rain brings death-dealing drouth. Rain and sunshine together are each other's debtors harmoniously and beautifully to clothe this earth with green, and hasten on the harvest day.

LETTER OF DR. CRANE.

[Read by Mr. Howard.]

Hon. James L. Howard.

Dear Brother :—I continually regret that the state of my health forbade my acceptance of the honorable part in your approaching anniversary which your committee assigned to me, but I gladly furnish you with a few reminiscences.

It has always seemed to me of the ordering of a gracious Providence that my first pastorate, extending from 1860 to 1878, should have been in the city of Hartford. Dr. Horace Bushnell, the man of marvellous might and valor and piety, had cleared the theological atmosphere of all that region. He had made it safe for a minister to think honestly and independently, and to speak fearlessly. Having been myself trained by Dr. Martin B. Anderson, just translated to the skies, and Dr. Ezekiel G. Robinson to be honest with myself and with all men, I found it easy in Hartford to be practically loyal to those two great teachers. What an honest, and, therfore, what a powerful pulpit the Hartford pulpit was in those days, and is now. The ministers were consciously free men. I am sure that in that first ministry of mine I formed the habit of independent thought and speech, which has been of utmost service to me until this hour.

I wish that time would permit my loving and grateful mention of my ministerial associates. Four of them are still with you, Drs. Parker and Twichell and Hodge and Father Hughes, all of them men whose names are precious to me. Then there were Drs. Turnbull and Bushnell and Hawes and Stowe and Washbourne and Spaulding and Doane and Abercrombie and Calkins and Gould and Richardson and Jenkins and Gage and Sage and Emerson and the Andrews brothers. And then there was Dr. Burton, that loving hero, that genial giant, that anointed soul, so lately vanished into the heavens, who must have this sentence all to himself. What a great thing it was that in my opening ministry I should

have been thrown into the company and fellowship of such men as these.

But I must cluster my memories a little more closely about your church. Of course, Dr. Turnbull comes to the front. I had seen and heard him once, and had read his singularly felicitious translation of Vinet's Sermons. I admired and venerated him. When I was in Hartford as a candidate for the pulpit of the South Baptist Church he met me most cordially. He presided at the council for my ordination, and in the public services that followed, gave me with loving words the hand of fellowship. He officiated with Dr. Murdock at my marriage. For ten years or more we were fellow pastors. Day by day he grew upon me. He was pure, true-hearted, poetical, generous, charitable, modest and humble, open, brave, godly. All these adjectives he deserves. Many times when I was over-worked he helped me by encouraging words and by pulpit exchange. He rejoiced in my successes as if they were his own. His service of the feebler churches in the closing period of his life had about it the charm of a singular Christian consecration. During his last sickness our infant son was at his request taken into his room. He laid his hands upon the little fellow's head, and blessed him in the name of the God of Israel. We all felt that the blessing would abide. When Dr. Turnbull died I knew that he had gone to heaven.

Dr. Sage, my old college friend, was Dr. Turnbull's worthy successor. He was a close student, a clear thinker, master of a most felicitous style, quick to get at the heart of his text, observant of proportion in the structure of his sermons, thoroughly conscientious in all his work. For two days and two nights after hearing him preach, I felt that I could never preach again. On the third day I would comfort myself that I could do some things as well as he, and so would cheer up and trudge on.

I wish I could say all that is in my heart of certain members of your church whom I knew, and who are now in the unseen holy. Rev. Gurdon Robins was a joy to me. He had large, thoughtful, loving eyes. He seemed a Christian Roman. He was as kind to me as if I had been his own pastor. Edward Bolles always interested and pleased me. He was quaint. He had his own ways of thinking and speaking. You always were curious to know what he would say next. He was a man who loved the Lord. James G. Bolles quite realized my ideal of a Christian gentleman. He was sympathetic, with all that is true and beautiful and good. He was another of your members that often encouraged me in my work.

Then there are members of your church still living whom I most

pleasantly remember. My relations with yourself personally were specially intimate, for the reason that we were for many years upon the Boards and in the Executive Committees at the State Convention and of the Academy of Suffield. I can bear testimony that neither of us ever spoke a sharp word to the other. And you can bear testimony that I was most easily led by any one who was bright enough not to let me see halter.

You have a man among you whose mother and sister were members of my own church, and I am still touched by his uniform and most encouraging kindness to me. Because I belonged to his mother and sister, he seemed to think that I also belonged to him.

You have still with you another man, one who has so long dealt in granite that he has become himself granitic, occasionally hovering over this region which I now inhabit, a man who has taught us all that one can be engaged in large and exacting business and at the same time make one's self an authority in the realms of profound sholarship and liberal culture.

But I must not go on. I rejoice over the good and true men and women of former days, over the good and true men and women of to-day, of whom your ancient church may well be proud. I rejoice that your church has always been forward in promoting the prosperity of all Christian enterprises. I rejoice that your church has illustrated loyalty to truth and a genuine catholicity. I rejoice in your noble past, and in what I am assured will be your noble future.

Saint Paul named all Christians saints. As my theology is Pauline, I will do as Saint Paul did, and venture the prediction that your new pastor, your Saint James, will lead you in the greenest of all pastures and beside the stillest of all waters.

Most sincerely yours,

CEPHAS B. CRANE.

Concord, N. H., March, 1890.

PRESENT AUDIENCE ROOM.

Letters.

LETTERS

OF

REGRET AND CONGRATULATION.

Among the letters received were the following :—

From the Rev. Dr. WALKER, Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Hartford, Conn.

March 22, 1890.

MY DEAR SIR:—It is an occasion of sincere regret to me that I am not able to be with the good people of the First Baptist Church in their centennial anniversary.

I should, personally, enjoy meeting with them, and I shall still more rejoice in the expression which might in some modest sense be given by my presence as pastor of the First Church of Hartford to the great and, as I think, blessed increase in these latter days of the spirit of fellowship and brotherhood among Christians of different names.

When I look back on the difficulties experienced by our brethren of the Baptist churches in getting a footing in this colony of Connecticut, as in New England generally, and think of the sincerity of their faith, and the purity of their works, I bless God that we are fallen on times of more liberality and largeness in the interpretation of the will of God and the mind of Christ concerning the unity there is in our common Lord.

Your church may well congratulate itself on its hundred years of history in this place. They constitute a century of honorable memories. Every interest this place has, is better for the presence here of the faithful pastors and the godly brethren and sisters who have given name and power to your church in this community. It certainly must be the hope and prayer of all who love the cause of Christ and the souls of men that your second hundred years may be prosperous and useful in the natural development and fruitage of your past.

With hope for the happy progress of all your anniversary exercises,

I am, truly yours,

GEO. LEON WALKER.

From the Rev. JAMES R. BOISE, D. D., of The Baptist Union Theological Seminary.

MORGAN PARK, ILL., March 17, 1890.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—Accept my thanks for your kind remembrance. It will be impossible for me to be present at the coming anniversary; but I am glad to send the assurance of my Christian love. Perhaps Bro. Dimock will remember the poor little timid country boy, baptized in May, 1831, by the pastor, Gustavus F. Davis.

"All the way my Saviour leads me,
What have I to ask beside?"

We shall all soon meet where there will be no more parting, no sin, no sorrow! Death cannot enter there!

With most affectionate greeting to all,

Your brother in Christ,

JAMES R. BOISE.

From the Rev. LUCIUS E. SMITH, D. D., editorial staff of The Watchman.

NEWTON, MASS., March 17, 1890.

DEAR SIR :—Your committee's invitation to be present at the centennial service of the First Baptist Church of Hartford was gratefully received. It would give me very great pleasure to share personally in the enjoyment of that interesting occasion. My connection with the church did not exceed two years, but that relation and other incidents of my Hartford sojourn continue fresh in my memory, and are among my most pleasing recollections. Dr. Turnbull, Rev. Gurdon Robins, Deacons Bolles and Gilbert, and other officers and members of the church will never be forgotten while life and memory last. I should greatly enjoy your commemoration, but circumstances make it necessary to forego the gratification.

Yours, with grateful regard,

LUCIUS E. SMITH.

From the Rev. Dr. WAYLAND, Editor of The National Baptist.

1420 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
March 19, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. JAMES:—I am very much obliged to you and to the committee for the courtesy of an invitation to the centennial, and regret that the pressure upon my time will not permit me to be present. The First Baptist Church of Hartford has had a most honorable history. I have had some acquaintance with its ministers and some of its members for, I shudder to say, forty years. Rev. S. M. Whiting, our honored missionary in Assam, was one of my earliest friends. With many of the pastors, those now living and those who are departed, I have had a most pleasant acquaintance, as also with that excellent layman, Governor Howard, whose reputation is one of the treasures of the host of God's baptized children throughout America.

I most heartily congratulate you on the past success, and unite with all who shall be present in the hope for another century of constantly deepening spirituality and constantly increasing usefulness.

With very sincere regard,

Very truly yours,

H. L. WAYLAND.

From the Rev. A. E. DICKINSON, D. D., Editor of The Religious Herald.

1117 MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, VA.,
March 18, 1890.

MY DEAR BRO. JAMES:—Please do me the kindness to express to the brethren and sisters of your noble old church my heartiest congratulations and best wishes, now that they are celebrating their centennial. For a church to have lived one hundred years is a great thing, but to have lived them so well, to have sent forth, over sea and land, such holy, uplifting influences as have gone out from your church, is a far greater thing.

I have recently been looking into the history of your church, under the guidance of your own honored and venerable Joseph W. Dimock, and

my heart went up to God in thanksgiving for the mighty work his grace and strength had enabled you to do. Speaking for Virginia and the South, I greet you in the name of our common Master! We owe you thanks for what your church has done for this South land. The names of some of the grand men you have given the denomination are household names among us. Your senior member, Mr. Dimock, in giving his reminiscences, may not tell of how he lived and toiled for Christ in Richmond and Petersburg and Raleigh, long years ago; but what he did in these Southern cities, when he was a young man, is still bearing fruit. And when your James L. Howard shall arise to make his opening address, it will be natural enough for your people to say, with hearts swelling with thanksgiving, "He is ours!" And yet all over the South, wherever his name is mentioned, there is in the heart of every loyal Baptist the feeling "he is mine too." He belongs to us all, as do your James G. Batterson, your G. F. Davis, your W. S. Bronson, and many more among you, whose names are in the Book of God.

God bless you, dear brethren, and may the next century bring your church far greater prosperity, and may its history grow brighter and better, until time shall be no more!

Affectionately and truly yours,

A. E. DICKINSON.

From the Rev. J. N. Murdock, D. D., Cor. Secretary American Baptist Missionary Union.

Boston, March 22, 1890.

My Dear Brother:—I thank you for the invitation to be present at the commemoration of the centennial of the First Baptist Church in Hartford. It is wise and every way becoming to review the long and honorable history of an organization which has been a potent factor in the social and religious progress of the community in which it is planted. The personal character and qualities of the men whose lives have constituted an important part in its annals, would entitle your venerable body to the most honorable distinction. Men like John Bolles, Dea. Joseph B. Gilbert, Edward Bolles, James G. Bolles and other laymen, who have borne its burdens and contributed to its prosperity, and Cushman and Eaton and Sears and Davis and Turnbull, and others who taught and

trained its members in Christian truth and Christian living, are commemorated in its records and exalted in the praises of all the churches, while through its pecuniary gifts and the personal labors and sacrifices of its members, its lines have gone out into all the earth. In short, in all the respects in which there can be growth and progress in a Christian church there has been a steady advance from the first day until now; while in the things which cannot be moved, that is, in doctrine, in experience and in practice, you abide on the sure foundation of apostles and prophets, with Jesus Christ as the Chief Corner stone. Blessed is the people that is in such a state.

Sincerely regretting my inability to share in the sacred festivities of your commemoration, and praying that the blessing of God may abide with you, and that all your work may prosper,

I am, yours in the One Hope through the One Name,

J. N. MURDOCK.

From the Rev. P. S. MOXOM, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, Boston.

March 20th, 1890.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have to acknowledge your invitation to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of your church. This I do with most hearty thanks. It would give me very great pleasure to accept your invitation were not my duties on the 23d and 24th instants such as to prevent. But I do send you warmest congratulations. My regard for the First Baptist Church of Hartford is great; partly because among its members are some dear and honored friends; partly because all I have learned of the church's history has aroused my admiration and respect. It is a noble church that now completes its first century of earthly life and labor. How much of toil and trial and hope and achievement that century includes. You have a right to celebration; a right to the glad and grateful, and to make the day memorable in the lives of all who are permitted to join in the festivities.

Though I cannot be with you, I shall thank God for you and with you; and I wish for church and pastor every blessing that Christian hearts can receive or even desire.

Most sincerely yours, in the love and service of our Lord Jesus Christ,

PHILIP S. MOXOM.

From the Rev. Dr. KING.

ALBANY, N. Y., March 19, 1890.

Hon. J. L. HOWARD.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—I thank you for the invitation to be present at the Centennial of your honored church. It would give me very great pleasure to accept it, and join with you in the delightful services, if it were possible for me to do so. I can only send you my sincere congratulations over a history so rich in honored names, in noble sacrifices, and in blessed successes. Your memories will be most precious and inspiring. The faces of beloved pastors, and faithful deacons, and devoted brethren and sisters, a great cloud of witnesses who have ascended to the church on high, will seem to look down upon the occasion, and encourage the living to renewed fidelity to Christ and to the church of Christ, with which are connected many of the most hallowed associations of earth. How poor we should be, and how little we could accomplish for God or man, were it not for the fellowship which we have in our church-home, and the opportunities which it furnishes us for united and well-directed Christian activity!

I thank God for all that the history of your dear old church includes of labor, of prayer and of rejoicing, of toil expended and of truth defended, of characters matured and perfected, and of souls garnered home; and I rejoice that the church, though venerable with years, is still vigorous with youth and the strength that is unwasting. The evening of the old century brings you to the morning of a new century, and the symbol of your church will be, not the setting sun of an accomplished work, however well achieved, but the morning star of a brighter and richer future.

I do not forget that the First Baptist Church of Hartford once highly honored me by calling me to its pulpit. You, perhaps, never knew what a narrow escape you had. I certainly have often thought how happy would have been my life, and how successful must have been my labors, seconded by your generous support, if the pillar of cloud had only gone that way. But I suppose I should have reached the promised land too soon. I need not say that that pleasantly remembered courtship, when you were younger than you are now, and not so wise (the church I mean), has left in my heart an abiding interest in your prosperity,—an interest which will follow you with many prayers and all best wishes as you embark upon the voyage of another century.

Most sincerely yours,

HENRY M. KING.

From the Rev. H. W. Knapp, D. D.

Brooklyn, March 19, 1890.

Dear Sir and Brother:—I have delayed my reply to your Committee on Invitation to the Centennial of your church, trusting that I might be present on the two days of the feast. But I find at this late hour that I cannot do so. The memories of fifty years ago are very vivid, and most precious to me, as they recall Pastor Eaton, Rev. Gurdon Robins, Deacons Gilbert, Clapp, Dimock, Howard, A. T. Hastings, Davis and others, and later, that saintly name, Dr. Turnbull, with a precious company of Masters in Israel, whose devotedness and fidelity honored the Master. Never can I praise God enough for the influence of your dear church over me. Had I only yielded to her advice, and obeyed her counsel, I would have been saved an interim of backsliding, and gained at least years to my Lord.

I know it will be a rare and glorious centennial to the church and all who meet with her, and I pray God it may be a day of his power, a day of deep spiritual blessing and salvation. My heart will be with you, as my prayers also, and may the God of peace make it "the beginning of months," a harvesting time of great abundance.

I am, yours in Jesus,

HALSEY W. KNAPP.

From the Rev. H. H. Barbour.

Chicago, March 20th, 1890.

My Dear Brother:—I am grateful to the Committee for the kind invitation given me to be present at the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the First Church, and deeply regret that I cannot participate in the enjoyable occasion.

I often think of the church, and the happy days that came to me through its instrumentality in the years gone by. To my boyish imagination, kindled by the zeal of a young convert, the whole world seemed to be Beulah land, and the newly-erected meeting-house a veritable temple in which the glory was ever discernible.

Indeed even now, when I wish to be perfectly happy, I try to imagine myself a youngster again, in one of the church prayer-meetings, listening to Dr. Turnbull, Deacon James G. Bolles, Deacon Howard or Super-

intendent Bronson, seeing good old brother Arthur dozing in his accustomed place, and hearing, above all other voices in the singing of the favorite hymns, those of "Corney" Wells and Alfred Hanmer. Of these, most vividly remembered by me in the church life, only brethren Howard and Bronson are left. But how rich heaven is, and how much we shall feel at home there!

That the second century may bring to the First Church the divine blessing in fullest measure is the prayer of my heart.

Sincerely yours,

H. H. BARBOUR.

In addition to the above, letters or telegrams were received from the following, beside many others, members of this church :—

The Rev. G. M. Stone, D. D.,	Hartford.
" J. Kittredge Wheeler,	"
" H. M. Thompson,	"
" C. D. Hartranft, D. D.,	"
" Geo. Williamson Smith, D. D.,	"
" Graham Taylor, D. D.,	"
" E. C. Bissell,	"
" J. Aspinwall Hodge, D. D.,	"
" Floyd W. Tomkins, Jr.,	"
" H. H. Kelsey,	"
" Wm. DeLoss Love,	"
" Clark S. Beardslee,	"
" James E. Holmes,	"
" George R. Warner,	"
" Frank R. Shipman,	"
" Rabbi Meyer Elkin,	"
" H. J. Gillette,	"
Prof. W. R. Harper,	New Haven.
The Rev. G. S. Goodspeed,	"
" E. M. Jerome,	"
" Eben C. Sage,	"
" Julius Bond,	Plantsville.
" J. B. Connell,	Cromwell.
" James G. Ditmars,	Bridgeport.
" John R. Gow,	"
" B. B. Gibbs,	Bloomfield.
" A. M. Harrison,	New London.
" Joseph McKean,	Niantic.

The Rev. E. W. Potter,	Rockville.
" D. D. Read,	Plainville.
" Walter Scott,	Suffield.
" J. R. Stubbert,	Putnam.
" J. F. Temple,	Preston.
" O. P. Gifford,	Brookline, Mass.
President John H. Harris,	Bucknell University.
The Rev. William H. Conard,	Philadelphia.
" R. M. Luther, D. D.,	"
" William Ward West,	Pittsburg.
Joseph L. Barbour, Esq.,	Hartford.
L. E. Browne,	"
George H. Burdick,	"
Uriah Case,	"
J. Crocker,	"
Mrs. J. H. Davis,	"
" Miles W. Graves,	"
L. B. Haas,	"
Mrs. E. C. Hansell,	"
Homer Hastings,	"
George M. Hersey,	"
Miss Niles,	"
Mary E. Rose,	"
James R. Stevens,	"
F. A. Thompson,	"
Mrs. D. W. Tracy,	"
H. M. Ventres,	"
Mrs. Delia B. Ward,	"
William H. Wiley,	"
S. H. Wilson,	"
M. E. Arthur,	"
Albert Barrows,	Willimantic.
A. P. Carroll,	Norwich.
C. W. Cook,	Yalesville.
Wm. D. Emerson,	Rockville.
Ralph L. Gilbert,	Hebron.
R. F. Hodge,	Rainbow.
Mrs. P. S. Kelley,	Madison.
" J. T. Lee,	"
Matilda S. Lord,	Colchester.
Sarah C. Mather,	Deep River.
M. R. Shumway,	Mansfield.
Sarah M. Sibley,	Meriden.
Mrs. M. E. Smith,	Colchester.
" Mary E. Whiting,	New Haven.
Mary A. Belt,	Boston, Mass.
Lizzie M. Barnard,	Sturbridge, "

Charles C. Farnham,	Randolph, Mass.
Mrs. Stedman Garfield,	Springfield, "
Henry G. Granger,	" "
Mrs. Mary B. Gladwin,	Worcester, "
" Anna W. Hakes,	" "
" G. F. Hickmott,	Newton, "
Maria M. Woodbury,	Groton, "
Mrs. Fannie A. Bradstreet,	Royalston, Vt.
Elizabeth S. Ashwell,	Providence, R. I.
Mrs. Barker,	New York.
Elijah Bliss,	"
F. W. Brewster,	"
Emma Caulkins,	"
William H. Cotton,	"
C. W. Dunlap,	"
Mrs. A. F. Hastings,	"
" Higgins,	"
Danford Knowlton,	"
L. B. Page,	"
Mrs. Simmons,	"
Margeret St. John,	"
Estelle F. Taylor,	"
L. P. Brockett,	Brooklyn.
William G. Fulton,	"
Mrs. S. C. Law,	"
Fannie A. Ormsbee,	"
Mrs. Witter,	"
John Northrup,	Ithaca, N. Y.
Helen Frances Sage,	Vassar College.
Edward J. Brockett,	East Orange, N. J.
Frank L. Moore,	Chatham, "
Mrs. M. J. Chase,	Philadelphia.
A. M. Greene,	"
Miss Mary Grew,	"
Hiram Hoffman,	"
George Scatchard,	"
Dr. C. S. James,	Allentown, Pa.
William Roth,	"
Lottie M. Barber,	Cleveland, Ohio.
W. E. Thompson,	Milwaukee, Wis.
E. S. Ballard,	Davenport, Iowa.
C. S. Goodman,	San Francisco, Cal.
Mrs. A. A. Goodman,	San Jose, "
" William G. Allen,	Aiken, S. C.
John S. Hudson,	Orlando, Fla.
Mrs. John M. Bates,	Valentine, Neb.

Historical Sketch.

PASTORS OF THE CHURCH.

1. Stephen Smith Nelson, - 1796–1801.
2. Henry Grew, - - - 1807–1811.
3. Elisha Cushman, - - 1812–1825.
4. Cyrus Pitt Grosvenor, - 1825–1826.
5. Barnas Sears, - - - 1827–1829.
6. Gustavus Fellowes Davis, - 1829–1836.
7. Henry Jackson, - - - 1836–1838.
8. Jeremiah Sewell Eaton, - 1839–1844.
9. Robert Turnbull, - - 1845–1869.
10. Adoniram Judson Sage, - 1872–1884.
11. Lester Lewis Potter, - 1885–1887.
12. John Sexton James, - - 1889.

STEPHEN S. NELSON.

ELISHA CUSHMAN.

HENRY JACKSON, D.D.

JEREMIAH S. EATON.

EARLY PASTORS.

HISTORICAL SKETCH.

ANTECEDENT HISTORY.

In the year 1611, under the reign of James I., in the old town of Litchfield, England, Edward Wightman, a Baptist minister, who was accused by the dominant hierarchy of almost every heresy, and, worst of all, the denial of the divine authority of infant baptism, was burned at the stake. A little less than a hundred years after, in 1705, a descendant of this noble martyr, Rev. Valentine Wightman, planted at Groton the first Baptist church in the "Province" of Connecticut, from which other various churches, in due time, have been formed. Among her first children was the First Baptist Church in the town of Suffield, occupying for its site of worship that well-known elevation, "Zion's Hill." Of this church Joseph Hastings was pastor. John Hastings, his son, succeeded him. He was a man of unusual mental vigor and fervid piety. Several churches originated from this Zion's Hill, whither the scattered tribes of our Israel, in former days, delighted to go up and worship God in the beauty of holiness. Among them was the First Baptist Church in this city.

On a pleasant Sunday morning, something more than one hundred years ago, might be seen a little group wending their way from Hartford through the green

woods and meadows of the Connecticut valley toward the little church on Zion's Hill. Among them was a man of small stature, something like Zaccheus of old, of erect gait, bright eye and agile movement. Though living eighteen miles from Suffield, he was wont, on pleasant days, to walk the whole distance, beguiling the way with devout meditation, or, if some younger brother chose to accompany him, with pleasant talk about the things of the kingdom. This was Deacon John Bolles, brother of the Rev. David Bolles, and uncle of the late excellent Rev. Matthew Bolles, and the Rev. Dr. Lucius Bolles, so well known in connection with the cause of foreign missions.

THE CHURCH ORGANIZED.

In the year 1789, this good brother, with a few others, came to the conclusion that the time had arrived to organize a Baptist church in the city of Hartford. Meetings were held in the Court-house and in private houses, and on the 5th of August of this year the first baptism was administered in Hartford At a meeting held September 7th, at seven a. m., at the dwelling-house of Luther Savage, it was resolved to hold regular public services on Sundays, as a Baptist congregation. Accordingly, the first meeting was held October 18th, in the dwelling-house of John Bolles. These meetings were continued, and in the ensuing season a number of persons were baptized "on a profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." March 23d, 1790, sixteen brethren and sisters were recognized as a church of Christ, by a regularly called council, over which the Rev. John Hastings presided as Moderator.

An earlier mention of Baptists in Hartford occurs in Stiles' "History of Windsor," p. 439. This is simply a record of imprisonment in Hartford of Deacon Nathaniel Drake, Jr., for non-payment of the minister's rates and the tax for building a meeting-house. The date goes away back to the more intolerant times of 1767. Deacon Drake pleaded his Baptist connection as a sufficient excuse for paying the unjust tax. But he was imprisoned nevertheless. Neither appeal from one court to another, nor from the courts to the legislature, secured him release from his persecutions.

A succession of obstacles prevented the early settlement of a pastor. But the church enjoyed among others the pulpit ministrations of the Rev. John Winchell and the Rev. Adam Hamilton.

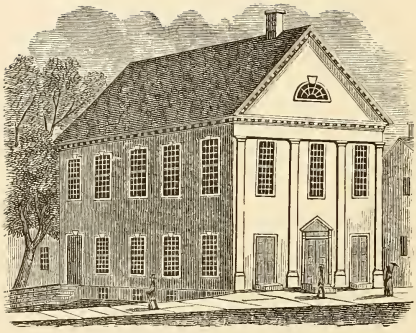
PASTORATE OF THE REV. STEPHEN SMITH NELSON.

In the winter of 1796, the church, through the good providence of God, secured the labors of the Rev. Stephen S. Nelson. Under his faithful ministrations they were greatly cheered and strengthened by the addition of a considerable number of converts. The congregation, at first small, was much increased, so that they were encouraged during Mr. Nelson's early pastorate to erect for the worship of God a moderate-sized frame building on the corner Temple and Market Streets. This building was subsequently improved and is now used as a place of business. Mr. Nelson was born in Middleboro, Plymouth County, Mass., October 5, 1772. He was converted at the age of fourteen, and was baptized in his sixteenth year by

the Rev. William Nelson, and united with the Baptist Church at Middleboro, then under the pastoral care of Isaac Backus, the venerable Baptist historian, and the earnest advocate, in early times, of the rights of conscience and the true freedom of the soul. Mr. Nelson was graduated at Brown University, with distinguished honor, in the 22d year of his age, and was subsequently, for many years, a member of the Board of Trustees of that institution. On leaving college, he studied theology with the Rev. Dr. Stillman, the devout and eloquent pastor of the First Baptist Church in Boston, and often assisted him in his labors by visiting and otherwise. By this means he acquired a thorough practical training for the work of the ministry. In his twenty-fourth year he was licensed to preach the gospel. After laboring two years with the church in Hartford, as a stated supply, he was ordained June 15th in 1798 as their pastor, preaching to them at first in an upper room in the Old Court-house. As already stated, however, the church soon secured a convenient place of worship, which, though humble in its appearance, and rough in its furniture, was found to be a true Bethel, "the house of God and the very gate of heaven."

At this time there were but three or four liberally educated Baptist ministers in Massachusetts, and none but Mr. Nelson in Connecticut. Nor were there any other churches in Hartford but the Center and South Congregational, and Christ's Church, Episcopal.

The accurate scholarship, courteous manners, and consistent piety of Mr. Nelson, served greatly to aid in the establishment and increase of the Baptist church in the city.



THE FIRST CHURCH EDIFICE.

The following is an enlarged fac-simile of an advertisement, recently clipped from a copy of The Courant of March 22, 1798. No satisfactory bidder could have appeared. For the cupola was not built until nearly twenty years later, during Mr. Cushman's pastorate:

NOTICE.

PROPOSALS will be received from any perſon willing to contract for erecting a Tower and Spire, for the Baptiſt Meeting-House in this City —the dimentions of which muſt be as follows, viz. The Tower to be 14 feet ſquare, and in height and diameter in proportion to the Tower. The whole to be done in a plain, but workmanlike manner. The propoſals must include all the materials, together with the erecting and finiſhing the ſame complete. The payment to be made in a valuable tract of New Land, on the banks of Connecticut river,

Propoſals will likewise be received for finiſhing the inſide of ſaid houſe. Payment as above. Apply to

John Bolles,
Samuel Beckwith,
Ebenezer Moore,
Luther Savage,
Zecheriah Mills,
} Committee.

Hartford, March 22.

There was no man, perhaps, to whom the church, in the early period of its history, was more indebted than to

DEACON JOHN BOLLES.

He was a remarkable man, a Nathaniel indeed, in whom there was no guile. Shrewd beyond most men, he never failed to command the respect of his acquaintances, and everybody loved him. Decided in his principles, his soul overflowed with love and charity. Easy, nimble, cheerful, he was ready for every good word and work. He lived for others. The young, especially, loved him. The aged, and, above all, the poor, hailed him as their friend. He was perpetually devising something for the benefit of the church or the good of souls.

How or when he was converted he could not tell. He was brought up under the care of pious parents, and in early life had given his heart to Christ, but all he could say about it was that God had been gracious to him and brought him into his fold. When he related his experience before the church at Suffield, some of the brethren hesitated to receive him. John Hastings, the pastor, shrewdly remarked, however, that it was evident that Brother Bolles was in the way, and that this was more important than the question when or by what means he got into it, upon which they unanimously received him. He was very happy in his connection with the church in Suffield. The members were all his friends. To illustrate his kindness, the following story may be told from his subsequent life in Hartford. A certain widow Burnham lived all alone on the outer edge of East Hartford. One severe winter a fearful snow-storm had raised the

roads to a level with the tops of the fences. The deacon was anxious about the widow; he was afraid that she might be covered with the snow and suffering from want. He proposed to visit her, but his friends thought it perilous to cross the meadows. Being light of foot, however, he resolved to attempt it. The weather was cold and the snow slightly crusted on the top. By means of this he succeeded, with some effort, in reaching the widow's house. As anticipated, he found it covered with snow to the chimnies. He made his way into the house, and found the good sister without fire or water. He cut paths to the wood-pile and to the well, and assisted her to make a fire and put on the tea-kettle. He then cut a path to the pig-pen, and supplied the wants of the hungry beast, by which time breakfast was ready. After breakfast he read from the Scriptures and prayed, and was ready to start for home. In the meanwhile, the sun had melted the crust of the snow, and as he was passing through the meadows he broke through. He tried to scramble out, but failed. He shouted, but there was no one to hear him. The wind blew keenly, and he knew not but that he must remain there all night and perish with cold. But he committed himself to God and sat down for shelter on the lee side of his temporary prison. He finally made a desperate effort, succeeded in reaching the edge, and found, to his joy, that the freezing wind had hardened the surface of the snow, which enabled him to make his way home.

Deacon Bolles was born in New London in 1752, and died in this city in 1830, at a good old age.

About the close of the last century, the cause of evangelical piety in Hartford, and, indeed, throughout New

England, was in a most languishing condition. The churches of the "standing order," as they were called, suffered from the indiscriminate admission of members and laxity of discipline, consequent upon the "half-way covenant system." Intemperance was common, and by no means infrequent among church members. Infidelity, too, produced by the reaction from the Revolutionary War, and the influx of French principles, had infected the community. No revival of religion had been experienced in Hartford from the days of Whitefield, and, indeed, the idea of a true awakening among Christians was scarcely cherished, except among the few who, both in Congregational or Baptist churches, "sighed and cried over the desolations of Zion." The Baptists, indeed, had experienced such revivals in other places, and their earnest desire in Hartford was that God might appear for them with life-giving power. The desire was fulfilled in 1798. A work of divine grace commenced in the Baptist congregation, under the labors of Mr. Nelson, which soon extended to other congregations throughout the city and vicinity.

A conference meeting in Hartford was held in the fall. Nearly all the members of the Baptist church were present, with their families, and one or two Congregational brethren, among whom was the excellent Deacon Colton, who, like Deacon Bolles, was a lover of good men, and a true disciple of Jesus Christ. The power of the spirit was manifest, and great grace was upon the assembly. Two brothers were brought into the liberty of the gospel, and others inquired the way to God. Meetings were appointed every night in different places.

By Sunday the meeting-house was full. It was obvious to all that God had begun to revive his work.

Next morning Dr. Strong called upon Mr. Nelson, and, taking him aside, he said, "Brother Nelson, the great God is at work in the city by the power of his Spirit. The work evidently has begun with you, and I honor the grace of God in you. Now, when I bow the knee before the throne of grace, I pray for you first, and I pray that the work may increase and spread through the whole community. But we must be careful not to grieve the Spirit by any collision. Now, I propose that those awakened in your congregation shall belong to you, and those in mine to me." Mr. Nelson replied that he honored the feelings of Dr. Strong, and hoped that nothing would occur to hinder the work. "And now," said he, "as we both believe the Bible to be supreme authority in matters of religion, I propose that we refer all to that for guidance. I will charge every one to be not brother Nelson's disciple, nor Dr. Strong's disciple, but Christ's disciple. Therefore, I will direct them to Christ and his Word, and I wish you to do the same." "Very well," said Dr. Strong, "that will do," and so the matter passed.

At this juncture the Rev. Mr. Boddily, an English "Independent" or Congregationalist, of excellent character and gifts, who had been known in Boston to Mr. Nelson, made him a visit and consented to preach for his brethren. The Baptist church was over-crowded with hearers, and they adjourned to the Center Church. Mr. Boddily preached from the text, "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost." Thirty persons

were awakened under that sermon. The work went on with mighty power. Dr. Strong and Mr. Nelson proposed to hold union prayer-meetings, which was readily agreed to. And such was the origin of those conference and union prayer-meetings which have been observed in Hartford, more or less, since that time, in all the evangelical churches.

All this, of course, could not advance without opposition from the world, and even from some professors of religion. It was a new thing in Hartford. It appeared extravagance and even fanaticism to some. Others opposed, because the great work was something new, and others because they saw in it a condemnation of their own lives and a dark shadow thrown over their future. The Baptists were objects of special aversion. Their evening meetings and their frequent baptisms in the river, excited contemptuous remarks, and occasionally threats of violence. "Such a man," it would be said, referring to some active Christians among them, "holds to-night meetings. He ought to be tarred and feathered." Scurrilous poetry was circulated through the groceries and bar-rooms. And the piety of the Separatists and Baptists, as they were styled, became the song of the reveler at convivial feasts. But Dr. Strong and a number of the more spiritual Congregational brethren, among whom were Deacons Colton and Chapin, sympathized in the work of God, and did all in their power to promote it, not only among themselves, but among their Baptist brethren. Dr. Strong even went so far as to baptize two converts in the river. This delightful revival continued, with more or less power, till after the year 1800.

At the first election of Mr. Jefferson to the Presidency of the United States, Mr. Nelson was appointed, with others, by the Danbury, now the Hartford Baptist Association, in behalf of that body, to prepare and forward to him a congratulatory address, recognizing his acknowledged attachment to civil and religious liberty. Mr. Jefferson himself happened to be somewhat among Baptists in the earlier period of his life, and always admired, as he said, the freedom and simplicity of their democratic form of church organization and government. It is not, therefore, a matter of marvel if the Baptists of that day universally recognized the well-known love of liberty cherished by the illustrious framer of the Declaration of American Independence.

One hundred and twenty-one members were added to the church during Mr. Nelson's ministry.

In 1801 Mr. Nelson resigned his charge in Hartford, and became, for a number of years, the principal of a large and flourishing academy at Mount Pleasant, now Sing Sing, N. Y. But he continued successfully to preach the gospel there and in the neighboring towns. In 1825 he removed to Amherst, Mass., and there died December 8, 1853, in his eighty-second year, leaving an unblemished reputation.

Brief, pointed, earnest, evangelical, Mr. Nelson's preaching was eminently sound and practical. His voice was clear and ringing; his manner was impressive and dignified, as became "an ambassador for Christ." His life was simple, serene, and, especially in his later years, heavenly. "He seemed," said a dear friend and relative, "to move among men in the quietness of his own

reflections, above and aside from the cares and the conflicts of outward life, at peace with God and at peace with men. 'Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.'"

After the removal of Mr. Nelson from Hartford in 1801, the church was supplied temporarily by the Rev. David Bolles of Ashford. Mr. Bolles did not long retain his connection with the church, but at his own request was dismissed, and returned to his former residence in Ashford. For some years the church was supplied by Deacon Robins, a licensed preacher and himself a member of this church. He was the father of the Rev. Gurdon Robins, and grandfather of the Rev. Henry E. Robins, D. D., LL. D. He died at Hartford, June 30, 1829, in his seventy-seventh year.

PASTORATE OF THE REV. HENRY GREW.

In 1807, the Rev. Henry Grew of Providence, R. I., became the pastor of the church. His ministry began acceptably. Soon after his settlement an interesting revival of religion was enjoyed, and a considerable number of converts were added to the church. Coming to adopt sentiments and usages different from those of the church, his connection was dissolved May, 1811, after a pastorate of four years.

Fifty-six members were added to the church during Mr. Grew's ministry.

Mr. Grew was born in Birmingham, England, December 25, 1781. His father, John Grew, was a merchant, and, believing that his sons would find better opportunities in the United States, he removed hither with his

family in 1795. He died four year later, and his eldest son, Mr. John Grew, succeeding to his business, became one of Boston's influential citizens. Henry, the second son, was designed by his parents for a mercantile career, but he was drawn by conviction of duty to the ministry. His studious tastes and habits no doubt strengthened this tendency.

His parents were members of a Congregational church, but in his youth their son Henry, through his study of the New Testament, came to a belief that immersion is requisite to Christian baptism. And he joined a Baptist church in Providence, whither he went to reside very early in the century.

It is evident that a degree of freedom of thought, unusual in those days, was encouraged and exercised in his father's family, for the mother afterwards became a Baptist, and the eldest son a member of Dr. Channing's congregation.

Mr. Grew began his ministry with this church. After the termination of his pastorate he resided many years in Hartford, subsequently in Boston, and later in Philadelphia, where he died on the 8th of August, 1862, in his eighty-second year. He continued his work of preaching until near the close of his life.

He was a man of strong character and decided convictions ; skilled in polemics, and of quiet and gentle manners. His most prominent characteristic was absolute loyalty to truth and right, as they were apprehended by him. From such loyalty no consideration of consequences could turn him aside. For his faith was that right is absolute always, and neces-

sarily, expedient, and that the Ruler of the universe could be trusted with the results of obedience to his own laws. He might have said, "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall." But he never for a moment feared that they would fall. Accordingly, he was an earnest and active Abolitionist. And during the long conflict between liberty and slavery, he faithfully served the cause of the American slave with his voice and purse.

His life of active philanthropy was not limited to one field of labor. His quick sympathy and large generosity led him to respond promptly and liberally to the numerous claims made upon all benevolent persons. In the joy of giving he was abundantly recompensed for the self-denial in his personal expenditures which made it possible for him to impart freely to others.

Twice he visited his native land; the second time a delegate to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention, held in London in 1840.

As he lived so he died, in serene trust, in vigorous faith, and undoubting hope of blessed immortality.

PASTORATE OF THE REV. ELISHA CUSHMAN.

Mr. Cushman became pastor of the church in 1812. He was a lineal descendant of the celebrated Robert Cushman, who had much to do in establishing the Plymouth colony. After serving the church for a number of months as preacher, Mr. Cushman was ordained June 16th, 1813, and continued in the pastorate until April 1, 1825, when, after his repeated request, he was honorably dismissed for another charge. He was a man of superior

natural gifts, which he had sedulously cultivated by reading and reflection. This, aided by his heart-felt piety, made him one of the most successful of the early pastors. His memory is dear to some of the older members still living. During his ministry the church enjoyed three revivals of religion, and was greatly increased and encouraged. The old meeting-house on Market Street was raised, a basement was provided, a tower or cupola added, and a church bell placed in the tower. The bell was the gift of Bro. Caleb Moore. And the house was otherwise improved. A church in East Windsor was formed from members belonging to this body, over which the Rev. Gurdon Robins, a licensed minister of the church, presided. The work of Foreign Missions was taken up in earnest. The church, with its pastor, incited by the presence of the Rev. Luther Rice, who had returned from India, took the initiative in this matter. A circular was issued to all the Baptist ministers and churches in the state inviting a council, and resulting in a state organization auxiliary to the Boston society.

Two hundred and thirty-five members were added to the church during Mr. Cushman's pastorate.

Mr. Cushman was popular as a preacher even with other Christian denominations, and was often called to preach or deliver addresses on public occasions. He had unusual gifts of utterance, with deep sensibility, and a fine play of genial wit and fancy. His discourses were well arranged, simple and scriptural, with apt illustrations and impressive figures. Above all, they were pervaded with a fervid piety and appealed directly to the conscience.

He was born at Kingston, Mass., in 1788, and was converted in his twentieth year. He soon began to preach, and supplied the church in Grafton for a year. After this he aided the Rev. Mr. Cornell, of Providence, R. I., in preaching and other pastoral duties. Then he came to Hartford, whence he removed to Philadelphia, and labored with success for years in the New-Market Street Baptist Church. From this place he returned to Connecticut, and preached with acceptance and usefulness to the First Baptist Church in New Haven. The last scene of his pastoral activity was Plymouth, Mass. He gave up his pulpit labors on account of his health, and returned once more to Connecticut, becoming a resident of this city. Here he edited the Christian Secretary, which, when a pastor, he had helped to establish, in connection with Mr. Robins, Mr. Canfield, Mr. Dimock and others.

His health gradually gave way, and he died among his old friends and family connections October, 1838, at the age of fifty.

In 1824 the basement of the house of worship on Market Street was used by the new Episcopal College, now Trinity, then called Washington.

PASTORATE OF THE REV. CYRUS PITT GROSVENOR.

Mr. Cushman was succeeded August 30th, 1825, by the Rev. C. P. Grosvenor, who, at the end of one year, at his own request, was dismissed to accept the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Boston, Mass. He was born in Grafton, Mass., October 18, 1792, and was a son of the Rev. Daniel and Deborah (Hall) Grosvenor. He died in

Albion, Michigan, February 11, 1879. His early years were spent in school, on the farm, and in part as a mercantile clerk. He entered Dartmouth College at the age of twenty-one, and was graduated in 1818. In his first college year he united with the Congregational Church. The year following his graduation he was Principal of the Academy in Haverhill, N. H. He then commenced the study of theology with his father in Petersham, Mass. Soon after he spent a year as a student at the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., where began his change of views in regard to baptism. In 1821 he was licensed by the Brookfield Association of Congregational Ministers. After continuing the study of the subject of baptism, he was baptized May 18th, 1823, by the Rev. Richard Fuller, D. D., in Charleston, S. C., and the next day was ordained as an evangelist.

Mr. Grosvenor was a man of culture and character. He was a pronounced Abolitionist in advance of the spirit of the times. He expressed his views fearlessly, and endured the opposition resulting manfully.

Nine members were added to the church during his ministry.

The church was now supplied for a year by the Rev. John E. Weston, of Reading, Mass., a devout and affectionate minister of Christ, to whom the members of the church became warmly attached. His health, however, was too feeble to admit of the multiplied duties of the pastorate. He was subsequently settled in East Cambridge, Mass., and was drowned at Wilmington, in that state, while on his way to preach in Nashua, N. H. Mr. Weston was the father of the honored President of

Crozer Theological Seminary, the Rev. Henry G. Weston, D. D.

PASTORATE OF THE REV. BARNAS SEARS, D. D., LL. D.

For two years the Rev. Barnas Sears discharged acceptably the duties of the pastoral office. He commenced his labors May 19, 1827, was ordained July 11th, and was dismissed, at his own request, in March, 1829. He was soon after elected a Professor in the Theological Seminary at Hamilton, N. Y.

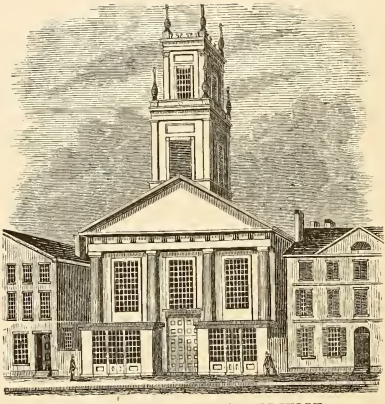
Dr. Sears was born at Sandisfield, Mass., November 19, 1802. He was graduated from Brown University with the honors of his class in 1825. After a course of theology at Newton, his pastorate here began. In 1833 Dr. Sears visited Germany for the further prosecution of his studies. He there baptized the Rev. Dr. J. G. Oncken, at Hamburg, in the river Elbe, with six others, on the night of April 22, 1834.

Returning home, Dr. Sears became a Professor in Newton. In 1855 he succeeded Dr. Francis Wayland to the Presidency of Brown University. In 1867 he became the agent for the Peabody Educational Fund, retaining that position until his death, at the age of seventy-eight, in the year 1880.

Twenty-nine members were added to the church during Dr. Sears' pastorate. In November, 1828, a lot was purchased on Main Street for the new house of worship subsequently erected during the pastorate of Dr. Davis.

PASTORATE OF THE REV. GUSTAVUS FELLOWES DAVIS, D. D.

Dr. Davis was called to the pastorate May 19th, and began his labors as pastor July 29th, 1829. He continued



THE SECOND CHURCH EDIFICE.

to serve the church until his death, never ceasing to command in a high degree the respect and affection, not only of the church, but of the whole community. He was one of the ablest and most successful pastors in New England, and, by the blessing of God, greatly aided in strengthening and increasing the church. He combined in a high degree all the qualities which secure pastoral success. His connection with the church was a happy one, both for himself and the cause of Christ in Hartford. Although he died fifty-four years ago his memory is still fresh among us, and will be ever dear to the hearts of those who knew him. He was instant in season and out of season in his work of faith and labor of love for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

During his ministry two hundred and sixty-nine were added to the church.

The church edifice on Main Street was begun soon after Dr. Davis came on the field. The corner stone was laid April 30, 1830, and the house dedicated March 23d, 1831. The dimensions were eighty-four feet by sixty.

The South Baptist Church in this city was formed October 17, 1834, of members from the First Church, with Dr. Davis' cordial approval. Their first house of worship on Main and Sheldon Streets was erected through the joint contributions of the new and the mother church. The Connecticut Literary Institution at Suffield was established largely through Dr. Davis' influence. All our benevolent societies shared in his sympathies, and he was never happier than when promoting their interests and extending their influence. He

labored to build up the feeble churches in the state, and did all in his power to promote the cause of ministerial education and the foreign missions.

For a brief biographical sketch reference is made to the address of Deacon Davis, page 27.

In August, 1836, during a visit to his native place, he was taken sick and died, September 11th, in the full maturity of his powers and usefulness. His body was brought by loving friends to Hartford, to the spot dearest to him on earth, the church in which he had so successfully proclaimed the gospel of Christ. An immense concourse, containing representatives from all denominations of Christians, attended his funeral and followed his remains to the grave, amid the tears of thousands who thronged the streets and manifested their respect for his memory. The following hymn, written by Mrs. Sigourney, was sung on the occasion:—

"Pastor, thou from us art taken,
In the glory of thy years;
As the oak, by tempest shaken,
Falls ere time its verdure sears.

Here, where oft thy lips have taught us
Of the Lamb who died to save;
Where thy guiding hand hath brought us,
To the deep baptismal wave,

Pale and cold, we see thee lying,
In God's temple, once so dear,
And the moment's bitter sighing
Falls unanswered on thine ear.

All thy love and zeal to lead us
Where immortal fountains shine,
And on living bread to feed us,
In our sorrowing hearts we shrine.

May the conquering faith that cheered thee,
When thy foot on Jordan pressed,
Guide our spirits while we leave thee
In the tomb that Jesus blest."

Dr. Davis had special traits of character. He was by natural constitution buoyant and self-reliant, full of hope and cheer. This, added to his hearty, courteous manner, made him a universal favorite. Everybody knew him; everybody loved him. The children in the streets brightened at his ready smile. He was good-natured to a proverb. He felt for the poor; he sympathised, indeed, with all, and would give his last dollar to a suffering friend. He was a great reader of the Bible, and his sermons were studded with gems from the Scripture.

During his pastorate a legacy of $5,000 came to the church by the will of a respected member, Bro. Caleb Moore.

PASTORATE OF THE REV. HENRY JACKSON, D. D.

Dr. Davis was followed, December 1st, 1836, by his intimate friend, the Rev. Henry Jackson. Dr. Jackson had supplied the pulpit of the church during the winter of Mr. Cushman's illness some fifteen years before. His settlement as pastor was productive of great benefit to the church, but unhappily lasted only two years. A glorious outpouring of the Divine Spirit occurred in 1838, and was enjoyed by all the evangelical churches in the city. This work of grace was, in many respects, one of the most remarkable and delightful ever experienced in Hartford. Over a thousand were added to the different churches. Many wanderers were re-

claimed, and all the churches were greatly cheered and strengthened.

Dr. Jackson was born in Providence, June 16, 1798. He was graduated from Brown University in 1817. During his collegiate course he was converted, and united with the First Baptist Church at Providence. He pursued theological studies at Andover, and was ordained November 27, 1822. His first settlement was with the Charlestown Baptist Church, where he remained from his ordination until his settlement with this church. He was greatly blessed at Charlestown, and was instrumental in founding the Charlestown Female Seminary. He was also one of the founders of the Newton Theological Institution, and from its origin until his death he was a member of its Board of Trustees.

At Hartford one hundred and ninety-six were added to the church during his pastorate.

Dr. Jackson was greatly beloved, and is still remembered with profound affection. He was subsequently settled at New Bedford, where nearly four hundred were added to the church. After a seven years' settlement, he became the first pastor of the newly-organized Central Baptist Church of Newport. There he remained for sixteen years. Three hundred and seventy members were brought into the church during his pastorate. He died March 2, 1863.

In his forty years' ministry he baptized nearly nine hundred persons, and welcomed five hundred more into the fellowship of the several churches he served. He was an earnest, affable, Christian gentleman, and a faithful preacher of the gospel.

During the vacancy of nearly one year which followed the resignation of Dr. Jackson, the pulpit was supplied by the venerable Rev. William Bentley, who on this, and on several occasions, did good service to this church in the cause of Christ.

PASTORATE OF THE REV. JEREMIAH SEWELL EATON.

The Hartford pastorate was Mr. Eaton's first. He came fresh from Newton with his young wife, and, as with Nelson, Grew, Cushman and Sears, he received ordination here. Mr. Eaton's labors began November 12, 1839. He faithfully and diligently discharged his duties until his resignation, May 25, 1844. During his administration the church enjoyed a great measure of prosperity, and in 1841 especially, received a large accession of converts. On March 7th of that year one hundred and forty persons received the hand of church fellowship from Mr. Eaton, and among the number were fifty heads of families. In the meetings of this and the following season, Rev. Jacob I. Knapp and others preached as helpers to the pastor. There were many converts, and among them Deacon James G. Bolles and other most valuable members.

Mr. Eaton was born in Ware, N. H., in June, 1810. While pursuing studies at New Hampton, and after a protracted struggle with Universalist sentiments, with which he had been contaminated, he was converted, and August 15, 1830, he was baptized. He subsequently entered college at Georgetown, Kentucky, but in 1833 removed to Union College, where he was graduated July 22, 1835. He then became a Professor

in Haddington College, near Philadelphia. From there he went to Newton Theological Institution, where he was graduated August 21st, 1839. After his five years' pastorate at Hartford, he became pastor of the Free Street Baptist Church, Portland, Me., where he remained for ten years. His resignation was brought about because of ill health. He died at Portland, September 27, 1856. His memory is fragrant in Hartford to this day. Many of the most substantial members of the church were brought into the church during his ministry. Mr. Eaton was a man of active sympathies. The meetings at his own house for the young are even now warmly recalled. He thus brought himself near to the needs and the sympathies of those of tender years. But side by side with his sympathies there was sterling character. Illustrating this is the following incident, furnished by Mr. Howard, who was present on the occasion. Even then as a very young man he was a friend to his pastor, just as he has always been in subsequent years. Mr. Eaton was called to go down on Charles Street, and invited Mr. Howard to go with him. They found a family all together in one room, and a man lying on the bed in very great agony of mind. He begged Mr. Eaton to pray with him, and for him. The man had been a notorious character, and of pronounced intemperate habits. Mr. Eaton asked him if he was ready to give up all his habits of drink. The man said he didn't want to do that. But Mr. Eaton told him there was no use to pray with him if he clung to the drink. Finally, the man broke down and promised he would never drink any

more. Then Mr. Eaton prayed for him. It was a most earnest prayer. The man was converted, and with him his wife and children. They all became useful members of the church. He continued faithfully in the church until his death, and was one of the leading Washingtonians.

Mrs. Eaton, the pastor's devoted wife, was so dearly beloved that, years after her husband's death, the church invited her to become the pastor's assistant. Her labors in this relation continued for years, and left a permanent impress for good upon the church.

During Mr. Eaton's pastorate two hundred and ninety-two members were added to the church.

PASTORATE OF THE REV. ROBERT TURNBULL, D. D.

In the interim of one year following the close of Mr. Eaton's labors, the church twice invited Dr. Turnbull to become its pastor. Assenting at last, he began July 4th, 1845, the last and most important pastorate of his life. To the church this settlement became the longest, and in many respects, the most significant in its history. Dr. Turnbull was in the thirty-sixth year of his age. Added to a thorough training in the schools, he had fifteen years experience in the pastoral office. Settled first in his native Scotland, then, after 1833, in his adopted country, he served successively the churches at Danbury; Detroit, Michigan; the South Baptist, in Hartford; and the Harvard Street Church, in Boston. He never removed his membership from this church nor his residence from Hartford. When he began his pastorate here, the church had acquired something of the strength

to be anticipated from its history of fifty-three years. The congregation was large. The membership had grown to five hundred and thirty, and contained many men of substantial importance and a number of rising young men of no small reserve power and promise. The general community, distrustful and suspicious in the early years, had come to know more of these Baptists and their principles, and to perceive that they were foes neither to evangelical religion nor to New England culture. Dr. Hawes, pastor of the venerable Center Congregational Church, came to Mr. Dimock, then a young man of forty-four, and courteously offered to extend the hand of fellowship to the new pastor on the occasion of his public recognition. Hartford had grown into a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants, and many of its pulpits were well manned. Dr. Bushnell was pastor of the old North Congregational Church, at the corner of Main and Morgan Streets, a stone's throw farther north than the site of our present house of worship. He was only seven years the senior of Dr. Turnbull, and became his friend as well as his neighbor. The two men were not unlike, and they were unlike. Both preached through the pen to a large extra-parish congregation. The speech of both shone with the sparkle of gem and poetry. Both were prophets who spoke forth what insight or intuition breathed into their souls. Neither loved immoderately, nor in its largest sense, the slow and accurate processes of pure logical investigation. Bushnell had a larger and more brilliant sweep; Turnbull had more rugged reverence. The former had more readers; the latter had more hearers. The insight and

the intensity of the one sometimes led him away from the moorings; that of the other drew him to evangelical truth as steel to the loadstone and held him safely fast. Bushnell dared to sail out on broad and bold excursions into unfathomed seas. Turnbull was himself anchored to the everlasting gospel, and helped to anchor other men. The religious life of each was simple, profound and beautiful, and lent its charm to hide whatever foibles there were, and to throw a halo about the graces and the virtues of both.

The gains in church membership throughout Dr. Turnbull's pastorate continued large and steady; and so by emigration to the new west did the losses. In each of three years the accessions ran beyond one hundred. In 1853 one hundred and thirty new members were received; in 1858, one hundred and twenty-three; and in 1865, one hundred and eleven. This last year the membership of the church footed up seven hundred and forty-five.

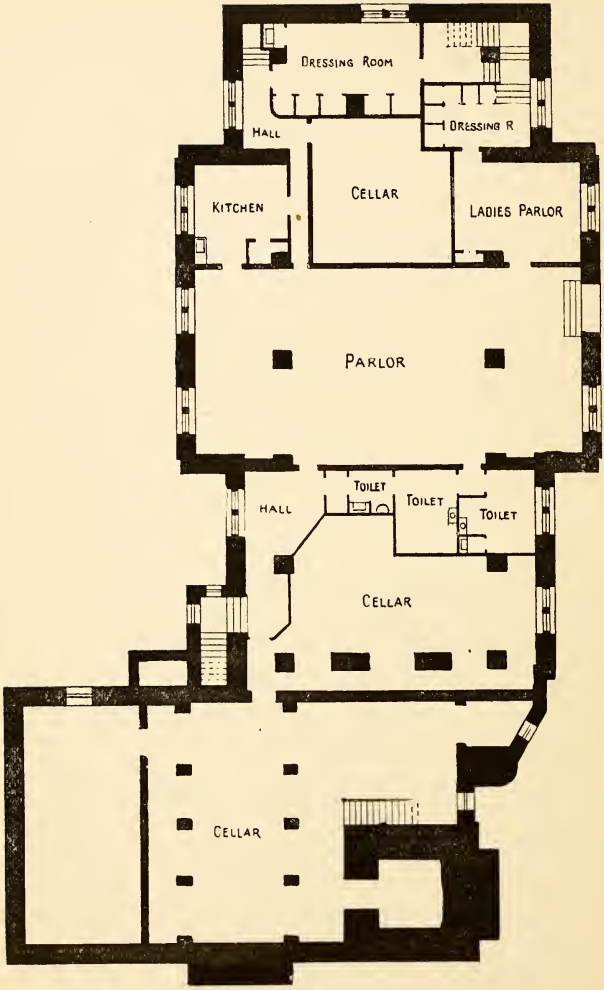
April 23d, 1853, the South Baptist Church dedicated their present elegant house of worship. The First Church felt that the time had come likewise for them to secure a church edifice fully up to the new requirements. December 6th, 1853, a committee appointed previously, of which Edwin Merritt was chairman, reported recommending the purchase of the present site, consisting of two lots, on the corner of Main and Talcott Streets, for the sum of twelve thousand five hundred dollars. The church and society unanimously voted to authorize the deacons to buy the lots, provided "twenty-five thousand dollars or some other satisfactory sum,"

should be first subscribed. With profound faith in success, a committee was appointed both to secure the desired subscriptions, and to procure plans for the new edifice. This committee was composed of the following seven gentlemen: James G. Batterson, James L. Howard, George Sexton, Joseph S. Curtis, Edwin Merritt, Edward Bolles, and Willis S. Bronson. No time was lost in getting matters under way. A little story told by the Rev. Gurdon Robins to Mr. Howard suggested the fitting motto which headed the subscription list. A dear and aged saint had written a subscription as follows: "For the love I bear the Lord Jesus, who redeemed my soul from death, I hereby promise to give," etc. The story brought tears to many an eye. Noble responses rapidly swelled the building fund. Three times the ground was mowed over before the work was completed. Some gave a full third of all they were worth in the world. Said one brother as, to the astonishment of the solicitor, he wrote down his first subscription of a thousand dollars, and he followed it with two others just like it, "I am worth more money than you think I am." By February 6th, 1854, the plans were ready for submission, and were finally adopted, after modification, March 30th. The architect was Mr. W. Russell West, of Philadelphia, a relative, it is said, of the celebrated artist, Benjamin West. April 13th the following gentlemen were appointed a building committee: James G. Batterson, chairman, Gustavus F. Davis, treasurer, with James L. Howard, Joseph B. Gilbert, Willis S. Bronson, Joseph S. French, Joseph S. Curtis, Joseph W. Dimock, Edward Bolles, Edwin Merritt, Carlos Glazier, Henry E. Robins,

George Sexton, R. M. Burdick, H. C. Spalding, George Hastings, T. W. Wolcott, William G. Allen, Isaac Hayden, and Wareham Griswold. This committee was authorized to erect and complete the building according to the plans adopted. Two days later the deacons, who by the charter are the corporation, authorized the purchase of the lots for the price named, and in addition the use for her natural life, by Miss Talcott, the owner of the larger and corner lot, "of a slip in the house of worship to be erected," with the proviso that "the said slip was not to be sold or leased by her to others." The contract was let to Messrs. Spaulding and Coy for $43,130, and work proceeded. December 18th, 1854, the church authorized the sale of the former edifice for $18,000. In the spring of 1855 the contractors having made an assignment, the completion of the house was carried on under the immediate direction of the building committee. Early in the spring of 1856 the house was completed, furnished and paid for and ready for dedication. That is to say, the house and furnishing were paid for; but the lot was owned with a mortgage attached for some little time afterwards. It was completed, except the spire, which was left to await the unfoldings of a later day. It is waiting still. So well was the work planned and so carefully executed that not a crack appeared in the walls from settling, and no workman was injured in the course of construction. The upholstering was done by the ladies. The total cost of the building, including the lot, was $75,000. Thirty thousand dollars of this sum were paid by twelve men; and of this thirty thousand, twenty-one thousand by six men.

The new house was dedicated with thanksgiving April 23d, 1856, three years to the day after the dedication of the South Baptist Church. Dr. George B. Ide, of Springfield, preached in the afternoon a memorable sermon from Psalm lxv. 4: "We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple." Dr. Hawes of the Center Church was present, and participated in the exercises. Dr. Turnbull delivered a valuable historical sermon in the evening of the same day. The auditorium was crowded of course on both occasions. The following Sunday Dr. Turnbull baptized twelve candidates in the new baptistery. At the dedication of the second house of worship, twenty-five years before, Dr. Davis had likewise baptized twelve. Dr. Murdock, then pastor of the South Baptist Church, preached in the new house the afternoon of the first Sunday. The first sale of seats realized a total of three thousand six hundred dollars. The church passed a vote of thanks to the building committee for the wonderfully successful prosecution of their work. A noteworthy fact was the uniform harmony in the church throughout the building period. The spiritual life too was maintained. Conversions occurred not infrequently, and one hundred and ten new members were added.

The first meeting-house was erected about 1798. It was a wooden structure, sixty feet by forty, with tower and bell, and a seating capacity of some five hundred. The second house was of brick, eighty-four feet by sixty, and was erected in 1830–1, having a seating capacity of about eight hundred. The present edifice is of dressed Portland brown stone, and has an extreme outside length,


DRESSING ROOM
HALL
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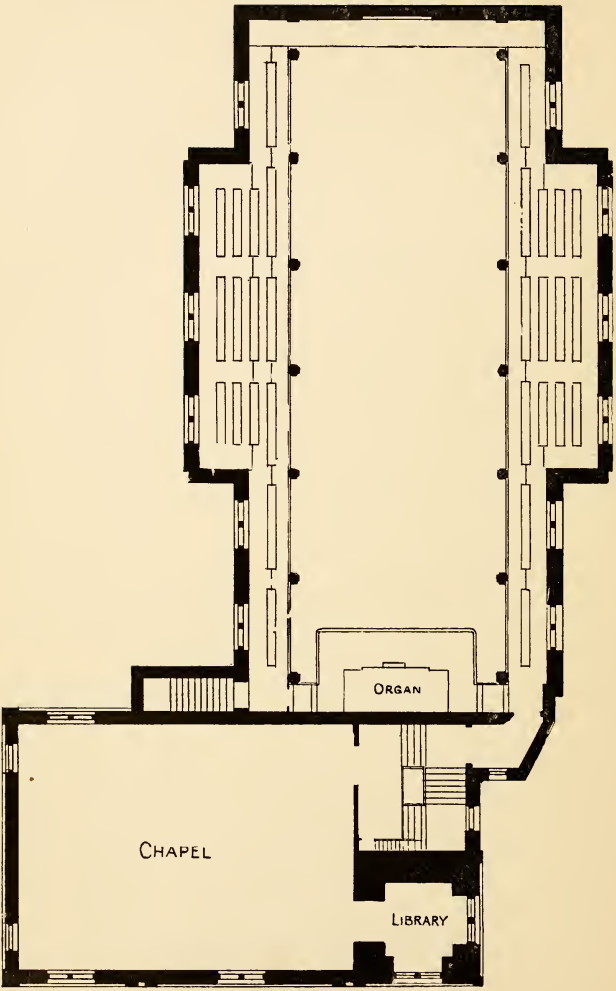
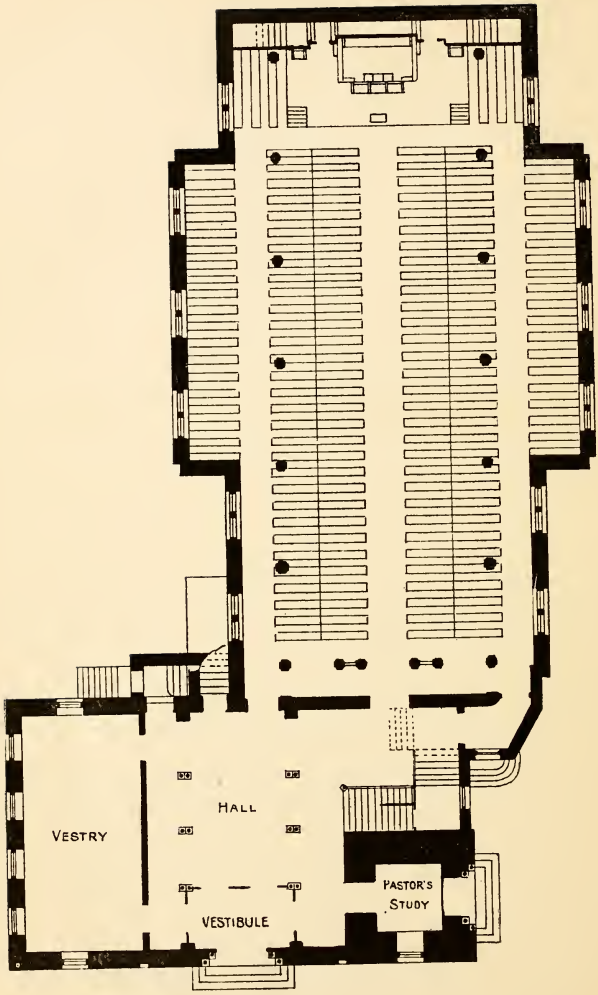
BASEMENT.



SECOND FLOOR.



FIRST FLOOR.

east and west, of one hundred and fifty-two feet. The lot on which it is erected is diagonal, and both taxed the ingenuity and brought out the genius of the architect. The building is really in two parts, the front containing the tower, the vestibule, the vestry adjoining, all on the first floor, and the chapel on the second floor over the vestibule and the vestry. The frontage of this part of the building is seventy-five feet, and the depth forty-three. The most unique feature of the whole structure perhaps is the vestibule, thirty-seven feet deep and thirty-two feet long. Including the space adjoining the stairway, the length is fifty feet. It is divided into a central passage and aisles by twin columns of Caen stone having richly carved capitals. A broad stairway leads from the south to the chapel above. This spacious vestibule is in itself a welcome to every stranger and a constant invitation to cordial social relations between the worshippers. The crooked lot suggested to Mr. Batterson this broad entrance, and was by him suggested to the architect. The vestry adjoining the vestibule on the north has an inside measurement of thirty-seven feet by twenty. The chapel above, measures inside thirty-seven feet by fifty-six. The ceiling is twenty-seven feet high. Adjoining the chapel, and within the tower, is the library. The seating capacity of the chapel is three hundred and fifty. The second part of the building contains the auditorium. The north wall of the auditorium, on account of the diagonal shape of the lot, is thirty-six feet south of the north wall of the front portion of the edifice. The south wall is likewise thirteen feet south of the front south wall. This gives an extreme

outside width of the auditorium at its front of fifty-two feet. The room is slightly cruciform. The outside width of the arm of the cross is sixty-eight feet. The extreme inside measurements of the auditorium are one hundred and seven feet by sixty-three. The narrowest width is forty-six feet. The extreme inside height is forty-five feet. The actual seating capacity is eleven hundred. The room is divided into body and aisles by fourteen columns, with carved capitals from which spring semi-circular arches, supporting a clere-story lighted by twenty-four circular windows. Moulded ribs divide the arched ceiling into compartments. In the center of each severy, at the intersection of the ribs, is a foliage boss, perforated for ventilation. The front of the galleries, on either side, is panelled and kept back from the pillars, leaving the vertical line of the columns unbroken, so as not to mar their unity and effect. The organ gallery is at the west end of the auditorium. The pulpit platform at the east contains the baptistery, with oak screens to hide approach and exit. The desk and sofa are on an elevation above the platform, and, with the chairs, are of richly carved oak. A small lectern, for use during the delivery of the sermon, stands in front on the broad lower platform. The style of architecture is Romanesque, and the mediæval type is throughout rigidly maintained. The church was entirely finished except the tower. When completed, the building will present an appearance surpassed by none in the city. As it is, it shows a massive and beautiful church edifice, having probably the largest actual seating capacity in Hartford, and the unfinished tower, resting on its literal foundation

of rock, silently, patiently waiting for a summons to go up higher.

One of the most efficient organizations connected with the church has always been the Sunday-school. It was organized in 1818, with Dea. Joseph B. Gilbert as its first superintendent. During Dr. Turnbull's pastorate the school took great strides forward under the superintendency of Bro. Willis S. Bronson. Mr. Bronson continued to be superintendent for twenty-seven years, resigning December, 1884. The great mass of recruits to the church came from the school. To the faithful instructions there received, and the earnest personal labors of those who carried the souls of their pupils as burdens on their own hearts, is to be ascribed very largely the numerous conversions with which God has continued to bless us throughout the years of our history.

In the war between the states from 1861 to 1865, the church took a most loyal attitude. Many of her brave boys enlisted in the army, and of these no small number laid down their lives in the battle-field or in the hospital. Each annual letter from the church to the association during these troublous years expressed loyal and fervent hopes for the preservation of the union and the supremacy of the cause of liberty. The records recall more than one case of labor or discipline with some brother who took offence at the straightforward loyal course of Dr. Turnbull in his pulpit ministrations. The offending brother always recognized sooner or later the wrong he had committed, and was warmly and lovingly forgiven.

Mrs. Sarah Fowler, the last survivor of the sixteen constituent members, died May 13th, 1862, at the good

age of ninety-eight, after having been a member of the church without interruption for seventy-two years. Dr. Turnbull resigned his pastorate in the spring of 1869, retiring April 4th. The church presented him with a substantial token of their affection in the shape of a purse containing several thousand dollars. Nine hundred and fifty-eight new members were brought into the church during his ministry of twenty-four years. When his pastorate closed, the church roll contained seven hundred names.

After his resignation, Dr. Turnbull preached for a while in New Haven, laying the foundation of the Calvary Baptist Church there. In 1873 he became Superintendent of Missions for the State Convention, and continued in office until his death. He used to quote the familiar passage of Paul: "Beside these things that are without, that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches." He was so widely useful that his brethren, by common consent, called him the Bishop of Connecticut.

Dr. Turnbull was born in Scotland, September 10th, 1809. He was graduated at Glasgow University, and attended the theological lectures of Chalmers in Edinburgh. He was of Presbyterian parentage, and became a Baptist while studying for the ministry, as a result of his own independent investigation and convictions. Among his published works are the following: "The Genius of Scotland," "The Genius of Italy," "Olympia Morata," "Claims of Jesus," "Theophany of God in Christ," a review of Dr. Bushnell's "God in Christ;" "The Pulpit Orators of France and Switzer-

land," "The Student Preacher," "The World We Live In," "The Christ in History," and "Life Pictures from a Pastor's Note-Book." For two years he was one of the editors of The Christian Review. He died at Hartford November 20th, 1877, and was buried at Spring Grove Cemetery. His funeral occurred in the church. The people who came to pay their respects to his memory filled the great auditorium. As the crowds tenderly passed his body lying in the vestibule the spectacle was truly impressive. Said Dr. Lathrop to a member of the church who still lives, as both stood witnessing the concourse, "What a tribute to character. It isn't his money. He is not the pastor of the church now. But just see the tears they are dropping as they go by." And very impressively he added, "All that a man has is his character." A few years ago a massive granite monument was erected over his grave by those who had sat under his Hartford ministry. Mr. Silas Chapman, Jr., superintended the collection of the funds and the erection of the monument.

PASTORATE OF THE REV. ADONIRAM JUDSON SAGE, D. D.

There was an interim of nearly three years after the resignation of Dr. Turnbull. March 29th, 1871, the church suffered a grave loss in the death of Dea. James G. Bolles. He was baptized by Mr. Eaton, January 24, 1841, and had served the church as deacon for twenty-six years. He was a man of really wide culture, a wise adviser, a devoted Christian and liberal supporter of the good cause. In his will he directed that the church should receive ten thousand dollars from his estate.

April 7th of the same year the church very cordially invited Mrs. H. H. A. Eaton, the widow of a lamented former pastor, the Rev. J. S. Eaton, to become Pastoral Assistant. Mrs. Eaton accepted the appointment, and retained it until May 19th, 1879. During these eight years of invaluable labor she visited the sick, the poor and the young, bringing to them all the tenderest sympathies of a loving woman's heart, and the efficient ministrations of a hand skilled to help. She was brought into contact with the deserving poor, and through her, the church was enabled to dispense its bounty in a way to give needed aid without discouraging self-help. She could bring to the attention of the pastor such special cases as might afford him opportunity for special ministration. And all, those helped and those who through her bestowed help, the people and the pastor, learned to love and highly prize her faithful assistance. Mrs. Eaton died June 10th, 1885, sincerely mourned by a wide circle of friends, many of whom she first met when as a pastor's bride she came to Hartford forty-six years before, and with whom afterwards as Pastor's Assistant she renewed acquaintance in most sacred relations.

July 19th, 1871, the church extended a pastoral call to the Rev. A. J. Sage, then Professor of Latin in the University of Rochester, N. Y. Early in the interim negotiations were had with the pastorate in view, but at that time Dr. Sage felt drawn otherwise. These negotiations reopening, resulted in the call, which was accepted. This, the tenth pastorate of the church, began January 1st, 1872. Dr. Sage entered upon his labors like Dr. Turnbull before him, in the prime of his powers

MRS. SARAH FOWLER.

MRS. HARRIET H. A. EATON.

and in the same year of his age. The church was firmly established in the city, and had grown to importance in the denomination as well. Dr. Sage was a man among the best of men. Everything about him was sterling and finished. Dr. Crane, his friend and neighbor as pastor of the South Church, says of him: "His preaching was uniformly of a high order. He had the genius of taking pains. He was a student, and his sermons were always studied. With labor he joined native good taste, a subtle humor, and a good degree of originality. On the whole, I never heard him preach a sermon which I would not call one of marked excellence. There was no slap-dash about him. He never extemporized. His thought and language smelled of the lamp. As he loved choice books, so he loved choice men. On this account, he had no message for shallow or noisy or bumptious people. In an atmosphere of coarseness he folded his petals." Says an intelligent and thoughtful leader in the church: "In all his pastorate I never heard him preach a single hasty or ill-prepared sermon. He always gave us something." And so the people speak not only of his preaching but of individual sermons which left on their hearts an impression that seemed to be graven or rather woven into the fibre of their being. When Dr. Sage came to Hartford, the theological thinking was in some measure broad and free, if nothing more. But he stood forth in the city as an advocate for evangelical truth, who commanded attention from the representatives of all shades of speculation. He had communed with the truth, and was grounded in it. And this church, while maintaining sympathy with whatever was really the

larger thinking of the times, was safely protected from the shadowy fancies of any new theology. Dr. Sage was a man, the key-note of whose power was far apart from Dr. Turnbull's. Dr. Turnbull rose sometimes on eagle wings. He was first a poet, reverent and evangelical indeed; and afterwards a theologian. Dr. Sage was first a student. His methods were the student's methods. When he spoke he limited his speech by the necessities of truth carefully examined and compared with the things that are written. He had the logical instinct. His building was on rock that stands against storm and tide. Dr. Turnbull spoke truth as it inspired him. Dr. Sage spoke truth as one who had first turned it all over and tested it and therefore could give orderly reason for the things he believed.

Early in Dr. Sage's pastorate commodious rooms for social gatherings, parlor, committee rooms and kitchen, were constructed in the basement of the house of worship, at a cost of about three thousand dollars. In this new feature the new pastor saw substantial opportunity for developing the social relations of the members. A new importance, moreover, was given to the younger members in the work of the church. And long before the great "Christian Endeavor" movement began there was here a full grown and thoroughly efficient Young People's Association, embodying almost every idea in the larger movement which has more recently become national. The new impetus given, and the new place found for the young people, resulted of course in largely increased attendance both in prayer-meetings and the preaching services of the church.

In 1872 preaching was begun in East Hartford. Neighborhood meetings also were held here, as they had been previously held in other portions of the city on the west side of the river. Quite a colony of valuable recruits grew up in East Hartford, the result of this and other movements under the care of the church.

September 28th, 1871, fifty-two persons were dismissed to organize the Windsor Avenue Church. Among these was Mr. H. H. Barbour, the leader of the movement, whose enthusiam and magnetism had secured a prosperous beginning of what was really an important departure. A chapel had been built on Suffield Street, the lot fronting on Windsor Avenue, now North Main Street. The new interest prospered for a time. But losses by death of valuable members, among them Mr. Barbour himself, and other considerations, led to the abandonment of the organization after a seven years' experiment. November 13th, 1879, the First Church voted to purchase the property for five thousand five hundred dollars. December 4th, fifty-seven members, followed later by others, came back with their letters to the mother church. Since that time the field has been a mission of the First Church. A prosperous Sunday-school has been maintained, with prayer-meeting on Friday evenings.

November 1st, 1872, letters were given to fifty-six members of the church to unite with others in organizing the Asylum Avenue Church, a new movement on the "Hill," in the populous and growing west side of the city, a paradise of residences. This colony was more fortunate than the Windsor Avenue interest, and has

since grown to a prosperous church of importance, with large and flattering promise. For nearly twelve years it has enjoyed the pastoral care of the Rev. George M. Stone, D. D., a man rare in spirit, of careful scholarship, wise leadership, and noble pulpit ministrations.

The chapel of the church was renovated in 1873, under the care, almost at the hands of the ladies of the church.

In 1874 the church adopted "The Service Song" for public worship, and has continued to use it through the sixteen years which have since elapsed.

Although the church suffered heavy losses by emigration to the new interests at home, and removals from the city, the accessions continued in a very gratifying and regular way. Twice there was outside assistance in conducting special meetings. In 1878 Messrs. Moody and Sankey, followed by Messrs. Pentecost and Stebbins, held a three months' evangelistic campaign, in which the several churches of Hartford united. Seventy-three were baptized into the fellowship of our church chiefly as a result of this work. In the winter of 1883–4 the Rev. H. P. Smith assisted the pastor in a series of special meetings, resulting in the baptism of some thirty-two. While the number of additions was less than in 1878, the losses likewise were less from wayside hearers and others in whom the good seed seemed not to take deep root.

The parsonage, a neat, commodious and convenient residence, centrally located at No. 102 Ann Street, was purchased by the church April 30th, 1873, at a cost of sixteen thousand dollars. Ten thousand dollars of this amount were the contribution of two honored members

of the church, Messrs. James L. Howard and James G. Batterson.

For three successive years during his pastorate here, Dr. Sage was elected chaplain of the lower house of the State Legislature. In 1874 he delivered the annual sermon before the Christian Association of the University of Rochester. The sermon was well received and published. The topic was "The Misguiding Influence of Pure Intellectualism apart from the Moral Sense, as Seen in the Spirit of the Age." He was invited to deliver, at the next commencement, the annual address before the Alumni Association on "Arnold of Brescia and Liberty." This address was also published. So, too, was Dr. Sage's address at Saratoga before the American Baptist Publication Society on the theme, "The Training Needed by the Baptist Denomination." He was invited to address the Social Union at Boston, and also the Manhattan Social Union of New York. Before the former he spoke on "The Causes of the Decline in the Supply of Candidates for the Ministry;" before the latter on "The Future of Religion in the West." He was President of the Connecticut State Convention, and for thirteen years, as "Silex," the regular correspondent of "The Examiner" of New York. Once or twice Dr. Sage listened to the pleadings of the muse. "The Violin," a poem of forty-five stanzas, appeared in "The Continent," was widely copied, and finally received a place in Stedman's "Library of American Literature." At the death of President Garfield he wrote a hymn, which was sung at several memorial services, and was very well received.

In 1884 he also wrote the following "Easter Hymn":—

Jesus, each drop of precious blood
Reveals thy wondrous grace;
We weep to see thy drooping head,
Thy sorrow-stricken face.
O Calvary! O Lamb of God!
What mystery of grief!
Blest fountain of atoning blood,
The guilty soul's relief!

In death thou'rt mightier than the tomb,
Thou'rt conqueror o'er the grave;
From out the heart of deepest gloom
Thou comest with power to save;
And saints and angels clothed in white,
Above all cloud and storm,
The new creation's holy light
Shines in thy glorious form.

O Jesus, risen and glorified,
Made captive by thy love,
Our hearts with thee are crucified,
With thee to reign above;
O, may thy life within us live,
Thy light within us shine,
The Spirit to our spirits give
The life of love divine.

Accepting a call to a Professorship in the Union Baptist Theological Seminary at Morgan Park, Dr. Sage retired from the pastorate of the church September 1st, 1884.

He was born in Massillon, Ohio, March 29th, 1836, and converted at fourteen years of age, under the preaching of President E. G. Robinson, then pastor of the Ninth Street Baptist Church, Cincinnati, Ohio. Dr. Robinson baptized him in the spring of 1851. He was graduated from the University of Rochester in 1860, and from the

Rochester Theological Seminary three years later. He ministered to the churches at Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts, where he was ordained September, 1863; Strong Place, Brooklyn; the Fourth Church, Philadelphia; and Pierpont Street, Brooklyn. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Rochester in 1872. Five hundred and thirty-three members were brought into the church here during his pastorate. He retired with the respect and the affection and regret of all the church and society.

PASTORATE OF THE REV. LESTER LEWIS POTTER.

With little delay, the pulpit committee united in recommending to the church the young pastor of the First Baptist Church of Springfield, Massachusetts, the Rev. L. L. Potter. February 12th, 1885, the church extended to Mr. Potter a very hearty and unanimous call to the pastorate. The call was accepted, and Mr. Potter began his labors May 1st. He was born at Colebrook, Connecticut, March 30th, 1858, and received his education at the Connecticut Literary Institution in Suffield, and at the University of Rochester, New York. He was baptized at the early age of ten, and licensed to preach by the Baptist Church at Willington when he was sixteen years old. His honored father, the Rev. C. W. Potter, has been an active and useful pastor in our denomination for years.

Mr. Potter found the church ready to welcome him with no little enthusiasm. There was pronounced advance of interest both in the Sunday congregations and at the social meetings. The young pastor had remark-

able social qualities and a graceful and happy way of presenting his pulpit ministrations, clothed in pictures of words, that both engaged attention and gave delight.

In less than six weeks after Mr. Potter's settlement the church was called to lose by death the beloved Mrs. Eaton. In the associational letter special mention is made of her death, which occurred June 10th, 1885.

Early in his pastorate, the entrance-way through the tower to the vestibule, which seemed to be especially adapted to the new purpose, was, at Mr. Potter's suggestion, re-arranged for a pastor's study and very neatly furnished accordingly.

April, 29th, 1886, was the seventieth anniversary of the baptism of a venerable and respected brother, Joseph W. Dimock. In the evening of the day a reception was tendered Brother Dimock at the church. Many friends paid their respects to him, and informal addresses and reminiscences were offered by Brethren Davis, Howard, Smith, Dr. Stone, Mr. Potter, and by Brother Dimock himself. A pretty feature of the pleasant occasion was the presentation by Brother Dimock, through the pastor, of a purse containing seventy dollars in gold, a dollar for each year of his connection with the church, to be used for the poor of the church.

Mr. Potter resigned December 19th, 1887, and closed his labors December 31st. The same harmony throughout the church which marked his coming continued to the end of his pastorate. Eighty-three persons had been welcomed into the fellowship of the church in his two years and eight months of service.

The interim of one year and eleven months following

the close of Mr. Potter's pastorate seemed to develop the hearty loyalty to the church which has been a feature of its history from the first. The Sunday evening meetings of the young people were particularly well maintained. The pulpit was supplied by some of the very best preachers in the denomination; for a long time without any special desire to effect a pastoral settlement. Several were baptized at the hands of a respected fellow-member, the Rev. Albert Guy, who in the evening of his life has retired from a long and useful service in the pulpit, and found a welcome home in the venerable First Church.

THE PRESENT PASTORATE

began November 29th, 1889. Accepting a call extended October 24th, the twelfth pastor found the same loving reception the church has always given to those whom it has called to leadership. Up to July 3d, 1890, fifty-two new members have been welcomed into the church.

Mr. James was born in Philadelphia, July 20th, 1848. He is the son of Professor Charles S. James, Ph. D., who for more than a quarter of a century filled the chair of Mathematics in the University at Lewisburg. He was baptized in his sixteenth year, graduated from the University at Lewisburg, Penna., now Bucknell University, in 1868, and from Crozer Theological Seminary in 1871. After a year of post-graduate study in Germany, he was pastor for ten years at Allentown, Pennsylvania, and for seven years of the First Baptist Church, Germantown, Philadelphia.

Deacon Luther C. Glazier was the efficient superintendent of the Bible-school from 1884 to 1890, when he

was succeeded by Mr. George T. Utley. Mr. Charles E. Bayliss at the same time was chosen secretary in place of Mr. Utley. The school has August 1st, 1890, a total enrollment of 412. Mr. H. M. Twiss is the active and successful superintendent of the Suffield Street Mission, with a total enrollment of 150. In the library of our school there are 1,157 volumes. Mr. Silas Chapman, Jr., is the librarian. He is assisted by a faithful corps of young men. Mr. E. B. Boynton is at present the presiding officer of the Young People's Association. The prayer-meeting of the association is held at half-past six each Sunday evening, and is conducted with both zeal and wisdom.

It may be properly recorded here that some of the young people of the church secured ten dollars in subscriptions of one dime each, and deposited the amount in the "Society for Savings," to bear compound interest at 4 per cent. The deposit is made in the name of the Deacons of the First Baptist Church, in trust, the proceeds to be available only for the expenses attending the celebration of the second centennial of the church. Mr. Fred A. West and Miss Harriet I. Eaton, a daughter of the eighth pastor, were the committee who secured the ten dollars.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF LICENTIATES AND OTHER MINISTERS FROM THIS CHURCH.

LUCIUS BOLLES, D. D.

Lucius Bolles was born in Ashford, Conn., Sept. 25, 1779. He was graduated from Brown University in 1801. He pursued a three years' course of theological study under Dr. Stillman. For twenty-two years from 1805 he was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Salem, Mass. Five hundred and twelve new members were added to the church during his ministry. He was instrumental in securing the organization of the first Foreign Missionary Society, now the Missionary Union. In 1826 he became its first secretary. This position he held for sixteen years. He died January 5, 1844.

DAVID C. BOLLES.

He was born January 14, 1743. In October, 1793, in his fiftieth year, he was ordained. In the early history of the church he frequently supplied its pulpit, and he labored in destitute churches throughout the state. He was the father of three Baptist preachers.

GURDON ROBINS.

He was born February 6, 1786. His father, Ephraim Robins, was a local preacher. Mr. Robins was converted in 1798, and baptized by Mr. Nelson. In 1814 he became

a deacon in the church, and early began to preach. Mr. Robins resided for seven years from 1816, in North Carolina, and was actively identified with the Baptists there. He assisted in reviving the North Carolina Baptist Mission Convention, and was at one time judge of the county court. He was ordained at East Windsor, June 17, 1829, and was pastor at South Windsor for a time, and often supplied churches in different parts of the state after retiring from this pastorate. For five years he was editor of the Christian Secretary. He was active in connection with the State Mission and education work, had a wide acquaintance with the churches, was a judicious counselor and a devout Christian. He died January 2, 1864, in his seventy-eighth year.

FORONDA BESTOR

was born May 14, 1807, in Enfield, and still lives in New Hartford. He was baptized June 10th, 1826, by the Rev. C. P. Grosvenor, licensed to preach during the pastorate of Dr. Sears, and ordained at Seekunk, R. I., January 23, 1833. He was pastor there two years, also at North Stonington five years, Westfield, Mass., three years, Middlefield, Mass., five years, Cheshire six years, North Egremont five years, and at Canton, Conn. His health failing, he came back to the mother church during the pastorate of Dr. Sage. He enjoyed gracious revivals in several of his pastorates, and was permitted to baptize all of his children.

JAMES R. BOISE, D. D., LL. D.

He was born in Blanford, Mass., January 27, 1815, and was of French Huguenot extraction. He was bap-

tized at the age of sixteen, and graduated from Brown University, in the celebrated class of 1840. He became tutor, and afterwards Professor of Ancient Languages at Brown. In 1850 he went to Europe, spending a year in study in Germany and six months in Greece and Italy. In 1852 he became Professor of Greek in the University of Michigan. In 1868 he accepted an invitation to fill a similar chair in the Chicago University. In 1877 he became Professor of New Testament Interpretation in the Baptist Union Theological Seminary at Morgan Park. This chair he still occupies. Dr. Boise is the author of several important classical text-books, and of valuable commentaries on Paul's Epistles. He is a man whose scholarship and influence have given a national reputation.

STEPHEN B. PAGE, D. D.

was born in Fayette, Maine, 1808. He united with this church at eighteen years of age, the first person baptized by Dr. Sears. He was graduated from Waterville University (now Colby) in 1835, and pursued theological studies at Newton until 1839, when he became pastor, for six years, at Massillon, Ohio, where Dr. Sage was born, the future pastor of this church, then being three years old. He also settled four years at Norwalk, Ohio; seven years at the Third Church in Cleveland; also at the Euclid Avenue Church. He was District Secretary for the American Baptist Home Mission Society for Ohio and West Virginia twelve years. He collected over a hundred thousand dollars for Home Mission work, another hundred thousand dollars toward the

endowment of Denison University. He died at Cleveland, Ohio, March 14, 1888.

WILLIAM HODGE.

He was born in Scotland in 1789. He was persecuted for his religious sentiments, and moved to America in 1824, where he united with our church. He frequently exercised his gifts while in this connection, and died in 1832.

J. L. HODGE, D. D.,

son of William Hodge, was born in Scotland September 5, 1812. In 1831 he became a member of this church. In 1835 he was ordained at the First Church in Suffield. From Suffield he moved to Brooklyn, becoming pastor of the First Baptist Church in that city. After a long pastorate, he founded the Washington Avenue Baptist Church, becoming pastor of the new interest. He had also a pastorate in Newark, N. J. In 1864 he became pastor of the Mariners' Church of New York, a position which he held until age constrained him to retire.

LESTER LEWIS.

He was born in Suffield October 15, 1817. He was baptized by Dr. Jackson in 1838, and studied at Suffield. He was ordained in Agawam, Mass., in 1840, and was subsequently pastor of the church in Bristol. In 1853 he accepted a call to the church at Middletown, where he died in the maturity of manhood, in the midst of a glorious revival, February 7, 1858. He was greatly be-

loved, and was often called to aid pastors in the time of revivals.

ELISHA CUSHMAN, JR.

He was born at Hartford July 4, 1813. In early life he was a printer, associated with Mr. Canfield, then publisher of the Christian Secretary, and also with Mr. Isaac E. Bolles, of the Northern Courier. In 1839, at the age of twenty-six, Mr. Cushman was converted, and united with our church. In 1840 he was licensed to preach. He became pastor of the church in Willington, where he remained for five years, seventy-one members being added to the church. In April, 1847, he accepted a call to the church in Deep River, where he remained for twelve years. His pastorate there was singularly successful. In 1859 he became pastor at West Hartford, where he remained until 1862. He then assumed charge of the Christian Secretary, and retained it until his death, January 4, 1876. He was a preacher of real power, a man of deep piety, self-possessed under all circumstances, and pervaded with genuine affection. His widow, Mrs. Frances Cushman, survives him, and is now an active and useful member of this church.

WILLIAM C. WALKER.

He was born in Warwick, R. I., December 24th, 1818, converted at fourteen years of age, and baptized at Westerly in 1837. He subsequently moved to Hartford and became a member of this church. In 1841 he entered upon a four years' course of study for the ministry; was ordained and became pastor of the Groton

Church 1845. After a successful pastorate here of four years and another of six and a half years at Willington, he became pastor of the Church at Putnam. Here he remained until 1864 and had a wonderful success. He then entered the army as chaplain, and was afterwards for more than six years pastor at New Britain. The settlement here was one of continuous revival. The present house of worship was erected during his pastorate there. In 1871 he became the Sunday-school Missionary of the State. In this position he remained for many years doing valiant work, which endeared him all over the state. He was a brave soldier, an ardent abolitionist, friend of the mission cause and of temperance reform. He died October, 1886.

DANIEL J. GLAZIER.

He was born April 11, 1828, at Willington. He was graduated from Brown University in 1851, and entered upon the study of law in Hartford. Soon thereafter he was converted, and united with our church. He began to prepare for the ministry, entering upon a course of study at Newton. He died March 19, 1855, in the last year of his course, after having been called to a pastorate in Fall River, Mass. In his death a life of surpassing promise was brought to a mysterious close.

SAMUEL M. WHITING.

He was born in Sutton, Mass., June 25, 1825, and removed to Hartford in 1839. He was converted at fifteen, and baptized by Mr. Eaton soon after. He was

graduated from Trinity College, Hartford, in 1846, and from Newton Theological Institution in 1850; ordained May 8, 1850, at Hartford; and married to Miss Mary Flint of this city. In June following, they sailed as missionaries for Assam, India. His missionary service in India covered a decade remarkable for the enlargement of missionary operations. He translated large portions of the Old Testament from Hebrew into Assamese. For four years he took charge of the printing establishment, and for two years he had the whole charge of the mission at Sibsagor. He did a great work for Assam. Returning to this country on account of Mrs. Whiting's health in 1861; for seven years he was pastor of the church in Colchester, Vt.; for four years in Windsor, Vt.; and finally at Fair Haven, Conn. The church there owes to him, under God, almost its very existence. He built their present church edifice, a monument of his fidelity. His failing health compelled his retirement. He removed to New Haven, and there died February 21, 1878.

JEREMIAH ASHER.

He was born in Branford October 13, 1812. His parents were natives of Africa. He became pastor of a church in Providence, and afterwards of the Shiloh Baptist Church in Philadelphia. During the war he was chaplin of a colored regiment in the Northern army.

JULIUS BOND.

He was born November 21, 1828, in Canterbury. He was graduated from Brown University in 1856. He

was never ordained, but statedly supplied the church in Southington several months, then a church in Illinois, and has supplied other churches occasionally. He now lives in Plantsville, where he has been an active and useful member of the church in that place since it was established. Mr. Bond is a brother of the excellent literary editor of the Christian Secretary, the Rev. E. P. Bond.

EDWARD M. JEROME.

He was born in Bristol June 15, 1826; was graduated from Yale in 1850; baptized by Dr. Turnbull in 1856; and became pastor at Northampton, Mass., West Meriden, Conn., and Westfield, Mass. He served as Sunday-school Missionary of the State Convention, and has been engaged in editorial work. He is at present editor and proprietor of the Shore Lines Times, of New Haven.

HENRY E. ROBINS, D. D., LL. D.

was born in Hartford, and is a son of the Rev. Gurdon Robins. He was ordained December 6, 1861; was pastor of the Central Baptist Church in Newport, R. I., for five years, and at Rochester, N. Y., for six years. While at Newport he was associated with Dr. Jackson until the death of the latter. He was President of Colby University from 1873, for several years, where he did an important work. He is now Professor in the Rochester Theological Seminary. Feeble health has restrained him from appearing often in public of late years. He has been one of the gifted and eloquent preachers in the denomination. His excellent sister, Mrs. Caroline Turney, the widow of the late Rev. Dr. Edmund Turney, at

one time pastor of the South Church, is now a faithful member of this church. Dr. Robins was invited to deliver an address at the centennial celebration. His health prevented his coming in person, but did not prevent his sending the excellent address, which was read by Dr. Stone. The address will be found on page 105.

JAMES HOPE ARTHUR.

He was born in Hartford May 27, 1842; was graduated from Brown University in 1870, and from Newton in 1873. He was ordained in Hartford in June, 1873. In the fall of the same year he sailed for Japan, locating as a missionary at Yokohama, and later at Tokio. Ill health compelled him to return home in 1877. He reached San Francisco in June, and died in December. He was an earnest Christian, a laborious missionary, and gave promise of great usefulness. He gathered a church of twenty members at Tokio.

JOSEPH H. MATHER

was born at Deep River, October 26th, 1822; converted at nine years of age and welcomed into the church. His testimony, given soon after his conversion, resulted in the conversion of a thoughtless and hardened young man, who afterwards entered the ministry. Mr. Mather studied at Suffield, Brown University and Newton. Ill health prevented his graduation at college, shortened his ministerial life, and obliged him to go into business. He died in 1853, but thirty-one years of age. His widow, Mrs. Rachel C. Mather, established the Mather Industrial School for colored people at Beaufort, S. C., and still conducts it with success. Mr. Mather was a

man of excellent Christian character and highly respected. He was connected with this church for some years.

HALSEY W. KNAPP, D. D.,

son of the Rev. Henry R. Knapp, was born in New York, October 31st, 1824; entered Suffield in 1837; in 1840 engaged in business with the Rev. Gurdon Robins at Hartford; was converted during the great revival under Elder Knapp, largely through the personal labor of Mrs. Caroline Turney. He was baptized by Mr. Eaton. He was early drawn toward the ministry. Although silent about his convictions, was advised by Deacon Gilbert to return to school and prepare to preach. Shrinking from dependence on others for an education, he declined. Coldness and backsliding followed. In 1857 he yielded to the call, and began work at Hudson City, N. J., with a church of sixteen members. He founded a Baptist Church at West Farms, N. Y., returning to his first church, built the meeting-house, and remained seven years; then settled with the South Baptist Church, then with the Pilgrim Baptist Church, both in New York City. In 1871 he took the old field of the Laight Street Church. Here great revivals were given and very many souls saved. This church he merged into the old Macdougal Street Church. After fourteen years he resigned, and is now pastor of the Central Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dr. Knapp has always been in business and is now.

HEMAN H. BARBOUR

was born June 22d, 1850, and united with this church in

March, 1859. He studied law with his father, Judge Barbour, and aftewards practiced his profession at New Britain. The conversion of his young son was the occasion of the quickening of his religious life and his entrance into the ministry. He was ordained in the fall of 1880 and settled with the North Baptist Church of Newark, N. J. He remained there six years, and then became pastor of the North Baptist Church of Camden, N. J., for a year and a half. Since the spring of 1888 he has been the pastor of the Belden Avenue Baptist Church, Chicago.

THOMAS S. BARBOUR

was born July 28th, 1853, and united with this church May 1st, 1864. He was graduated from Brown University in 1874 and the Rochester Theological Seminary in 1877. He was pastor at Brockport, N. Y., for four years, North Orange, N. J., two years, and since October, 1883, of the First Baptist Church, Fall River, Mass., where he still labors with great acceptance. While at Brockport he had the pleasure of baptizing his three brothers, William H., Clarence A. and John B. The second is now a member of the senior class of the Rochester Theological Seminary, and the former is about to enter the seminary with the ministry in view. Mr. Barbour was invited to deliver an address at the centennial anniversary of the church. Accepting the invitation, he was present, and spoke with great interest to all. His address may be found on page 94 of this volume. Mr. Barbour, as this sketch goes to press, is

on his way to visit Palestine, in company with the Rev. Byron A. Woods of Philadelphia, the Rev. J. K. Wilson of Taunton, Mass., and the Rev. G. C. Baldwin, Jr., of Springfield.

WILLIAM WARD WEST

is the youngest child of the church in the ministry. He was born in this city, July 11th, 1858. He was converted at sixteen years of age, and baptized by Dr. Sage February 27th, 1876. He at once became an active Christian, and in 1879 began a course of study preparatory to entering the ministry. He took the honors of his class at Suffield, studied at the University of Rochester, at the Hartford Theological Seminary, and graduated in 1889 from the Rochester Theological Seminary. His ten years' course of study was partially interrupted by his own labors to secure the funds needed for his education. During his course he supplied the church at Tariffville for two years. In the fall of 1889 he became Assistant Pastor of the Fourth Avenue Church at Pittsburg. In eight months the Oakland mission in his care was organized as a church with forty members. This young church he still serves with great success. He was married October 9th, 1889, to Miss Jennie E. Sanford of New Hartford. By an inadvertence Mr. West's letter to the church at the centennial celebration was omitted.

OTHER NAMES.

It has been impossible to secure biographical sketches of all who have gone from the church into the ministry.

The following list contains the names of some, if not all, of the others.

JOSEPH JEFFERY,
PETER EASTON,
S. B. RANDALL,
S. L. BRONSON,
R. H. BOWLES,
G. W. PENDLETON,
BENJAMIN GOWER,
RALPH H. MAINE,
JOHN CLAPP,
D. R. LUMSDIN,
JOHN JENNINGS,
WILLIAM BRONSON,
E. H. BRONSON,
W. C. MUNROE,
M. C. THWING,
OTIS SAXTON.

DEACONS OF THE CHURCH.

John Bolles, chosen 1790 ; died March, 1830.
Samuel Beckwith, chosen 1790 ; died September, 1833.
Gurdon Robins, chosen January 20th, 1814 ; resigned October 5th, 1817.
Joseph B. Gilbert, chosen October 5th, 1817 ; died June 2d, 1857.
Jeremiah Brown, chosen March, 1822 ; died August 15th, 1851.
Waterman Roberts, chosen April 23d, 1830 ; resigned October 17th, 1834.
Philemon Canfield, chosen May 27th, 1836 ; resigned July, 1842.
Aaron Clapp, chosen May 27th, 1836 ; removed March 3d, 1844.
Chauncy G. Smith, chosen July 22, 1842.
James G. Bolles, chosen February 3d, 1845 ; died March 29th, 1871.
John Braddock, chosen January 26th, 1852 ; died April 11th, 1871.
James L. Howard, chosen January 26th, 1857.
William Wallace, chosen March 4th, 1870 ; died July 10th, 1881.
Charles B. Canfield, chosen March 4th, 1870.
Gustavus F. Davis, chosen September 29th, 1881.
Luther C. Glazier, chosen November 6th, 1881.
Rush P. Chapman, chosen November 6th, 1881.
Carnot O. Spencer, chosen October 3d, 1889.

CLERKS OF THE CHURCH.

Luther Savage, from April 4th, 1790, to February 17th, 1809.
Gurdon Robins, from February 17th, 1809, to October 5th, 1817.
Edward Bolles, from October 5th, 1817, to September, 1822.
Jeremiah Brown, from September, 1822, to August 25th, 1825.
Gurdon Robins, from August 25th, 1825, to February 3d, 1827.
Albert Day, from February 3d, 1827, to May 30th, 1834.
Joseph W. Dimock, from May 30th, 1834, to January 12th, 1852.
Henry E. Robins, from January 12th, 1852, to December 2d, 1853.
Heman H. Babour, from December 2d, 1853, to October 30th, 1857.
Daniel D. Erving, from October 30th, 1857, to September 10th, 1866.
F. B. Eustis, from September 10th, 1866, to April 1st, 1880.
Chester G. Munyan, from April 1st. 1880.

GURDON ROBINS

JOSEPH B. GILBERT.

JEREMIAH BROWN.

JOHN BOLLES.

PHILEMON CANFIELD.

JAMES G. BOLLES.

JOHN BRADDOCK.

EARLY OFFICERS.

Roll of Membership.

PRESENT OFFICERS OF THE CHURCH.

PASTOR:

The Rev. J. S. James.—Residence, 102 Ann Street.

DEACONS:

Chauncy G. Smith,
James L. Howard,
Gustavus F. Davis,
Luther C. Glazier,
Rush P. Chapman,
Carnot O. Spencer.

CLERK:

Chester G. Munyan.

TREASURER:

Chauncy G. Smith.

THE CHURCH COMMITTEE.

In addition to the Pastor, Deacons, and Clerk, the following:—

J. W. Dimock,	F. A. Chapin,	A. J. Pruden,
W. S. Bronson,	W. O. Carpenter,	W. C. Bolles,
John Sloan,	Albert Guy,	A. S. Bailey,
W. B. Clark,	G. T. Utley,	J. G. Burnet.

THE SOCIETY'S COMMITTEE:

Carnot O. Spencer, Chairman; Silas Chapman, Jr., Clerk;
W. O. Carpenter, C. H. Emmons, W. C. Bolles, W. B. Clark.

ROLL OF MEMBERSHIP.

Adams, Jane J., widow of F. D.	140 Maple Ave.	B. May 5, 1848
Adams, William J.	80 Church	B. Jan. 5, 1868
Adams, Emily A.	"	B. May 2, 1858
Allardyce, Charles B.	28 Center	L. June 1, 1882
Allardyce, Catharine	"	L. June 1, 1882
Allen, Ada, widow of Edward	559 Main	L. Nov. 29, 1878
Allen, Mary A., widow of Wm. G.	Chicago, Ill.	L. Jan. 4, 1850
Allis, Miss Frances M.	90 Edwards	L. Sep. 5, 1886
Alpress, H. W., widow of G. L.	39 Chestnut	B. Mar. 7, 1841
Andrews, Wales L.	Elmwood	L. July 7, 1868
Andrews, Elizab'h, widow of Lyman	98 Edwards	B. Mar. 7, 1841
Annis, Caroline H., wife of B. H.	Tylerville	B. July 4, 1858
Arnold, Frances M., wife of G. W.	Springfield, Mass.	B. Mar. 3, 1878
Arthur, Louisa, widow of James G.	54 Chestnut	B. May 20, 1855
Ashwell, Miss Elizabeth S.	W. Rocky Hill	L. Sep. 28, 1882
Aston, Della F. (Taylor), wife of William	Milford	L. June 3, 1880
Atwood, Mary R., wife of T. W.	Richm'd City, Wis.	L. Aug. 7, 1864
Babcock, Caroline, wife of A. W.	East Hartford	B. Apr. 4, 1873
Bailey, Asher S.	East Hartford	B. Apr. 7, 1878
Bailey, Hannah E., wife of Charles	1043 Main	L. May 10, 1852
Barker, Charles S. W.	26 Belden	B. Jan. 22, 1865
Barker, Ludlow	Farmington Ave.	L. Apr. 2, 1852
Barker, William E.	56 Asylum	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Barker, Lizzie B.	"	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Barnes, George C.	29 Spring	B. Mar. 28, 1858
Barnum, Miss Belle M.	25 1-2 Florence	L. June 30, 1887
Barrows, Miss Nellie M.	190 Sisson Ave.	L. Feb. 3, 1881
Bartlett, James B.	24 Belden	L. Nov. 29, 1872
Batterson, James G.	1 Vine	L. Sep. 7, 1845
Batterson, James G., Jr.	New York City	B. Apr. 7, 1878
Bayliss, Charles E.	30 Vernon	B. Apr. 21, 1878
Bayliss, Eunice W. (Brown)	"	B. Oct. 24, 1886
Bayliss, James E.	129 Trumbull	B. May 5, 1878
Bayliss, Isadore E.	"	B. May 5, 1878
Beardsley, Anna G., wife of B. F.	90 Edwards	L. Sep. 5, 1886
Beardsley, Miss Mary A.	90 Edwards	L. Sep. 5, 1886
Beardsley, Guy E.	90 Edwards	B. Jan. 1, 1888
Beeman, William M.	10 Avon	L. Jan. 31, 1867
Beeman, Mary A.	"	B. Apr. 6, 1876
Behner, F. Edward	22 Walnut	B. Apr. 2, 1876
Behner, Ella M. (Shumway)	"	B. Mar. 19, 1876

Belcher, Eliza A., widow of John	New London	B. Oct. 22, 1837
Belcher, Mary E., wife of R. S.	Buckland	B. Apr. 2, 1876
Belknap, Miss Rosella	179 Albany Ave.	B. Apr. 4, 1858
Bennett, Alice (Howard), wife of E. B.	67 Collins	B. Dec. 5, 1858
Berry, Anna F., widow of Benj.	107 Hungerford	B. Dec. 6, 1857
Bestor, Foronda	New Hartford	L. Nov. 4, 1872
Bestor, L. (Merritt), wife of S. J.	80 Buckingham	B. Mar. 14, 1852
Bidwell, Frank L.	Manchester	L. June 28, 1877
Bissell, Miss Emma L.	Windsor	B. Apr. 23, 1876
Bliss, Emeline, wife of Edward	54 Sumner	B. Feb. 4, 1872
Bolles, Enoch	Ashford	B. Mar. 5, 1865
Bolles, George J.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	B. Mar. 30, 1884
Bolles, Herman L.	12 Village	B. Nov. 6, 1887
Bolles, Jane, widow of E. J.	10 Goodman Place	B. Apr. 2, 1852
Bolles, Miss Jennie J.	12 Village	B. Apr. 6, 1884
Bolles, Wm. C.	12 Village	B. Apr. 2, 1852
Bolles, Harriet E. (Payne)	"	L. May 29, 1873
Bonner, John D.	88 Fairmount	L. June 4, 1881
Bonner, Violet (Marsh)	"	B. May 4, 1881
Bowers, Miss Ellen M.	180 High	B. Jan. 5, 1868
Boynton, Miss Ada	38 Williams	B. June 5, 1887
Boynton, Edward B.	38 Williams	B. Mar. 30, 1884
Boynton, Jennie P. (Sloane)	"	B. Feb. 27, 1881
Boynton, Miss Ella L.	38 Williams	L. May 1, 1879
Boynton, Geo. H.	Wallingford	B. Mar. 30, 1884
Boynton, Henry M.	38 Williams	L. May 1, 1879
Braddock, Miss Annie	13 Capitol Ave.	B. Jan. 17, 1841
Bradstreet, F. A., wife of G. W.	Roylston, Vt.	B. Jan. 1, 1865
Brewer, Alice M., wife of Janeway	East Hartford	E. Oct. 5, 1866
Brewer, Miss Carrie E.	29 Pratt	B. Dec. 22, 1889
Brewer, C. A., widow of F. A.	29 Pratt	B. Mar. 2, 1862
Brewster, Alfred L.	26 Goodwin	B. June 4, 1881
Brewster, Mary E., widow of N. D.	26 Goodwin	L. Apr. 6, 1873
Brewster, Sarah E., wife of H. T.	41 Windsor	B. May 2, 1852
Broadus, S. S.	Louisville, Ky.	L. Oct. 31, 1889
Bronson, Miss Emma L.	106 Ann	B. June 5, 1864
Bronson, Willis S.	106 Ann	B. Mar. 4, 1842
Bronson, Sarah A. (Winslow)	"	B. Dec. 1, 1842
Brown, Miss Abbie C.	36 Bond	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Brown, Elmer E.	Rocky Hill	B. Apr. 2, 1876
Brown, Miss Mary E.	472 Main	B. May 20, 1838
Brown, Robert	Providence, R. I.	E. Dec. 25, 1878
Brown, William A.	Rocky Hill	L. Aug. 31, 1866
Brown, Margaret G.	"	L. Aug. 31, 1866
Buckley, Wm. O., Jr.	312 Asylum	B. Oct. 25, 1885
Buckley, Nellie A.	"	L. Oct. 29, 1885
Bulkeley, Miss Bertha	8 Belden	B. Feb. 23, 1890
Bullock, Mary O., wife of Jos. B.	154 Main	B. Jan. 5, 1868

Burdick, Rollin D.	12 Canton	B. June 6, 1858
Burdick, Sarah J. (Glazier)	"	B. Apr. 5, 1863
Burnet, James G.	110 Hopkins	L. Jan. 30, 1879
Burnet, Carrie M.	"	B. Feb. 2, 1879
Butman, Ransom T.	57 Farmington	L. Feb. 27, 1890
Cadwell, Amelia H., wife of J. M.	James Street	B. Nov. 4, 1866
Cairnes, Elizabeth, wife of Joseph	17 Canton	L. Aug. 30, 1878
Callender, Mary G., widow of Lewis	129 Trumbull	B. Apr. 1, 1838
Campbell, H. M., wife of A. C.	206 Asylum	B. Mar. 14, 1858
Canfield, Miss Ellen A.	116 Main	B. Jan. 4, 1852
Carpenter, Miss Cora	Burnside	B. June 5, 1887
Carpenter, Fred H.	2 East	B. Apr. 27, 1884
Carpenter, Julia A. (Case)	"	L. July 1, 1886
Carpenter, Frederick H.	Burnside	L. May 1, 1879
Carpenter, Anna	"	L. May 1, 1879
Carpenter, Ira	Burnside	L. Nov. 29, 1878
Carpenter, Lucy A.	"	L. Nov. 29, 1878
Carpenter, William O.	12 Belden	B. June 1, 1884
Carpenter, Helen L.	"	E. July 3, 1884
Carman, George G.	38 Church	R. Jan. 28, 1886
Carman, Nancy E.	"	L. Apr. 5, 1850
Carrier, David H.	Glastonbury	B. Nov. 2, 1856
Carrier, Mary J.	"	L. June 3, 1859
Case, Horace J.	49 Bellevue	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Case, Laura A., wife of H. O.	591 Main	B. July 4, 1858
Case, Miss Mabel D.	591 Main	B. Feb. 23, 1890
Chadwick, Hattie W. (Waghorn), wife of Elliot	S. Hampton, L. I.	L. July 3, 1884
Chamberlain, C. W.	1478 Broad	L. May 29, 1890
Chapin, Francis A.	85 Jefferson	L. Jan. 5, 1879
Chapin, Jane P.	"	L. Jan. 5, 1879
Chapin, Miss Florence E.	85 Jefferson	L. Jan. 5, 1879
Chapin, Miss Laura	85 Jefferson	B. Feb. 27, 1881
Chapin, Miss Mary L.	85 Jefferson	L. Jan. 5, 1879
Chapman, Dwight	34 Morgan	B. Mar. 6, 1887
Chapman, Adeline, widow of S. E.	30 Washington	B. Feb. 25, 1838
Chapman, Frederick S.	113 Edwards	B. Jan. 1, 1888
Chapman, James O.	22 Belden	B. Apr. 7, 1878
Chapman, Nancy T.	"	E. May 4, 1876
Chapman, Maria F., widow of Silas	911 Main	B. Mar. 4, 1838
Chapman, Rush P.	113 Edwards	L. Oct. 29, 1874
Chapman, Addie E.	"	L, Oct. 29, 1874
Chapman, Silas, Jr.	911 Main	B. May 17, 1874
Chapman, Julia A.	"	B. May 17, 1874
Chapman, Sophia, wife of Adelbert	559 Main	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Charter, Miss Lena E.	88 Wooster	B. Apr. 6, 1884
Charter, Oliver E.	88 Wooster	B. Jan. 26, 1890

Church, J. M.(Chalker), wife of H. B.	Bridgeport	B. Mar. 3, 1878
Clapp, Nellie L., wife of Cyrus C.	26 Church	L. Mar. 2, 1876
Clark, Alice B., wife of Oliver	Wapping	B. June 22, 1865
Clark, Emily J., widow of A. N.	13 Capitol Avenue	B. Jan. 17, 1841
Clark, Emma (Haub), wife of H. D.	19 Morgan	B. Mar. 28, 1886
Clark, George N.	13 Capitol Avenue	B. Apr. 4, 1873
Clark, Nellie R.(Crosby) wife of E.D.	181 Babcock	B. Mar. 27, 1881
Clark, William B.	268 Farmington	B. Jan. 3, 1858
Clay, George	Putnam	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Clay, Anna	"	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Clay, William	68 Clark	L. Nov. 2, 1882
Clay, Hannah	"	L. Nov. 2, 1882
Clough, Miss Emma J.	405 Main	L. June 4, 1885
Coleman, Fannie E., wife of A. H.	778 Main	B. Nov. 3, 1867
Cook, Edward W., Jr.	905 Main	B. July 7, 1884
Cook, Miss Lucinda A.	916 Main	B. Mar. 2, 1862
Cook, Lucy A., widow of John	85 Clark	B. Dec. 4, 1864
Cooley, Sarah, widow of Almon	684 Main	E. Mar. 31, 1876
Cooper, H. (Wright), wife of W. F.	103 Jefferson	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Cornwall, Jessie L., wife of Geo. I.	Buffalo, N. Y.	B. Apr. 7, 1878
Crosby, Albert H.	112 Hungerford	B. Apr. 13, 1881
Crosby, George E.	112 Hungerford	B. Mar. 27, 1881
Crosby, Clara J.	"	L. Nov. 29, 1872
Crosby, Miss Mary E.	106 Trumbull	B. Mar. 24, 1878
Crosby, Albert W.	19 Seyms	B. Feb. 6, 1887
Crosby, Miss Carrie May	112 Hungerford	B. Jan. 26, 1890
Crowell, John W.	455 Garden	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Crowell, Amelia A.	"	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Cummings, Miss Ida L.	2 Bellevue	B. Dec. 22, 1889
Curtis, E. C. B., wife of G. W.	230 Main	L. Jan. 16, 1890
Cushman, F. V., widow of Elisha	43 Chestnut	L. June 3, 1870
Daniels, Charles B.	926 Main	L. Apr. 28, 1881
Daniels, Jane H.	"	L. Jan. 7, 1883
Daniels, Lillian M., wife of Wm. N.	Winthrop	B. Mar. 24, 1878
Darlin, Parker L.	East Hartford	B. May 5, 1878
Dart, Mary P., wife of Charles	325 Asylum	L. July 3, 1890
Davis, Gustavus F.	129 Washington	B. Mar. 24, 1833
Davis, Lucy T.	"	B. Mar. 30, 1834
Davis, Joseph S.	46 Wooster	L. Mar. 29, 1883
Davis, Frances L.	"	L. Mar. 29, 1883
Davis, Josephine, wife of I. B.	183 High	L. Sep. 6, 1867
Delahanty, H. A., wife of John J.	75 Pleasant	L. Mar. 4, 1877
Dickinson, Carrie E., wife of E. M.	218 Main	B. Apr. 7, 1878
Dickinson, Franklin P.	Philadelphia	B. Dec. 4, 1871
Dimock, Joseph W.	204 High	B. Apr. 28, 1816
Dow, Annie, wife of D. H.	943 Main	B. Apr. 7, 1878
Drake, Nathan F.	805 Main	B. Feb. 28, 1841

Dubes, Miss Mary	352 Main	L. Nov. 4, 1886
Duley, Julia E., wife of J. E.	80 Church	E. June 4, 1858
Dunham, Mrs. Amelia F.	186 Collins	L. Nov. 5, 1882
Dustin, Loraine (King), wife of C. E.	519 Farmington	B. Feb. 19, 1865
Eaton, Miss Harriet Isabel	58 Church	L. Feb. 29, 1872
Edwards, Miss Florence G.	70 Edwards	B. May 4, 1884
Edwards, Herbert C.	70 Edwards	B. Feb. 23, 1890
Edwards, Irad	15 East	B. July 5, 1844
Edwards, Nellie G., wife of C. W. B.	70 Edwards	E. Feb. 1, 1872
Emmons, Miss Alice M.	207 Collins	B. Mar. 16, 1890
Emmons, Charles H.	207 Collins	B. Aug. 6, 1872
Emmons, Eunice H.	"	L. July 2, 1885
Erving, Henry W.	Prospect Avenue	B. May 1, 1864
Erving, Mary E.	"	B. May 7, 1876
Erving, William A.	Prospect Avenue	B. May 1, 1864
Estlow, Elizabeth, widow of Alfred	154 Main	B. Feb. 5, 1865
Eustis, Amelia S., widow of O.	472 Main	L. Feb. 29, 1872
Eustis, Francis B.	Mobile, Ala.	B. July 3, 1864
Evans, L. V. (Marsh), wife of A. F.	31 Trumbull	B. April 1, 1883
Fairfield, Miss Clara E.	432 Main	L. Mar. 13, 1890
Fairfield, Edmund J.	207 Sigourney	L. Feb. 4, 1886
Fairfield, Isabella E., wife of J. M.	207 Sigourney	L. Feb. 4, 1886
Farwell, Asa J.	Boston, Mass.	B. April 2, 1876
Faxon, Edward R.	237 Lawrence	B. April 2, 1865
Ferguson, Janette, wife of R. W.	30 Center	L. July 3, 1884
Fields, Miss Esther	31 Wooster	E. Feb. 2, 1888
Fiske, Narcissa A., wife of F. B.	New Haven	L. Dec. 2, 1886
Fisher, Charles A.	838 Main	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Fisher, Charles F.	3 Center	L. April 5, 1868
Fitch, Miss Cornelia A.	21 Albany	B. Feb. 5, 1865
Fitch, Frederick L.	17 Chestnut	L. June 1, 1879
Fitch, Fannie L.	"	L. June 1, 1879
Fitch, Irving D.	134 Albany	E. May 3, 1883
Flint, Benjamin F.	135 Capen	E. May 3, 1883
Flint, Jennie F.	"	E. May 3, 1883
Foote, C. F., widow of Lewis	850 Main	L. Oct. 5, 1862
Ford, Miss Mary E.	78 Clark	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Ford, Miss Sarah	78 Clark	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Ford, William	78 Clark	L. Aug. 30, 1878
Ford, Ellen	"	L. Aug. 30, 1878
Foster, Mrs. Estelle M. (Pebbles)	East Hartford	B. May 17, 1874
French, Joseph	20 Hudson	B. Sep. 5, 1852
Frost, Henry D.	90 Wooster	L. Jan. 4, 1889
Frost, Abbie B.	"	L. Jan. 4, 1889
Frost, Miss Hattie L.	90 Wooster	L. Jan. 4, 1889
Fuller, Miss Alice S.	19 Vernon	B. May 1, 1884
Francis, F. I. (Miller), wife of J. W.	Wethersfield	B. July 3, 1887

Gabriel, John	202 Barbour	E. Dec. 30, 1873
Gabriel, Louisa	"	B. Mar. 2, 1875
Gardner, M. C., widow of W. H.	24 Trumbull	B. Apr. 2, 1865
Gardner, G. A. (Clark), wife of J. E.	502 Main	B. June 1, 1884
Glazier, Miss Alice B.	212 Collins	B. Apr. 21, 1886
Glazier, Charles M.	67 Edwards	B. Apr. 21, 1878
Glazier, Clara M., widow of Issac	67 Edwards	L. Apr. 4, 1861
Glazier, Daniel J.	Middletown	B. Apr. 21, 1878
Glazier, Luther C.	212 Collins	B. Apr. 5, 1863
Glazier, Ella B. (Brewer)	"	B. Apr. 2, 1876
Gleason, Ann L., widow of Nelson	868 Main	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Godsoe, John E.	Winsted	L. Apr. 4, 1878
Godsoe, Rebecca	"	L. Oct. 4, 1877
Goodman, A. A., wife of D. A.	San Jose, Cal.	B. July 10, 1853
Goodman, Charles S.	Oakland, Cal.	L. Mar. 2, 1882
Goodman, Ella	"	L. Feb. 28, 1884
Gordon, M. S. (Alling), wife of A. M.	Plymouth	B. Feb. 6, 1887
Gregg, Alice L., wife of G. W.	165 Capen	B. Apr. 23, 1876
Green, Sarah C., wife of George C.	21 Grand	E. Jan. 30, 1890
Griswold, Cynthia, widow of Ogden	6 Belden	B. Apr. 29, 1838
Griswold, Eliza A., widow of Caleb	916 Main	B. Nov. 4, 1868
Griswold, Miss Elizabeth C.	6 Belden	B. Apr. 2, 1848
Griswold, Miss Isabella L.	6 Belden	B. May 2, 1858
Guy, Albert	90 Edwards	L. Sep. 5, 1886
Guy, Amelia B.	"	L. Sep. 5, 1886
Habenstein, Edward	119 Wethersfield	B. Mar. 5, 1865
Habenstein, Adelia A.	"	L. Aug. 30, 1867
Hale, Lizzie B., wife of E. J.	2 Linden Place	B. Jan. 1, 1865
Hale, Lucretia M., widow of Junius	2 Linden Place	B. Feb. 28, 1845
Hale, Effie L.	2 Linden Place	B. Mar. 30, 1890
Hamilton, D. E. (Cairns) wife of R. W.	Memphis, Tenn.	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Hanson, E. J. (Whitney) wife of W. D.	44 Wooster	B. June 2, 1878
Harding, George B.	225 High	B. Mar. 30, 1884
Harmon, Philip S.	New York City	B. June 4, 1882
Harrington, G. B. (Case) wife of E. F.	56 Capitol Avenue	B. Mar. 30, 1884
Harrington, William H.	72 Hopkins	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Harrison, A. M.	New London	L. Feb. 13, 1890
Harrison, Mary L.	"	L. Apr. 3, 1890
Harwood, Kate W., wife of F. A.	22 Williams	L. Nov. 4, 1886
Hatch, Mabel L., wife of C. B.	693 Main	L. Nov. 29, 1889
Haynes, Blanche F., wife of A. S.	83 Buckingham	L. Feb. 4, 1886
Haynes, Miss Jennie E.	83 Buckingham	B. Dec. 22, 1889
Hazen, Miss Eliza C.	58 Church	B. Oct. 24, 1886
Heddrick, William	40 Fairmount	B. Mar. 30, 1884
Heintz, Anna, wife of Philip	57 Wooster	L. June 4, 1881
Heintz, Miss Lena E.	57 Wooster	B. Feb. 9, 1890

Hempstead, Jennie M., wife of L.	309 Main	B. Jan. 1, 1865
Hickmott, Lillie F., (Palmer) wife of Geo. F.	Newton, Mass.	B. Jan. 9, 1881
Higley, Sarah A., widow of Lyman O.	432 Main	L. Sep. 1, 1887
Hill, Helen L., widow of J. T.	54 Barbour	L. Apr. 6, 1879
Hill, Howard	Windsor Road	L. Jan. 29, 1880
Hill, Miss Mary	54 Barbour	B. Jan. 31, 1886
Hill, Mary E., wife of W. D.	905 Main	B. Jan. 16, 1889
Holbrook, Anna E. (Nelson), wife of C. M.	340 Farmington	B. Jan. 11, 1852
Holbrook, David W.	20 Alden	B. Apr. 1, 1877
Holbrook, Jerusha A.	"	B. Apr. 23, 1876
Hollis, Miss Clara W.	Mt. Vernon, N. Y.	L. Mar. 29, 1883
Holt, Moses P.	Windsor	L. Nov. 5, 1882
Holt, Mary	"	L. Nov. 5, 1882
Hosmer, William H.	17 Alden	L. Mar. 4, 1868
Hosmer, Fannie E.	"	B. Jan. 1, 1865
House, Miss Eugenia	289 Asylum	L. Dec. 30, 1886
Houston, Mary D.	18 S. Ann	L. Dec. 1, 1887
Howard, Miss Edith M.	67 Collins	B. Jan. 4, 1874
Howard, Harry	10 John St.	B. Mar. 4, 1883
Howard, James L.	67 Collins	B. Jan. 17, 1841
Howard, Anna G. (Gilbert)	"	B. May 13, 1838
Howard, Miss Mary Leland	67 Collins	B. June 2, 1878
Hunn, George A.	11 1-2 Clinton	L. Apr. 3, 1879
Hunn, Louise.	"	B. Dec. 22, 1889
Huntington, Eliza P., wife of A. J.	195 Albany Av.	B. Jan. 29, 1843
Hutchinson, Edward G.	234 High	L. Feb. 27, 1890
Ingle, Mrs. Huldah S. (Wilson)	152 Allyn	L. July 2, 1885
Ives, Sarah E., widow of S. B.	98 Edwards	B. July 1, 1855
Jackson, Miss Mary C.	Hinsdale, Mass.	B. Mar. 28, 1886
James, Henry H.	102 Ann	L. Nov. 29, 1889
James, J. S.	102 Ann	L, Nov. 29, 1889
James, Anna H.	"	L. Nov. 29, 1889
Jenks, Carrie G., wife of Charles	East Hartford	B. Apr. 2, 1876
Johnson, Miss Alice A.	East Hartford	B. Jan. 26, 1890
Johnson, Miss Lydia M.	55 Grove	L. Feb. 6, 1848
Johnson, M. M.	72 Pearl	L. June 3, 1880
Johnson, Helen L. (Jackson)	"	B. Jan. 11, 1880
Jones, Albert F.	6 Russell	L. Feb. 28, 1877
Jones, Hattie L.	"	L. Feb. 28, 1877
Joyner, Frances. A. (Carman), wife of E. P.	Buffalo, N. Y.	B. May 1, 1852
Keene, Emma J., wife of G. M.	Alma, Kansas	B. May 1, 1859

Kellogg, Lydia M., wife of E. N.	20 Prospect	L. Dec. 5, 1847
Kellogg, Miss Mary Bertha	49 Chestnut	B. Mar. 4, 1852
King, Adeline C., widow of James	519 Farmington	B. Feb. 19, 1865
King, Angeline E., widow of D. W.	5 Clinton	L. Feb. 5, 1858
King, Miss Effie	Brooklyn, N. Y.	B. Mar. 24, 1878
King, Minnie L., wife of Chas. H.	East Hartford	B. May 1, 1864
Krug, Maggie A., wife of F. C.	693 Main	B. Feb. 27, 1879
Lachlan, Miss Lilias	Philadelphia, Pa.	L. Dec. 30, 1875
Lamphere, George O.	Yalesville	B. June 3, 1883
Lane, Clara W. (Williams), wife of John S.	382 Main	B. Mar. 19, 1876
Lane, Jennie E., wife of W. A.	195 Babcock	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Lathrop, Miss Jennie T.	236 High	B. Mar. 24, 1878
Lathrop, Mary A., wife of T. S.	236 High	L. Feb. 4, 1864
Leake, Miss Lulu	Lebanon	B. June 16, 1889
Lester, Miss Annie E.	East Hartford	B. Feb. 23, 1890
Lester, Ellen A., wife of Julius M.	East Hartford	B. Jan. 6, 1878
Lester, Emma F., wife of H. H.	East Hartford	B. Apr. 2, 1876
Lester, G. A., wife of C. E. W.	East Hartford	B. June 9, 1867
Lester, Miss Julia M.	Middletown	B. Feb. 28, 1858
Litchfield, A. W., widow of Elias	40 Buckingham	B. Jan. 29, 1843
Litchfield, John G.	31 Gillett	B. Apr. 29, 1838
Litchfield, Thomas J.	964 Asylum	B. May 13, 1838
Lodge, Eula I., wife of W. B.	31 Wooster	B. Mar. 24, 1878
Loomis, Miss Carrie H.	Selma, Ala.	B. Feb. 5, 1865
Loomis, Hezekiah	644 Main	B. May 4, 1884
Lord, Nettie E., wife of Joseph	Lyme	L. Nov. 1, 1872
Loveland, Lydia J.	East Hartford	B. May 2, 1852
Loveland, Mary E., wife of H. E.	Thompsonville	B. Mar. 2, 1856
Lynch, Charles B.	71 Pearl	B. Apr. 6, 1884
Lynch, Charles H.	71 Pearl	L. Apr. 3, 1884
Lynch, Elizabeth	"	L. Apr. 3, 1884
Lynch, Miss Fannie L.	71 Pearl	B. Jan. 31, 1886
Lyons, Ella M., widow of Geo. W.	2 Linden Place	B. Dec. 4, 1864
Lyons, William O.	Elmwood	B. July 7, 1867
Lyons, Josephine P. (Atwood)	"	B. June 5, 1864
Mc Clintock, T. J., widow of O. V.	New Haven	L. Dec. 2, 1886
Mc Clure, Miss Carrie L.	13 East	B. Mar. 1, 1874
Mc Clure, Charles E.	234 High Street	B. Feb. 27, 1881
Mc Clure, Leslie U.	699 Asylum Ave.	B. Feb. 27, 1881
Mc Clure, Anna (Marsh)	"	B. Feb. 6, 1887
Mc Clure, Lucy, wife of David L.	13 East	E. Mar. 3, 1865
Mc Dermott, B. G., wife of James	West Stockbridge	B. Apr. 21, 1878
Mc Ronald, Mary, wife of Thomas	692 Main	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Marsh, Edward W.	105 Clark	L. Apr. 29, 1886
Marsh, Addie	"	L. Apr. 29, 1886

Marsh, Frank T.	105 Clark	B. May 25, 1890
Marsh, Mary I.	105 Clark	B. May 25, 1890
Marsh, Edena L.	105 Clark	B. May 25, 1890
Marsh, Miss Mamie M.	Springfield	L. July 1, 1886
Marshall, Edwin D.	108 Hopkins	L. Jan. 2, 1890
Martin, Edward G.	39 Capen	B. June 29, 1890
Martin, Alice J.	"	L. June 26, 1890
Martin, Hattie (Clay), wife of W. D.	70 Clark	L. Nov. 2, 1882
Martin, Miss Louisa T.	195 Capen	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Martin, Julia S. R., widow of C. J.	Los Angles, Cal.	R. Jan. 3, 1841
Merrill, Effie E. (Hubbard), wife of L. D.	8 Central Row	B. Apr. 1, 1877
Merrill, Miss Elizabeth L.	46 Collins	B. Mar. 16, 1890
Merrill, Miss Ella S.	46 Collins	B. Mar. 27, 1881
Merrill, Thurlow B.	46 Collins	L. Dec. 2, 1880
Merrill, Ellen S.	"	L. Dec. 2, 1880
Merriman, C. J., widow of J. E.	Ithaca, N. Y.	B. Apr. 2, 1852
Merritt, Edwin	7 Webster	B. Mar. 6, 1841
Miller, Elizabeth, widow of A. C.	Ætna Life Ins. B.	B. Apr. 7, 1878
Miller, Fannie G.	"	B. July 3, 1887
Miller, Florence I., wife of C. B.	149 Clark	L. Feb. 3, 1887
Miller, Joseph A.	325 New Brit'n Av.	B. Apr. 7, 1878
Miller, Anna L.	"	B. Apr. 24, 1884
Miller, Marietta, widow of E. B.	New York City	B. Jan. 22, 1865
Miner, A. M., wife of Orlando H.	432 Main	L. Sep. 1, 1887
Miner, Miss Maida L.	432 Main	B. Feb. 23, 1890
Moore, James R. R.	17 Florence	L. Nov. 3, 1876
Moore, Annie M.	"	L. Fov. 3, 1876
Morrow, William J.	65 Huyshope Av.	B. Mar. 3, 1878
Morse, Emma (Clay), wife of W. I.	114 Lawrence	L. Nov. 2, 1882
Morse, Miss Emma M.	22 Chestnut	B. Mar. 1, 1874
Morse, Miss Hattie G.	22 Chestnut	B. Sep. 2, 1883
Morse, Harriet L., widow of J. H.	22 Chestnut	B. Apr. 4, 1869
Munyan, Chester G.	37 Gillett	B. Jan. 3, 1858
Munyan, Angie K.	"	B. June 7, 1874
Munyan, Sarah, widow of George	37 Gillett	L. Feb. 3, 1854
Myers, Henry	9 Kingsley	B. Oct. 4, 1883
Myers, S. J. C.	"	L. Oct. 4, 1883
Myers, Laura, wife of Wm. W.	3 Center	B. Apr. 17, 1881
Myers, Miss Lulu	9 Kingsley	B. Nov. 6, 1887
Newton, Nancy, wife of Charles	60 Walnut	L. Oct. 5, 1862
Olcutt, Miss Elizabeth S.	New Park Av.	L. Nov. 5, 1882
Otis, John D.	5 Avon	L. Feb. 1, 1886
Otis, Harriet N.	"	L. Feb. 1, 1886
Osborn, L. M. (Hale), wife of G. O.	Kansas City, Mo.	B. Apr. 6, 1884
Osborn, Mrs. John W.	405 Main Street	L. Mar. 27, 1890

Page, Miss Mary	6 Wyllys	L. Mar. 23, 1838
Page, Mary E.(Davis), widow of J.B.	91 Main	B. Feb. 19, 1865
Palmer, Clarence L.	113 Pearl	B. Jan. 6, 1878
Palmer, Mary B.	"	B. Apr. 23, 1876
Parent, Abel D.	Northampton, Ms.	L. Sep. 1, 1870
Parent, Susan W.	"	L. Sep. 1, 1870
Parent, Arthur M.	Detroit, Mich.	B. Apr. 2, 1876
Parker, Lizzie H., wife of F. D.	40 Hudson	B. Feb. 27, 1876
Parkhurst, Miss M. Adella	25 Bellevue	B. May 4, 1884
Parkhurst, Guilford F.	25 Bellevue	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Parkhurst, Miranda	"	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Pausch, Albert	20 Belden	B. Mar. 24, 1878
Payne, Frank B.	12 Village	B. Jan. 4, 1874
Pease, Anna T., wife of Albert A.	649 Main	B. Mar. 3, 1878
Peck, Charles H.	194 Capen	L. Apr. 28, 1887
Peck, Alice	"	L. Apr. 28, 1887
Pendleton, S. F., widow of Rodney	31 Wooster	L. Feb. 2, 1888
Perry, Miss Maria M.	95 Trumbull	L. May 5, 1850
Phelps, Clarinda, widow of Humphrey	61 Church	L. Jan. 3, 1868
Phelps, Miss Gertrude J.	Willimantic	B. June 1, 1884
Phillips, Maria B., wife of H. G.	256 Capen	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Pierson, Miss Emma E.	24 Canton	B. Feb. 27, 1876
Pierson, Miss Julia A.	24 Canton	B. June 5, 1864
Poindexter, Lena L. (Steinhoff), wife of Charles E.	W. Hartford	B. Feb. 6, 1887
Pollock, Benjaim R., Jr.	24 Belden	B. Dec. 5, 1886
Pollock, Hattie E. (Briggs)	"	B. June 26, 1887
Prentice, Mary M., wife of F. I.	490 Farmington	L. Dec. 2, 1880
Preston, Carrie B. (Brewer), wife of L. S.	104 Albany Av.	B. Mar. 1, 1874
Preston, Everett B.	Chicago, Ill.	B. June 6, 1858
Pruden, Albert J.	54 Sumner	B. Mar. 5, 1865
Pruden, Addie M. (Sears)	"	B. Mar. 1, 1874
Rand, Fred. K.	20 John	B. Mar. 3, 1878
Rand, Emma M.	"	B. Feb. 27, 1876
Rice, Martha A., wife of David	45 Morgan	B. Apr. 23, 1876
Risley, Olive, wife of Lucius	East Hartford	B. July 6, 1879
Rivers, Fannie M., widow of J. H.	848 Main	B. Jan. 2, 1876
Roberts, Laura A., wife of T. H.	596 Main	L. Mar. 2, 1882
Roberts, Martha A., wife of Ozim	78 Martin	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Robins, Miss Ann Elizabeth	Short Hills, N. J.	L. Oct. 2, 1884
Rosenbluth, Addie (Webb), wife of Edward S.	New York	L. Mar. 29, 1883
Russell, Mrs. Sarah J.	4 Pavilion	B. Jan. 1, 1865
Russell, Westell	4 Pavilion	B. Apr. 1, 1832
Russell, Julia A.	"	B. Mar. 6, 1868

Sanders, Joseph C.	136 Retreat Av.	B. May 19, 1878
Sanders, Laura A.	"	B. Apr. 21, 1878
Saunders, Miss Elizabeth	167 High	B. Dec. 6, 1857
Saunders, H. Herbert	172 Farmington	B. Jan. 4, 1874
Savage, Anna C., widow of Wm.	35 Windsor	B. Feb. 28, 1841
Savage, Miss Maria L.	76 Church	B. Feb. 25, 1838
Scailes, F. H., wife of George W.	25 1-2 Florence	L. June 30, 1887
Scott, Andrew D.	27 Bellevue	L. Mar. 13, 1890
Scott, Everett R.	27 Bellevue	B. Feb. 23, 1890
Scott, Edith	27 Bellevue	B. Mar. 30, 1890
Seeley, William H.	98 Hopkins	L. Apr. 4, 1889
Seeley, Phœbe	"	L. Apr. 4, 1889
Sexton, Miss Nancy R.	58 Church	L. June 3, 1875
Sheldon, Fidelia A.	Middletown	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Sheldon, Miss Sarah M.	287 Collins	L. Oct. 29, 1885
Shepard, Mrs. Jennie E. (Merritt)	80 Buckingham	B. Feb. 5, 1865
Shumway, Clarence S.	22 Walnut	B. Dec. 5, 1886
Shumway, M. F., widow of C. N.	22 Walnut	L. Feb. 5, 1858
Sloane, Miss Fannie J.	22 Williams	B. Mar. 4, 1883
Sloane, John	22 Williams	L. May 3, 1872
Sloane, Margery C.	"	L. May 3, 1872
Sloane, John, Jr.	22 Williams	B. Feb. 23, 1890
Sloane, Laura P., wife of Henry A.	26 Williams	B. Mar. 2, 1868
Sloane, Miss Susie M.	22 Williams	B. Apr. 21, 1886
Sloane, William H.	26 Williams	B. Feb. 23, 1890
Smith, Miss Amelia A.	35 Pratt	L. Dec. 3, 1885
Smith, Mrs. Alice M. (Loomis)	Denver, Col.	B. Feb. 5, 1865
Smith, Chauncey G.	105 Ann	B. May 13, 1838
Smith, Daniel E.	Dover, N. H.	L. Dec. 3, 1865
Smith, Helen M., widow of D. G.	54 Capen	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Smith, Miss Henrietta C.	30 Washington	B. June 5, 1864
Smith, H. G.	962 Main	L. Feb. 19, 1890
Smith, Ariadne K.	"	L. Feb. 19, 1890
Smith, Miss Inez J.	962 Main	L. Feb. 19, 1890
Smith, Miss Jennie J.	42 Russell	B. Dec. 22, 1889
Smith, Maggie (Ferguson), wife of F. A.	76 Williams	L. July 3, 1884
Smith, Miss Millie L.	42 Russell	B. Jan. 26, 1890
Smith, Millie E., wife of Lyman	42 Russell	L. Oct. 1, 1885
Spafford, Eugene H.	East Hartford	B. May 5, 1878
Speirs, Charlotte Mc L.	5 Center	B. Apr. 17, 1881
Speirs, George C.	5 Center	B. Apr. 6, 1884
Speirs, Marion A., widow of Robt.	5 Center	B. Feb. 6, 1876
Speirs, Miss Marion B.	73 Grove	B. Aug. 7, 1871
Spencer, Carnot O.	19 Vernon	L. Mar. 30, 1882
Spencer, Marie J.	"	L. Mar. 30, 1882
Spencer, J. A., wife of Brainard	37 Morgan	L. May 5, 1848

Spencer, Lurinda E., wife of H. C.	98 Trumbull	L. Jan. 17, 1878
Spencer, M. B., widow of Edward	30 Chestnut	L. Dec. 5, 1856
Starkey, Miss Julia	Rock Falls	L. May 2, 1878
Steinhoff, Miss Henrietta	12 Belden	B. Feb. 6, 1887
Stevens, Laura, widow of Charles	140 Maple Av.	L. May 5, 1848
Stevens, L. S., wife of Daniel	81 Benton	E. May 2, 1861
Stevens, Mary I., widow of O. B.	Warehouse Point	B. May 30, 1841
Stone, Mercy, wife of F. P.	Hockanum	L. Dec. 5, 1856
Strong, Adelaide, widow of L. E.	Manchester	B. May 6, 1883
Sweeney, William E.	54 Barbour	L. June 3, 1886
Sweet, Charles F.	115 Sigourney	L. May 25, 1879
Sweet, Lissa	"	L. May 25, 1879
Sweet, Miss Jennie E.	22 Blue Hills Av.	B. June 16, 1889
Sweet, Sallie, wife of Henry T.	22 Blue Hills Av.	E. Sep. 9, 1877
Terry, Lewis	48 Capen	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Thayer, Benjamin E.	East Hartford	L. Nov. 8, 1878
Thayer, Jane R., wife of A. L.	East Hartford	B. June 1, 1852
Thompson, A. C., widow of Gilbert	68 Clark	L. Nov. 2, 1882
Tilden, Samuel D.	Brooklyn, N. Y.	L. July 4, 1875
Tracy, Maria A., wife of Trumbull	20 Jefferson	B. Apr. 4, 1858
Treat, Ann E., widow of Charles	79 Park	L. Aug. 15, 1851
Treat, Miss Kate C.	79 Park	B. June 6, 1858
Turnbull, Frederick M.	Somerville, Mass.	B. June 2, 1872
Turner, Emeline, wife of M. C.	12 Chapel	B. Apr. 1, 1855
Turner, Jennie A. (Graham), wife of N. B	579 Main	B. June 30, 1878
Turner, J. Henry	20 Belden	L. Jan. 29, 1873
Turner, Catharine H.	"	L. Jan. 29, 1873
Turney, C. S., widow of Edmund	29 Pratt	L. Dec. 30, 1880
Tuttle, Miss Clara E.	47 Blue Hills Av.	B. Sep. 2, 1883
Tuttle, Lizzie, wife of Charles L.	47 Blue Hills Av.	L. June 6, 1880
Tuttle, Miss Mary Ann	30 Washington	B. Apr. 1, 1855
Twiss, Miss Clara L.	110 Wooster	B. Apr. 21, 1886
Twiss, Herbert M.	110 Wooster	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Twiss, Lucy A.	"	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Twiss, Marshall C.	110 Wooster	B. Apr. 21, 1886
Upton, Mary E. (Daniels), wife of C. H.	Waterbury	L. Jan. 7, 1883
Utley, George T.	16 Vernon	L. Mar. 31, 1876
Utley, S. Adella (Jackson)	"	B. Mar. 6, 1882
Vider, Lottie E. (Bradley), wife of Joseph	30 West	B. Apr. 23, 1876
Waghorn, Elijah S.	289 Asylum St.	L. May 1, 1890
Waghorn, Sarah E.	"	L. May 1, 1890
Waghorn, Miss Lillian M.	289 Asylum	L. July 3, 1884

Waghorn, Thomas E.	289 Asylum	L. Oct. 29, 1885
Walker, Robert	70 Williams	L. June 3, 1875
Walker, Miss Violet	70 Williams	B. Apr. 1, 1883
Ware, Maria H., widow of C. C.	Rockville	L. Sep. 29, 1859
Waterhouse, Mrs. Lucy A. (Harrington)	80 Church	B. Feb. 28, 1858
Waterman, James H.	661 Main	B. Feb. 17, 1856
Watrous, Amos D., Jr.	Westbrook	L. Sep. 5, 1886
Watrous, Mary A.	"	L. Sep. 5, 1886
Watson, Minnie E., widow of G. L.	51 Pratt	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Welles, Harriet L., wife of Martin	Wethersfield	B. June 10, 1852
West, Abbie A., widow of Philo	238 Sigourney	L. Aug. 3, 1855
West, Frederick A.	238 Sigourney	B. Mar. 19, 1876
West, Susan W., wife of W. B.	22 Canton	L. May 4, 1890
White, Grace H. (Holbrook), wife of H. C.	69 Gillett	B. June 4, 1881
White, Maria E. (Faxon), wife of Charles	Windsor	B. Feb. 4, 1872
Whitaker, Joseph F.	92 Asylum	B. July 4, 1875
Whitmore, Emma F. (Pebbles), wife of E. W.	Brandon, Vt.	B. May 17, 1874
Whittlesley, Alice G., wife of E. G.	105 Ann	B. Jan. 22, 1865
Wilcox, Benjamin F.	East Hartford	B. Apr. 18, 1852
Wilcox, Charlotte J.	"	B. Feb. 17, 1856
Wilcox, Fannie (French)	East Hartford	B. Mar. 13, 1881
Wilcox, George K.	East Hartford	B. Mar. 6, 1882
Wilcox, Lizzie J.	"	B. July 7, 1878
Wilcox, Catharine S., widow of L. S.	122 High	L. Oct. 1, 1858
Wilcox, Clara Isabelle (Carpenter), widow of Herbert	Burnside	L. Nov. 29, 1878
Wilcox, Sarah F., wife of Hezekiah	Noank	B. Mar. 6, 1841
Wiley, Lyman A.	60 Wooster	L. June 4, 1885
Wiley, Lydia D.	"	L. June 4, 1885
Wiley, M. C. (Bolles), widow of E. E.	Plainville	B. Mar. 27, 1881
Wilson, Frederick N.	152 Allyn	B. June 30, 1878
Williams, Henry G.	56 Albany Av.	B. Apr. 5, 1874
Williams, Jane L.	"	E. Apr. 2, 1874
Williams, Julia A. (Charter), wife of G. S.	New York	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Williams, S. Lizzie, wife of C. W.	5 Warren	E. Oct. 21, 1886
Willis, Sarah B., widow of Hudson	Farmington Av.	L. June 1, 1876
Willson, Leslie H.	88 Wooster	L. Apr. 28, 1887
Willson, Grace E. M.	"	B. Mar. 13, 1881
Wolsenden, Ellen, widow of L. B.	119 Ann	L. Dec. 4, 1879
Wolsenden, Miss Florence M.	119 Ann	B. May 11, 1890
Wolsenden, Miss Ida M.	119 Ann	B. May 11, 1890
Wolsenden, Miss Mary E.	119 Ann	B. Feb. 28, 1884

Woodbridge, Deodate	East Hartford	R. Mar.	4, 1867
Woodbridge, Augusta	"	B. May	6, 1865
Woodford, Miss Addie J.	116 Main	L. Sep.	1, 1887
Woodford, Lucia J., widow of V. L.	116 Main	L. Sep.	4, 1887
Woodmancy, Charles S.	59 Sigourney	B. Apr.	7, 1878
Woodward, E. L. (West) wife of B. S.	17 Florence	B. Apr.	4, 1872
Wright, Martha, widow of Robert	13 Congress	L. Dec.	4, 1879
Zerniko, Marie	Brooklyn, N. Y.	L. Apr.	6, 1884

MEMBERSHIP TERMINATED SINCE JAN. 1ST, 1890.

By Death.

1. Harry P. Chapin, February 23d.
2. Eliza F. Gilbert, March 24th.
3. Mrs. Lovina A. Parmelee, June 12th.
4. Mrs. Mary J. Pember, May.
5. Mrs. Jane Hayden, August 1st.

By Letter.

1. Mrs. Sarah L. Case, January 30th.
2. Edward B. Taylor, February 19th.
3. Mrs. Grace B. Eldridge, March 6th.
4. Charles R. Griswold, March 27th.
5. Hattie L. Swift, April 3d.
6. Mrs. Lavinia Swift, April 3d.
7. Charles E. Willard, April 24th.
8. Mrs. Sarah P. Willard, April 24th.
9. William A. Chase, May 1st.
10. Mrs. Lizzie F. Chase, May 1st.
11. Frederick W. Marsh, June 8th.
12. Mrs. Norton, June 8th.

By Erasure.

1. Mrs. Hattie E. Filley, January 20th.
2. Mrs. Georgiana Kellogg, January 20th.
3. Frank E. Clark, January 20th.
4. Mrs. O. Adella Clark, January 20th.
5. Mrs. Mary B. Beach, March 3d.

Present membership, - - - -	584
Resident members, - - - -	482
Non-resident members, - - -	102
Male members, - - - - -	180
Female members, - - - -	404
Percentage of male members, - -	31
Percentage of female members, - -	69